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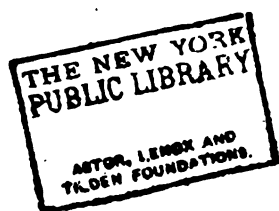
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John B. Shaw Stewart

# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

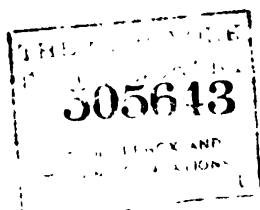
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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

1466

### SIR MICHAEL R. SHAW-STEWART, BART.

OF the many branches of the ancient and noble family of the Stewarts, few can show such an uninterrupted succession as the branch represented by the subject of our present sketch. 'Among the archives of this ancient family'—we are quoting from 'Burke'—'are preserved three charters by Robert III. (1390) to his son Sir John Stewart of the lands of Ardgowan, Blackhall, and Auchingaugun, in the county of Renfrew, dated 1390, 1396, and 1403. These several lands have lineally descended in an uninterrupted course of male succession from the said Sir John Stewart, son of Robert III., to Sir Michael, the present baronet.'

Born in 1826, Sir Michael, who succeeded his father as 7th baronet ten years later, was educated at Eton, and if not a great scholar took a good place in the cricket-field and at football. As to the river, we have been told that he was as good a performer in and under the water as he was on it in the long boats.

His love of out-door pastimes has never deserted him. The cricketers of Greenock know this, and the members of bowling clubs can testify that he is a generous supporter. He has also been the founder and the 'coach' of a successful curling club.

He is an old member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and some years ago his turn-out was honourably mentioned in the pages of 'Baily.' Spending the greater part of the year in his native county of Renfrew, which he formerly represented in Parliament, and of which he is Lord-Lieutenant, he is often seen at the covert side, and can show his friends a well-kept stable of well-bred weight-carriers.

Sir Michael married, in 1852, the Lady Octavia Grosvenor, a daughter of the 2nd Marquess of Westminster, and has by her a numerous family.

## STUDIES FROM THE STUD-BOOK.

## NO. II.

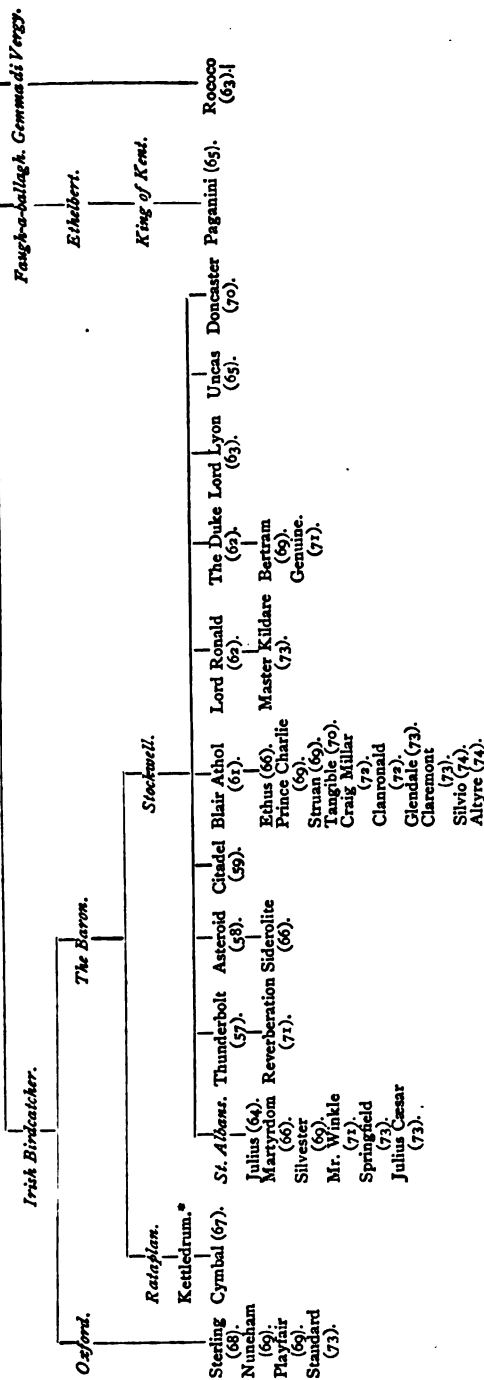
IN a former contribution to 'Baily's Magazine' under the same title as that which heads this present article, in continuation of a series intended to be published at intervals—we inaugurated our 'Studies from the Stud-Book' by a consideration and purview of the Touchstone family, to which we gave precedence, partly from its claim, in point of numbers and importance, to our earliest attention, and partly because, when our article appeared, its representatives stood highest upon the honoured list of winning stallions recently issued. As we then observed, the Touchstone and Birdcatcher lines of descent so markedly predominate in the composition of English racehorses of the present day, that we could not do otherwise than place them in the forefront of our series, more especially as to their combination we are indebted for a large proportion of the cracks of modern times. The name of Irish Birdcatcher is as well known a 'landmark' in pedigree as that of Touchstone, Melbourne, Sheet Anchor, Blacklock, Sweetmeat, Ion, or Bay Middleton; but in our review of the present position and prospects of this distinguished family, we propose to trace upwards to a more remote generation, and to hark back to Sir Hercules as the tap-root of a pedigree tree lately brought into more excellent repute than ever through the doughty deeds of Isonomy, Bend Or, and Robert the Devil, to omit all mention of lesser lights of the Turf firmament. By taking as our starting-point the sire of Irish Birdcatcher, we are enabled to include a branch lately brought into greater prominence through the instrumentality of Chippendale, by means of which a revival is promised, at no distant date, of the Gemma di Vergy succession, long since regarded as having failed, and only rescued from oblivion by the 'chance' use of his son Rococo by the late Thomas Dawson. Gemma di Vergy will be remembered as an especial favourite of that erudite but egotistical student of breeding, the late Mr. Goodwin of Hampton Court, whose sanguine expectations of his pet, however, were never realised, only a few 'middle-class' performers having been the result of some very liberal patronage at the stud. This by the way, however, as a somewhat protracted task lies before us, for the purpose of lightening our labours upon which, as well as of making things plain and easy, we have tabulated in the subjoined genealogical table the 'house and 'lineage' of Sir Hercules as it presents itself to us through the medium of its various male representatives advertised to stand at the public service this season in the 'Calendar' and elsewhere. We have not deemed it either necessary or expedient to run the entire gamut of claimants to connection with the illustrious line of which we propose to treat; but we have been careful not to omit any with solid pretensions to perpetuate its glories, as judged by shape,

make, or racing antecedents. As regards family characteristics, we are able to recognise, at least in the great majority of instances, the same strong likeness running through the tribes tracing back to Sir Hercules, as is the case with other branches of the great thoroughbred tree; and whatever effect alien crosses may have in modifying the contour peculiar to the original stock, the short, tight backs, square quarters, and occasionally heavy forehands, are in direct and striking contrast to the greater length, shorter legs, oblique shoulders, and generally more elegantly turned outline of, for instance, the Newminster descent. In the above description those derived from Stockwell and Rataplan are more specially indicated, but, take them where you will, there is a certain 'cut' about the Sir Hercules family which foreign alliances seem unable to eradicate; and it should not fail to be noted, in passing, that the nursing mothers of the clan have done equally solid suit and service at the stud, as the band of brothers with whose *status* as sires we are now more particularly concerned.

With reference to the annexed pedigree table, illustrative of the Sir Hercules descent as it now presents itself to the consideration of breeders, we feel that some apology is due for omissions which we can only justify on the ground of a lack of information concerning the subjects thereof. Among the sons of Stockwell at present on the public service (as we are led to believe) in this country, we have made no mention of Caterer, Exchequer, or Monarch of the Glen, for the simple reason that their whereabouts have not yet been advertised, though we understand the last-mentioned sire has succeeded to the post recently vacated by his relative Glenlyon at Mr. Wright's High Gingerfield establishment. Anglo-Saxon is a son of Ethelbert, standing a short time since somewhere in the Berkshire district; and we seem, too, to have lost sight of Cecrops, that elegant and bloodlike son of Newcourt, of whom such high expectations were once formed by the head of affairs at Dewhurst. As a grandson of Sir Hercules he must be reckoned as closer in kindred to that celebrity than most of those to be hereafter noticed; and so must Tynedale, the sole representative of Warlock, whose name we come across as forming one of the band of brothers at Sheffield Lane, henchmen of the mighty Adventurer. Blandford's pedigree is a doubtful one, and thus he could not be credited to his undoubted progenitor, The Duke; and probably there are some few others, comparatively unknown to fame, claiming connection with the Birdcatcher dynasty, of which no mention has been made in our genealogical exposition. But, for all practical purposes, the table will be found complete, and we must hasten to pass in review its existing contributories to 'sires of the day,' with a few brief allusions to the parent stock and its immediate offshoots by way of introduction to matter of more absorbing interest and concern.

Of Sir Hercules, who died 'full of years and honours' in 1855 (the year of his son Faugh-a-ballagh's departure for France), the leading representatives, in addition to the last-mentioned illustrious

## SIR HERCULES.



\* In Austria. The italics denote deceased sires, the figures indicate year of birth.

exile, were Irish Birdcatcher and Gemma di Vergy, the former among his earliest, and the latter among his latest efforts at the stud, 'Fog' occupying a position between them, and having left behind him in this country scions subsequently deemed worthy of perpetuating his line. Of these more anon; but it is to Birdcatcher that we must first turn, by right of primogeniture, no less than of his numerous and important contributions to the roll-call of English sires of the present day. Of his two most distinguished sons, the elder, The Baron, first claims attention, seeing that from him sprang that *par nobile fratrum* Stockwell and Rataplan, begotten by him in succeeding years, as the merest tyro in breeding is aware, out of the famous Pocahontas. For obvious reasons we pass over the doughty deeds of those heroes of old time, and still sticking to our text of *seniores priores*, proceed to discuss the sons of Stockwell, whose lot it has been to supply us with as abundant and magnificent a succession of sires as any father of the English Turf on record. Of these not a few have gone over to the majority without making a sign or leaving a mark upon the pages of racing history, or in the archives of breeding; but a goodly remnant still abides among us, not a few with plenty of time still before them to achieve successes worthy of their high lineage and reputation.

Before, however, proceeding to a separate consideration of the sons and grandsons of Stockwell, it may not be out of place to make passing allusion to a subject of general observation and comment in relation to the pretensions on which that celebrity founds his fame as the most successful sire of modern days. It has been contended, with some very weighty arguments and convincing proofs in favour of the assertion, that nearly all Stockwell's happiest efforts were the result of alliances with mares descended, directly or remotely, from Touchstone; and his undoubted tendency to 'nick' with these, almost to the exclusion of other equally eligible material, has been cited (as it seems to us) in disparagement of his claims to the title of 'Emperor of Stallions.' No doubt 'catholicity' is a cardinal virtue in perpetuators of their species to which consorts of the most varied pedigrees are annually consigned; but it can hardly be considered derogatory to the pretensions of a stallion to favour certain sources of blood, and with this remark we will proceed to consider exactly what amount of truth there is in that which has been urged against Stockwell in depreciation of his well-earned prestige. Taking first his immediate descendants, we find the Touchstone element strongest in Asteroid, his dam being by the famous Eaton brown, and present in more diluted proportions in the pedigrees of Citadel, Lord Ronald, The Duke, Lord Lyon, Uncas, and Doncaster. St. Albans traces back only to a sister to Touchstone, and there is none at all of that blood in Thunderbolt or Blair Athol, though it is only fair to admit that the first and last named owe much of their success as sires to Touchstone, as instanced by the derivations of Julius, Springfield, and Julius Cæsar, in the one case, and of Ethus, Prince Charlie, Struan, Tangible, Craig Millar, and Clan-

ronald, in the other. There exists, therefore, a manifest affinity between the two leading thoroughbred families; but, on the contrary, Thunderbolt may be adduced as an example of the suitability of the Venison cross, which, mingled with yet another strain of Birdcatcher, crops up in the pedigrees of Claremont, Silvio, and Silvester. Mr. Winkle, Glendale, and Bertram again boast a double cross of Birdcatcher, so that it cannot be urged in disparagement of Stockwell that descendants of Touchstone were absolutely indispensable to the procreation by him of high-class racers, though it may haply be something more than a coincidence that many of his best hits have been with scions of that distinguished house. But we think we shall be able to show that others sprung from the stock of Sir Hercules show identical predilections; for was it not the union of Rococo with an Adventurer mare which produced Chippendale? and does not the name of Touchstone shine forth in the genealogical table of Sterling, and of his brothers, Playfair and Standard, as well as in the pedigree of Nuneham, all sprung from Oxford, one of the last born to Birdcatcher, as The Baron was among his first? We contend, therefore, that whatever affinity exists it pervades the whole family alike, and not any one particular branch of it to the exclusion of the rest, as many appear to imagine; while it has also been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Sir Hercules blood bears inbreeding as well as any other, of which Isonomy, Robert the Devil, and Chippendale are living proofs. As regards the Faugh-a-ballagh descent, Paganini, almost its sole representative in England, is an odd bred horse altogether, running back to the blood of Sultan, once famous, but now in comparative disrepute; and of Rataplan it may be said that his grandson, the speedy Cymbal, is another instance of Birdcatcher upon Touchstone; and to this sire must be entrusted the perpetuation of a line held in honour more for the services rendered by its daughters to the stud than for suit forthcoming from its male representatives in the same department.

St. Albans was among the earliest stars in that galaxy of racing talent originating with Stockwell, but the chances are in favour of his name being long held in remembrance through the instrumentality of his sons, of which Julius, Martyrdom, and Silvester have already given token of their capabilities; while breeders are all curiosity to ascertain of what sort of stuff the young Springfields are made, how far Mr. Winkle may succeed in justifying the high opinion entertained of him by our oldest and most successful breeder, and what luck will attend the career of that 'noble Roman' whose name is still connected with the fortunes of Dewhurst. Those sprung from 'the stallion,' as old race-goers still love to designate St. Albans, nearly all have the credit of inheriting a touch of that 'crooked' temper which in some degree marred both his racing and stud career; and of the half-dozen above mentioned perhaps Springfield and Mr. Winkle were the most honest, generous, and reliable; albeit Julius and Martyrdom both showed fitful glimpses of the very highest form. Still they have given us nothing nearly first-class yet,

and it remains to be seen how the 'great untried' will hold their own against those with some sort of reputation already made.

Thunderbolt, now in his twenty-fourth year, is at present the rightful head of the family descended from Stockwell, and right gallantly does the veteran bear the burden of his years. There is much of his sire's character about him, though he is perhaps a trifle more on leg than the Emperor of Stallions, and his stock have almost invariably been distinguished for fine size and bone, which atones for their decided lack of quality, and will make his mares, in our opinion, especially valuable. Thunderbolt has nothing whatever of the Venison neatness about him; nor do the attributes of the tribe from which sprang his dam Cordelia appear to crop up in any of his progeny, save the late lamented Thunder, and he, strange to say, was the produce of a Melbourne mare. So far as we are aware, the 'leathering' Reverberation is the only one of the old horse's sons at present available for stud purposes; and it may readily be imagined that the Harkaway strain in his composition has not served to tone down the massive coarseness which characterises the stock of Thunderbolt. As to Thunder, we have always considered him a decided loss; and there is nothing as yet 'looming in the distance' apparently capable of worthily filling old Thunderbolt's place.

Asteroid is another of the 'ancients'; but signal as were his performances under heavy weights, over Cup courses, and in the highest handicap company, we could never altogether persuade ourselves that he was quite a true-made horse; and perhaps this is the reason why he has cut such a very indifferent figure among many of his contemporaries with decidedly inferior racing credentials. Siderolite was nothing extra grand, and rather of the legs and wings order; while the 'Stud Book' index, which shows but *five* mares under the heading of 'Asteroid,' is a pretty plain indication of the estimation in which breeders have held one of the most consistent and sterling stayers of modern days.

Citadel is, we presume, still 'in residence' at Dewhurst, but his line has been rather that of 'calculated to get hunters' than of dallying with the high-born beauties whose names are inscribed in Messrs. Weatherby's Turf Peerage; though as sire of Fortress, the dam of Dresden China, he has lately made himself more of a name in thoroughbred society. Doubtless this consideration will place his mares more in request; but meanwhile Citadel is getting on in years, and leaves no worthy successor in tail male.

Blair Athol, with his half-score of sons already making their way in the world, and with a promise of the succession not being yet exhausted, is a somewhat difficult subject to appraise, so many different opinions prevailing concerning his merits as a sire, as well as the value of his children from the same point of view. Always the horse of sensation, Blair Athol seems likely to sustain that rôle to the end of the chapter; but despite a very indifferent season in 1880, nothing would surprise us less than to find him the sire of a clinker or two in the evening of his days, the great majority



of his stock proving winners, if not stayers of the very first water. We are anxious to do the Cobham patriarch full justice, for the reason that he is slightly down upon his luck just now; but as a counterpoise to this, his apologists may well point to the lengthy list of offshoots, most of which breeders are well content to patronise. These we shall review presently, but of the pale chesnut it may be said that he is a horse quite *sui generis*, a compound of Birdcatcher and Melbourne, in which the elements of both have been kindly mixed, and in whose conformation adverse critics have failed to find food for detraction. With all the accusations laid at his door of begetting soft stock, roarers, and 'mere milers,' we cannot withhold from Blair our tribute of admiration as a performer of the very highest calibre, and one, moreover, who has justified by results the very long prices paid for him on three occasions during his stud career. He has been the veritable prop and cornerstone of the Cobham venture, its almost only assured success amid a long array of failures; and, as we said before, there is plenty of life and vigour in the veteran yet, and we should be sorry to join the ranks of those who consider that a final kick, now that he is supposed to be going down the hill, will finish him altogether. The reduction of his fee has been a wise and politic concession to the public requirements of the day, and though, considering his undoubtedly great chances, Blair Athol may not have succeeded in keeping his place among rivals like Adventurer, for instance, yet one bad year against numerous favourable seasons, and more than one heading of the poll of 'winning stallions,' is but of small account, and we confidently look for a revival ere long.

Turning now to Blair Athol's sons, and taking them in the order of their birth, we first encounter Ethus, a nice level horse, but without much character about him, and sadly in want of another Marshal Scott to keep him going, a task likely to be confided, not without some hope of success however, to Mr. Ellam's choice collection of mares at the Warren. Prince Charlie is rather a delicate subject to handle, for while we would not for worlds injure the trade, or wound the susceptibilities of any one striving to make the best market of his horse, we cannot forget that the 'Prince of the T.Y.C.' must in more than one instance plead guilty to having transmitted to his stock the infirmity which stood in the way of his advancement while in training, and which will continue to exercise a baneful influence over his stud career. Against this expression of opinion, however, must be set 'Charlie's' grand make and shape, his unimpeachable pedigree, and proved ability to get not only racers of high degree, but likewise exempt from the curse which attaches to the mightiest miler of modern days. Struan, with his very limited chances and mediocre racing credentials, has well repaid Mr. Lant's judgment so far, but we must see more of him before attempting to classify him; and pretty much the same may be said of Tangible, a performer of much the same class and kidney, and similarly bred. Craig Millar will have his mettle put

to the proof this year, and indications are in favour of this really honest horse, who may be said to divide with Silvio the honours due to Blair Athol's long-distance runners; while his stock come very even, shapely, and sizeable, with promise of making their way early in life. Clanronald is a fine-topped horse, but reported to be noisily inclined, albeit at Hampton Court they think differently; but Glendale is a sound, hardy customer of totally different type, not quite 'class' enough perhaps to attract the cream of mares, but a good, genuine sort, that trained on, and we wish him all luck at Baumber Park. Claremont and Silvio are similarly bred, out of Kingston mares, with a second cross of Birdcatcher to back up the Venison strain, yet what differently constituted animals they are in every sense of the word! The Woodlands sire is almost a replica of Blair Athol, save in colour, though he inherits the family failing of softness or sullenness from his dam Coimbra, all of whose produce were touched in their tempers; while Silvio is a Kingston all over, and partly on this account, and partly because we have no reason to doubt his staunchness and stamina, we strongly incline to the opinion that he is the likeliest of all his father's family to achieve distinction as the father of our racing kings to be. No wonder breeders fall in love with Silvio offhand, or that offers on behalf of the irrepressible foreigner have fallen short of the price placed upon him by Lord Falmouth. Altyre is the latest addition to the ranks of Stockwell's grandsons now in the public service, and he too, like Silvio, throws back to his dam, one of the sweetest of Sweetmeat mares, but with a sufficient infusion of Touchstone blood to blend kindly with that of Birdcatcher, and Altyre may be described as a large horse in a small compass.

Here we are warned we must pull up for the present, and ask our readers to bear with us for a few pages more in April; when we shall proceed to notice the remaining immediate descendants of Stockwell, and then hark forward to Rataplan, with a check at Oxford, concluding our labours with running to earth the two other sons of Sir Hercules, Faugh-a-ballagh and Gemma di Vergy.

AMPHION.

*(To be continued.)*

## DRAWING OR DESIGNING.

### A TRUE STORY.

Mine Host, whose company was not first-rate,  
 A badger kept for customers to bait;  
 Ere carved in oak to deck a newell'd stair,  
 To sketch the badger went an artist there.  
 Quoth he politely, 'I would fain inspect  
 'And draw your badger, if you don't object.'  
 Mine Host perplexed made answer when he saw him,  
 'Sir, where's your dog, if you be come to draw him.'

## SCOTCH ANGLING QUARTERS.

AFTER 'such a winter,' anglers of all kinds are looking forward with considerable apprehension to the season which has now begun, it must be said, rather inauspiciously. But, in my humble opinion, they will not in the end have any cause of complaint, so far at any rate as Scottish streams and lochs are concerned; and Scotland is undeniably the land of the angler *par excellence*, its thousands of populous rivers and lochs affording, as a rule, real good sport from the first of March to the end of October. 'Give me but the leisure 'and the money,' said to me a few days ago an enthusiastic disciple of old Izaak Walton, 'and I will carry you from Berwick-on-Tweed 'to Brawl Castle, and every day fill your creel with salmon or 'trout!' That was perhaps a little bit of a boast, but the speaker is really an accomplished fisher, and, like the gipsies, sure to find you a trout if there be one in the water. Then he (my friend) proposed to go over a good bit of ground. Berwick-upon-Tweed, as we all know, is next door to England, whilst Brawl Castle is very far north indeed: in the county of Caithness to wit, and not very far away from the once-famed abode of 'John o'Groat.' In traversing the distance indicated many a fine trout and salmon stream will have to be passed unheeded, many a tempting expanse of clear water will be descried which the flying tourist of the period will only be able to fish imaginatively and fill big baskets 'in his mind's eye.' As the old Scotch saying has it, 'some people can never see green 'cheese but their mouth will water,' and I frankly confess to a feeling of that kind when the rapidly speeding railway train dashes me past some of our finest Scottish waters—lochs and rivers containing an *embarras de richesse* of the finny tribes. Before, however, condescending on what a learned friend of mine calls any particular 'theatre of sport,' I will say briefly what I think regarding the prospects of the season just entered upon, as well as what I know of the past spawning-time from personal knowledge and inquiry.

In angling districts with which I have personal acquaintance, chiefly in the north, 'streams that feed the wealthy Tay,' there has been an abundant fall of spawn. As regards 'the Monarch of the 'Brook,' the venison of the waters, the shapely salmon itself, it consists with my own knowledge that throughout November and in the early part of December salmon had a good time of it. There was a sufficient abundance of water to admit of the ascent of the largest fish to the most distant tributaries. It was not till January was advancing that there came the waters, the storms of a severe winter; but no degree of cold, no matter how severe it may be, will kill the spawn of fish. A severe frost, or a generally low temperature, may retard the hatching of the eggs but will not destroy the vital power of those which have been well impregnated. At the Stormontfield ponds, I was told three years ago by the then

keeper, Peter Marshall, that he has seen some eggs hatched out during a fine season in less than ninety days, and, in the course of a severe winter, thirty-five days more have elapsed before the rippling waters have nursed the eggs into life! It is curious to note that in natural spawning the eggs are often laid, or find their way into a place that is in a large degree sheltered from the icy winds and freezing atmosphere of the short winter days. I have noticed in the Queich at Kinross spawn of the celebrated Loch Leven trout deposited in a place of which the water never froze; no matter if the great expanse of the lake itself was one rigid sheet of ice, there were ripples of water in Queich which bubbled on all the year round. I am alluding here to the north river (there is also a south Queich), which for a few miles affords spawning room to the trout of the loch; there is a barrier, however, in the shape of a linn, or fall, which prevents the trout having the use of the full extent of the stream, but they have plenty of room for all that. There is a native trout in the Queich as well, which in my young days could be taken in great plenty, but from inquiries which I made recently while at Kinross, they are not now worth the trouble of fishing, as the general run of them do not exceed two ounces per fish. Fish of that size are not worth capturing—when larger ones can be got—and when caught are certainly not worth cooking.\*

The Gairney may, I fancy, be called the chief spawning river for the Lochleven trout; that stream is, however, closed to the public, but they lose nothing in consequence, so far as I am able to judge. To

\* I hope I shall not fall in the estimation of my readers if I say, that I look upon what are called 'burn trout' as not being worth the cost of cooking. They are as a rule utterly flavourless, or as the late Lord Breadalbane's cook used to say 'fashionless.' So far as my own taste goes, if they are ever rendered presentable it is by the art of the *chef*. I look upon it as being the most culpable extravagance to cook a trout of less weight than six or seven ounces. Nor is it every trout even of that weight that I would condescend to have brought to table. The best way, in the opinion of a very learned *gourmet* whom I know, of dealing with a large trout is to bake it. I have not the exact formula, but so far as I can remember the fish were emptied of their intestinal parts, nicely trimmed, *but not scraped* or skinned, the inside being stuffed with a composition of bread-crumbs and spices of various sorts. Dusted with flour and dabbled over with butter, the trout were done to a turn, and served on well-buttered toast nicely peppered! Perhaps some of my readers will try a dish of trout done in that fashion. I have consulted half-a-dozen cookery books on the subject of trout cooking, but they contain no information worth extracting. When I want a trout done in a second or two, I have it broiled in the following manner: clean and split them open, season with a little salt and a pinch of cayenne, dip in whipt egg, dredge over with flour or fine crumbs of crusty bread, and brander over a sharp but clear fire: serve with a strong parsley sauce. As I am on the subject of fish cookery, I may as well transcribe here the late Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart's recipe for a pickle for *cold salmon*. Take three breakfastcupfuls of the liquor in which your fish (salmon) has been boiled, and add strong vinegar to taste, say a teacupful, add some black pepper, a dessertspoonful, and as much salt. Boil for a few minutes with a few sprigs of parsley, and a small bunch of thyme, to which has been added one bay-leaf. When cold pour it over the salmon. The following is a very good way of *spatch-cocking* an eel: 'Skin the fish and split it down the back, taking out the bone. Cut into lengths

come back, however, to the subject in hand, namely, the spawning season of 1880-81, let me say once for all as regards the 'north 'countrie,' that the deposits of ova have been quite up to the average, and in some trout streams probably a good deal over the average; and if the floods of recent date have not unduly despoiled the 'redds' of their treasure, plenty of fish will in due time reward the angler, but not in the immediate summer months, because fish do not grow with such magical rapidity as to be fit for one's basket in the course of a few weeks after they are born. No, no; the trout and salmon which came to life during the last few weeks will be the angler's prey of future years, and in order to estimate the sport of the season which has just opened we should have to fall back on a consideration of the winters of 1878-79 and 1879-80, which I shall not do at present; a Lochleven trout, for instance, takes about four years to attain a weight of from fourteen to eighteen ounces. From a friend on the banks of Fiddich I have a brief note about our most fashionable salmon river, the Spey. He says: 'My story must be a 'mingled yarn. We have seldom in my recollection had so much ice 'as we have had this winter, but I think, for all that, the result of the 'spawning season will be up to the average of these later years, so 'that in due time our fashionable visitors, which now include ever 'so many ladies, will have fine sport on Spey. My friend, Peter, 'tells me that he thinks trout in this county will this year be some- 'what plentiful; I hope he is right.'

Throughout the Border angling district the fish had a fairly good time of it on the spawning beds, so that in the future the supply will be augmented. In some of the tributaries of the Tweed, a great many fine trout were observed in the earlier days of the winter making for their procreant cradles, and if no accident befell them these fish would repeat the story of their birth for the benefit of anglers in the future. But after all is said and done, it is always better to prophecy after the event. When they see in the course of the next few weeks how their creels fill, anglers will then be able to say whether the season is a good one or the reverse.

One circumstance must not be forgotten in estimating the value of any particular spawning season, and that is that very large deductions must be made from the quantities of spawn deposited for the accidents of wind and weather. Thousands of the tiny fish starve from being unable to seek their food, whilst hundreds of thousands of the eggs deposited never come to life, being devoured by enemies or swept away by the turbulent floods of winter. Of the common trout it may be said that not four per cent. of the eggs deposited ever become the prey of the angler. It is a curious circumstance, too,

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'of three inches, cover these over with a batter of eggs and butter; after which 'sprinkle them with a composition of bread-crumbs and well-chopped parsley, 'with a little thyme and a pinch of cayenne. Roast before the fire in a Dutch 'oven, basting the lot with melted butter, in which a little anchovy sauce has 'been mixed.'

that in many places, fish (trout) smaller than the normal size are seldom taken. I may instance the case of Lochleven—and I speak here not only from personal experience but on the authority of other anglers as well—that small fry are never captured (that is, of the true Lochleven trout). I never saw or heard of Lochleven trout of the true breed being taken under eight ounces or so, the general run of the fish being from ten ounces to a pound. What becomes of the young trout, then, in their early stages; and when will the fish which were hatched last month (February) be ready for the angler? These are questions (except in the case of *Salmo Levenensis*) to which I have never yet obtained a satisfactory reply, and if any of the numerous readers of 'Baily' could give me a wrinkle on the subject I would feel obliged.

Coming now to the subject-matter of the present paper, I may state that there are thirty-two counties in Scotland, all of them containing a considerable surface of water, many of the rivers and lochs being full of trout as well as other kinds of fish. It would take up too much space to go over each county *seriatim*, but I will group the counties and state in a brief way, for the benefit of English anglers, the leading rivers and lakes in some half-dozen of these. First, we have the southern counties of Scotland—Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Dumfries. I shall say nothing at present of the Tweed, as it is trout-fishing in particular that I wish to deal with in this paper. In Berwickshire the angler can obtain a choice of several good fishing waters, he can throw his fly on the Ale or the Blackadder, or he can loiter on the banks of the Leader, which is, to my thinking, one of the finest trouting streams in Scotland; there are also the Leet, famous for the large trout of its deep pools, and many anglers are fond of trying their hand on the Whitadder, which, in addition to some other streams, absorbs the Blackadder, and is itself an affluent of the classic Tweed. It abounds with very presentable trout of fair flavour as river fish go, and good baskets can be made by industrious anglers. A member of the Ellem fishing club told me when I was at Dunse three years ago, that he was never satisfied on his Saturday excursions if he had less than fifteen or twenty trout. The river, and I fancy all its tributaries as well, is open to all the world without let or hindrance. A friend who fishes the Whitadder every year tells me that Moor Cottage at Abbey St. Bathans is a good place to put up at—it is near the river, and there is always to be found one or two 'genial souls' to converse with over the evening grog. As I have hinted, the Leader is an excellent and fruitful stream, open to the angler over its whole length of forty miles, except where it flows through the private grounds of persons who have houses on its banks. I wonder if 'the Captain,' who some years ago used to haunt the water, still frequents Carfrae Inn. He was a kindly soul, and a capital fisherman, but I never could find out the number of his regiment. I fancy the title of 'Captain' was an honorary one; indeed, one friend used to assert that it was in the

navy he had distinguished himself—as commander of a canal-boat between Edinburgh and Glasgow. There was also ‘the Tup,’ and ‘Happy John,’ both alas! no more, but fine fellows over a tumbler, and never happier than when handing over ‘a fiver’ to some fellow whose remittance had not come to time. Lauder or Earlston are the best headquarters for the lower parts of the Leader. So much for Berwickshire. I am of course only giving a line by way of guidance. Parties desirous of knowing distances and particular hotels, must look up the sporting guides of Mr. Watson Lyall and other directories to the sport of the land of the mountain and the flood.

Coming now to the rivers and lochs of Roxburgh and Selkirkshire. I shall not name more than a dozen of those, I think; but, exclusive of the Tweed, there are at least fifty that might be enumerated as yielding excellent sport. I may name the Teviot as a fair trouting stream; some have been taken which weighed as much as five pounds, but the general run of these fish is about that number of ounces. A friend of mine had once a curious two days’ experience on this river and one or two of its tributaries; he caught exactly twenty fish, and these ranged in weight from one ounce to twenty! The angler can take up his quarters in the weaving town of Hawick, and there find out, which he will easily do, the best localities to fish. The Teviot is well riddled by the weavers, many of whom are determined poachers. The river absorbs the Ale and the Kale, likewise the Slitrig and the Rule; it has a run of over fifty miles, and is also a salmon stream; the greater portion of the Teviot is, I think, open to the public. Jedburgh is another excellent angling centre, from which many fine streams may be conveniently visited. The Jed itself is a capital trout stream, some tolerably heavy specimens being found in that river; and in the Hermitage Water there are famous fish to be got in the months of April and May—half-pounders are not too difficult to secure, and ten or a dozen of that weight is not bad fishing. The Eden, another Roxburghshire water, may be cited as being an early trouting stream; it has a run of some seventeen miles, interrupted, however, by the fall of Stitchell. The worst of this river is that it is about the ‘most proprietary stream’ for trout in all broad Scotland, but some parts of it are open water, and at some places permission to fish can be obtained. At Yetholm quarters may be taken up for fishing that excellent trout stream the Bowmont, which on its Scotch side at any rate is free to all anglers. The fish are a good sort, and, friends have assured me, well worth taking; they run from three to fourteen ounces. The fishing in this stream is at its best in May and June. The Ale is a stream which will reward an industrious angler with good baskets of fair trout. In the shire of Selkirk will be found the classic Yarrow, which rises in St. Mary’s Loch and has a poetic reputation. A large portion—chiefly the upper reaches of the Yarrow—is open to all anglers, but leave can usually be got from the proprietors to fish the close parts of the water. Yarrow was a favourite resort of the late Mr.

Thomas Tod Stoddart; it was a stream on which he was always singularly fortunate in filling his basket. Pound trout are not at all uncommon, and below that weight fish are plentiful. At Yarrow the angler is in the land of the Ettrick Shepherd, and the Gordon Arms, near the farm-house of Altrive, will be found comfortable. St. Mary's Loch must be mentioned, where at the cottage of Tibby Shiels anglers used to congregate, and 'hold o' nights high revel,' over the punch-bowl and the ale-cup. Tibby's cottage has been the scene of many a bright *noctes*, of many a war of words of the flushed youth of Scotia's capital, who came to eat the toothsome pike of 'lone St. Mary's silent lake,' or capture the fine trout to be found in its waters. Poetic descriptions of the scene have been often given; here is one of them, written by the master-hand of the borders—Walter Scott:

'Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view;  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.  
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
Where living thing concealed might lie;  
Nor point retiring hides a dell  
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell,  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess—  
You feel that all is loneliness.'

In the Ettrick (Tushielaw Inn) there are fine trout ranging from six to twenty ounces, and in the county there are many little streams which will well reward a cast of the line. The border land through which these rivers flow contains a hundred places of interest, and there is no lack of scenic effect of a kind—a kind, however, which is essentially different in its tone and character from the scenery which we are next to visit.

Leaving out of the account the rivers and lochs of Lowland Scotland, I shall now say a few words about the angling resources of the Highlands, north and west; where will be found the grandest scenery of Scotland, an ever-varying panorama of hill and glen of the most picturesque kind, a true land, in fact, of mountain and flood from Aberdeen to Cape Wrath: from the falls of Glornach to the banks of Loch Altnaharrow. There is, for instance, the trout stream which flows through Strathbogie in Aberdeenshire, in which there are 'pucklies of fish,' as a taciturn farmer's wife said once to me when I inquired if it was any use trying the Bogie. Ambitious anglers, who have no soul for small fry, but will be 'at the salmon,' will of course try their fortunes on the river Dee, which is an early and, as I may say, productive stream. Mr. McNab, of the Fife Arms, has a long stretch of the Dee on lease, and the guests of that gentleman are welcome to fish any part of the water



without charge. Mr. Cook, of the Invercauld Arms, Ballater, has also a lease of a good stretch of water, which he likes to let as a whole, but failing his doing so he will arrange for a rod or two at figures varying from, I think, 20*l.* to 35*l.* per month, according to season, April being esteemed the best month; the charge for the whole stretch of water for April is, I believe, not less than 100*l.* There are plenty of trout in the Dee, and guests of the hotels are allowed to capture them free of any charge. I am fond of a visit to the Ythan, an Aberdeenshire stream, which has a run of some forty miles, and is famous both for its yellow trout and its sea trout. Anglers residing at Ellon New Inn, and at the hotel in Newburgh, can have access to its waters free of charge. It is a late river, the Ythan, and is about its best in August and September. There are many other streams in Aberdeenshire which contain trout worthy of being captured, but I have not space in which to enumerate them. I have already introduced the readers of 'Baily' to the great lake trout of Lochawe in Argyleshire, so that I need not again go over that fascinating water, but I may state here that the river Awe is well worthy of a visit from ambitious fishers; it can be reached from Oban. The proprietor of the hotel at Taynult will arrange with anglers; his charge, if it has not been altered, is 30*s.* a week for the run of his water, which extends to about two miles. The county of Argyle is crowded with rivers and lochs, and within a radius of ten miles from any spot that may be selected there is sure to be found plenty of good trout, in fact, to use an Irishism, the county of Argyle is a *land* of water. Anglers making their headquarters at Portsonachan or Portinshorrock inns need be at no loss for a month's hard work in the neighbourhood, nor in these neighbourhoods will students of the art lack advisers. Numerous little clubs have their waters in Argyleshire, the members of which are always ready to advise a 'prentice hand as to the proper bait for a given cast. That I make no pretence of doing myself, because I am a little 'touched' in this matter, and do not hold very orthodox opinions, my idea being to get my fish out of the water with whatever fly will lure it from its liquid home, no matter whether it be the 'right' fly or no—the 'right' fly to me is the fly that takes the fish. I may mention with regard to this county, that a large number of the rivers and lochs being let with the shootings are very strictly looked after, but there are plenty of open spaces, and not a few where permission to fish can readily be obtained. But the major proposition of all Highland lairds is to make as much money as possible out of the gift with which Providence has so largely endowed them in the shape of moor and loch.

As I fear I am becoming somewhat long-winded, I must now think of drawing these remarks to an end: there are other writers in 'Baily' besides myself, and other topics require to be discussed. I have only, however, as I may say, taken a 'preliminary canter,' and have but glanced at the fishing wealth of a few of our Scottish counties; it would be unpardonable, however, not to take note of

Inverness-shire. What I have said of proprietary interests in the county of the MacCallum-mhor applies equally to the county of Inverness; although there are many fine sheets of water which may be fished by respectable anglers without let or hindrance, such as my Lord Lovat's pretty little Loch-an-iain, which is not, I must say, easy to get at, but once found is a treat both for scenery and fish, which run about five ounces. Loch Arkaig may also be mentioned; it is a large sheet of water where good baskets may be made; from four to twelve pounds weight of trout may be taken in four or five hours; the fish are beauties, and average three to the pound. Duntelchaig is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the county, and it is besides in an angling centre, being the chief of a group of smaller lochs. Trolling is the right way of catching the fine trout of Duntelchaig, which are of a pretty size, many being taken as heavy as four pounds, and the flavour of these heavy fish, I am able to say, is excellent. Very few people, I believe, notice the changing flavours of freshwater fish, but flavours are as varied as the places where they are caught—often enough spoiled, however, in the cooking, *frying* at country places being the fashion, and, as I maintain, no mode of cooking kills flavour faster than frying. I have elsewhere given a note on trout cookery, and I recommend all my readers to forbid frying. Persons staying at Invergarry Inn are allowed the privilege of capturing the big trout of Loch Garry; there is literally nothing to pay even for the boats! I have heard of monsters of the deep which have been taken from Loch Garry, one or two of fourteen pounds; there are smaller trout as well, and with industry a big basket may be easily filled. In Loch Laggan there are also *Salmo ferox* of some size, and which afford fine sport. All over Inverness-shire there is 'fishing,' and it is not expensive. True, Inverness is a long way from London, but when a man has a month's holiday he would do well to come up and see us in the north; we will find him comfortable quarters and plenty of fish, and if he works hard will reward him with a drop of the wine of the country, which all good fishermen combine to praise.

The title of this paper is 'Scotch Angling Quarters,' and probably some *Bailytes* will expect that I should have said a little more than I have done about the inns or hotels, and the style of life observed. As regards that, all anglers of the right sort go in for the utmost 'freedom of living,' both in meat, drink, and dress. I have been for six weeks at a time in an Highland hotel and never heard the pop of a champagne cork, and I have seen six cases demolished in six days; but I say to all anglers, Study simplicity of life, and don't drink too much, even of the wine of the country! Make a good breakfast before starting for work, and if after seven or eight hours of a bracing mountain air you have not a good appetite for dinner, then am I no judge of the case. Excellent food and a clean and comfortable bed give zest to the angling holiday. You need not expect turtle-soup to dinner, but the potage which is made from the mountain hare will

be plentiful at some seasons, and the curried fowl and black-faced mutton are not to be sneezed at. As to prices for bed and board, these vary considerably in Scotland, as they do everywhere. Personally, in some primitive parts of the Highlands of Scotland, I have 'lived like a fighting cock,' as the saying is, at the small charge of six shillings per day, and I have expended double the amount and have not fared so well. Good accommodation and excellent food may be obtained in some districts at from 8s. to 12s. 6d. per day, whilst at one or two places the bill will average a shade more. As a rule, the 'society' congregated at a Scotch angling resort is 'good-good' fellows generally, with 'bits of character' about them, and 'wealthy' of intelligence.' At 'the Crook,' some years ago, there used to be a rare gathering of clever advocates and other lawyers, with a sprinkling of politicians and clever mercantile men, whilst a certain celebrated editor gave savour to the evening chaff. He is dead now, that clever journalist, but his sayings are still remembered, and serve yet at second-hand to set the table in a roar. What I have said will, I trust, induce a fresh invasion of 'Southrons'; but whether my English friends incline to come to us or not, I wish them a renewal of their joys and sorrows in the season which has just commenced, and which I sincerely trust will prove a highly profitable one to all good brethren of the angle.

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## SPORT IN THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE grey Californian whale (*Rhachianectes glaucus*, Cope) is generally of a piebald, greyish colour, although there are some few exceptions which are entirely black. The females often attain a length of thirteen yards. During the summer months they live in the Arctic Ocean and in the Sea of Okholsk, but in November they go south, to breed, and to keep their young during their tender youth in the warm bays of the south. These wanderings in the immediate neighbourhood of the seashore are quite characteristic of the Californian whale and of no other. In the month of May they go back to their icy cold climate. Naturally the small distance which they keep from the coast has always been a great temptation to whalers, therefore there is no whale which is so much pursued as the Californian whale. Some years ago as many as a thousand whales have been seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the coast in one day. Latterly the whales have become much more timid, owing to their being so much pursued, so they keep farther out at sea; perhaps also their number has diminished. Now a hundred to two hundred whales are only seen in a day, and about eight to ten thousand in a season. The Californian whale has several very appropriate nicknames. It is often called 'Hard head,' because it is accustomed to run its head against boats and upset them, as a pig does with a trough after feeding; it is called 'Mussel digger,'

because, quite contrary to the custom of other whales, it likes to bury itself in the sand and slime of the sea-coast. Some suppose it does this to look for mussels to eat, but really in point of fact one does not know what it eats. By most whalers it is styled 'Devil fish,' for no other whale is so dangerous when pursued. Scarcely ever does the so-called 'lagoon whaling' take place (and this is the usual means of killing them employed) without very severe accidents happening. In this pursuit one tries to prevent the whale, who is in shallow water along the coast, from entering the deep sea by means of boats, thus cutting it off as it were from the deep sea. The harpooned whale often turns suddenly round, however, when it is driven on the shore, lifting its head and tail and making a quick turn with its stomach, rushing blindly through the line of boats, running at them with its head, upsetting them, and with its powerful tail madly hitting right and left. Through the impetuous movements of the hunted animal, the water becomes quite muddy from the amount of sand tossed about, the boats cannot get out of the way, and give in to fate. Thus very often after a chase with no result, it has very much the appearance of a battlefield; one sees boats with severely wounded and killed steering slowly to the ship. Without broken ribs and legs, this kind of whaling rarely takes place. Oftentimes a party of whalers are obliged to let pass a whole season, because after the first chase, in consequence of so many accidents, such a panic has seized upon them, that they give up the pursuit, or at the approach of the animal they jump from fear headlong into the water, though the party may consist for the most part of old hands, who do not easily lose courage. The greatest misfortune, that one tries always so carefully to avoid, is when, by mistake, one of the young ones swimming round its mother is harpooned; in this case the mother, who till then had only thought of her safety, becomes perfectly infuriated. Instead of trying to escape from her enemies, she changes her mode of action and attacks each boat that she sees, and does not rest till she has shivered it into pieces, and looks for a new prey, till, covered with wounds, bleeding profusely, she gives way to an explosive harpoon shell. The wild snorting of the enraged monster, the sea water that is whirled round by its tail, the shouting of the commander of the party, the shrieks of those who have become afraid, here and there a call for assistance, and the groaning of the wounded—indeed the name of Devil fish is well chosen. This feeling of motherly love shows that the whale is not without intelligence, and all people who know it well admit that it is uncommonly crafty. A chase can only take place in shallow water, and the whale seems perfectly aware of this, for it recognises anything that is at all suspicious, while it scarcely takes any notice of ordinary passers-by, but it gets out of the way directly it sees any preparation for a chase in a creek or bay. The whales on the west coast of California and Oregon which escape along the coast of British Columbia in the country of the Indians, are often captured by the Indians. Here the sport is limited to the sea-coast, for an Indian never ventures out far from land, so

that he always can see the smoke of his hut, or at night the flames of his camp fire. The Indians have a great passion for whaling, and the fortunate slayer of a whale makes a deep cut across his nose, and bears the wound with as much dignity as a German student does a scar received in a duel. The Californian whales that escape the Indians are almost safe among the blocks of ice of the Arctic Ocean, although the Eskimos pursue them in the same boats in which they hunt the walrus. From time to time they manage to capture a few, though they have not the proper implements, and are obliged to use their natural instinct. Softly, without noise, they approach their boats, watching for every opportunity and profiting when the whale snorts to get gradually nearer and nearer, by rowing, and in the interval which follows with lifted oars they glide through the water. By these means they are enabled to approach so near to the whale unobserved, that a harpoon (made of walrus' teeth and the point of a sharp flint) can be run into its body. A man wrapped up in a seal's skin, who holds the harpoon attached by a string, swims about and designates the spot where the whale is hid, and so a farther approach can be made. Before the hurling of the harpoon all the party utter a most tremendous loud shriek, because they fancy that they stupefy the whale by so doing. The poor whale has one harpoon after another stuck into it, and from loss of blood it becomes exhausted, and swims more dead than alive on the surface of the water. Now the time seems propitious for the Eskimos to end the chase. For want of a lance, a knife is attached to the end of a mast, and run into its body, till death puts a stop to the poor creature's sufferings. For the Eskimos the meat of the whale is looked upon as a great delicacy. With the entrails they make a kind of ragoût. Each whaler receives two ribs of meat and about 56 litres of blubber (whale oil), which represents the value of a reindeer. The Californian whale is to be found near the coast of Siberia to the bay of California, but every year it is quieter and quieter in the bays in which these whales are to be found; and if the Government of the United States does not interfere in time, the Californian whale will soon be extinct. The Humpback whale (*Megaptera versabilis*, Cope) is easy to recognise. The under lip extends far below the upper jaw. It has a very prominent swelling on the back from which it derives its name 'humpback.' The entire head is covered with irregular knobs. On the whole the humpback whale does not make a very favourable impression. Its movements have something unsteady about them, so that whalers recognise this whale miles off. It is often seen by itself, and often accompanied by many others. In general it approaches flat coasts, and is very often to be seen near islands. Sometimes it floats motionless, as if dead, on the surface of the water, or under water, moving about in the most funny way. At times it lies on its side and suckles its young, at others it swims madly about, throwing up the water yards high in the air; indeed, when a moderate wind is blowing, it has quite the appearance of the steam escaping from the funnel of a steamer. The humpback whale is usually fifteen yards

in length, and quite black underneath, of a greyish colour. Notwithstanding its being seen in almost every sea, everything tends to prove that in summer it seeks the cold seas, and when the time for breeding approaches it commences its wanderings. In pursuing this whale care must be taken that directly it is dead, it sinks, and therefore before the harpoon with a bombshell, an ordinary harpoon must be used. The dead whale is driven upwards with great force, owing to the gases which are formed, sometimes a short while afterwards, at other times not for some days after. Great care must be taken that the body does not get under the boats, for it is shot up with such rapidity that the boat is upset if it hits it. Many savages kill the humpback whale with spears made with horn and flint, which they hurl at it, thus killing it gradually. Naturally the whale meets with death very often far from the place where it is attacked, but as each spear bears the mark of its owner, the rightful possessor of the prey is easily told, and it is then given to him. The common whale (*Balaenoptera velifera*, Cope) is eighteen yards long, and yields as much as 11,000 litres of blubber. Its throat and breast are deeply wrinkled, its colour black or dark brown. This whale is to be seen in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and follows ships, amusing passengers by its immense size and great playfulness. Very often it darts underneath a ship, reappearing on the other side of it; at times it floats quietly on the surface of the sea, making a great noise; often it raises its enormous tail out of the water and dives below suddenly, showing itself again a long way off. It is often pursued, but owing to its great speed there is a good deal of difficulty attached to this kind of sport. A wounded whale of this description ran against a three-master and made the ship shake, so that every one on board felt the effects of it. This whale feeds on small fish, to judge from what has been found in the inside of its stomach. The sharp-headed whale (*Balaenoptera Davidsonii*, Scammon) is regarded by whalers as an undergrown whale; it is very small, compared with other whales. It is only eight yards long, and for that reason it is not hunted. This whale is black above, white underneath, and has some red marks about its throat; it is to be found generally where the common whale is found. The Greenland whale (*Balæna mysticetus*, L.) is the one which has the most blubber, 40,000 litres. The Greenland whale is the fattest of all whales, but by no means the largest. It is rarely ever longer than nineteen yards. It has an enormous head, which is as large as a third part of the body; its eyes are four times the size of a bullock's eyes; its colour is black, with a white throat and white spots on the belly. The Greenland whale is an excellent diver; it disappears for nearly twenty minutes under water. When it is pursued it remains a long time under water. In one known case a wounded Greenland whale disappeared for an hour and a quarter, while the whalers were freezing in their small boats till it appeared on the surface again. The Greenland whale is quite attached to ice districts, and never goes south where there is no ice. It is styled

by whalers the 'ice-breaker,' because it breaks great masses of ice with its head. It is very timid; only in a favourable wind is it possible to approach this whale that the harpoon may be applied with the hand; the wounded animal becomes so terrified that it runs its head blindly against the bottom of the sea, and if the ground be rocky dashes its head to pieces. Its capture is attended with little danger, comparatively speaking, therefore it is attempted often at night. The north-west whale (*Balæna Sieboldii*, Gray) resembles mostly the Greenland whale, and differs from it principally in having a different upper lip. It is eighteen yards long, and yields about 19,000 litres of blubber, but of not nearly so good a quality as the Greenland whale. It makes a tremendous bellowing when it is wounded, and moves its tail about so much that very often the boats containing the whalers are filled with water. The yellow-bellied whale (*Sibbaldius sulphureus*, Cope) is the largest of all whales, and also the largest animal which exists (even larger than the mammoth and other animals extinct). It attains the enormous length of thirty yards. This whale is to be found in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and approaches ships at anchor. It is very good-tempered, and very active; it surpasses in speed all other whales. The common shark (*Physeter macrocephalus*, L.) has twenty-two to twenty-four large pointed teeth in the under jaw, whereas in the upper it has none, or if any they are very small indeed. The males are twenty-four yards in length, and the females a third of this length. The large head forms a fourth part of the body. In general the shark is timid, though the males, when provoked, can be very dangerous, even causing ships to sink. In the year 1820 the American whaler Essex sailed in the Pacific Ocean, when a shark swam against his ship with such force that the ship suffered much; a second blow was dealt to the ship so that ten minutes afterwards it sank. In 1851 the Anne Alexander sank in the same manner. Broken teeth which are observed in sharks which are killed show that they fight very much with other sea monsters or among themselves. Males which are attacked not only bite the boats that come near them, but also planks of wood in their anger. The shark is found in all seas, and appears to like to be surrounded by ice, as well as being under a tropical sun. Sharks are seen chiefly in large numbers. Their breathing is wonderfully regular, sixty to seventy gasps for breath being taken in the interval of twelve seconds, then the shark dives and remains an hour under water, to appear again above water to take breath. The throat is so wide that a man could easily be swallowed at a mouthful, though the shark lives, so far as we know, on cod-fish, and other fish of the same description. The front part of the head is so thick that a harpoon cannot penetrate. The shark is often pursued on account of its blubber.

The porpoise (*Globiocephalus Scammonii*, Cope) is three to seven yards long, and yields from thirty-seven to 1500 litres of blubber. It is hunted when there is nothing else to pursue, as the flesh, when

it has been exposed to the air for a few days, is not bad to eat, and is a change to those who pursue it from their usual fare. Porpoises are to be found where sharks are, and frequent the warm bays in pursuit of little fish. In the upper jaw it has ten to twelve teeth, in the lower eight to ten smaller teeth.

The sword-fish (*Orca rectipinna*, Cope) takes its name from the large sword-shaped back fin. It is seven yards long, and sometimes this peculiar back fin is one yard in length. The sword-fish is only pursued by Indians, who like eating it. It is to be found in all seas, and lives principally on young seals and young whales; sometimes it attacks large whales. Five or six sword-fish together often attack a large whale, and manage to tear out its tongue, and large pieces of its tail. In a very strange manner they seize upon young seals, which take refuge on the backs of their mothers. They deal such a blow in the direction of the stomach to the mother, that the young seals fall into the water, and thus they are carried off. There is also a peculiar kind of white fish (*Beluga*) in the North Pacific Ocean. It is five yards long, and is of a yellowish-white colour. It is considered a great delicacy by the Eskimos.

The sea elephant (*Macrorhinus angustirostris*, Gill) is the largest of all seals; the male is six yards in length. The hind feet are without nails, but the fore feet have nails, and resemble a man's hands, only they are black. This animal owes its name to the snout of the male being shaped like an elephant's trunk. It is seen on the coast of Patagonia. It likes to bury itself in the sand. It is best to approach them from the sea, and thus prevent their possible escape. The males offer some resistance, but such a panic seizes the remainder that they remain perfectly still huddled up together, and are easy to kill. Many are killed from the weight of the bodies of others falling on them, and show no outward wound. When the weather is favourable, and only during such is it possible to approach them, those who hunt them have to get into the water, and pull their boats on shore after them. This seal is hunted from the month of November till the month of February.

In the North Pacific Ocean there is a sea otter (*Enhydra marina*), the animal which supplies us with the finest fur in the world. The body is like that of an ordinary otter, but the sea otter is a yard and a half in length. The fur is brown or black. These animals live more in the water than on shore. They feed on crabs and small fish. They are very tiresome to hunt, and are pursued by two or three men together in a boat, who do not mind spending weeks and months in looking for them, and enduring all kinds of hard work and fatigue. About ten pounds is paid for a skin, therefore this sport is rather lucrative.



## NOTES FROM THE STAG-HUNTING COUNTRY.

OF all the countries where sport is pursued, there is none so given over to stag-hunting as the one from which I am now going to draw a few notes wherewith to amuse the readers of 'Baily.' It is not the wilds of Exmoor about which I am about to write, for that glorious sport is over by autumn, and few stop on to see the long runs that Arthur Heal has later on with the hinds, for the wild west is not the sort of place to suit every one during the winter months; but a country far more accessible from London, and one over which the lovers of deer-hunting can disport themselves all the winter through, except when King Frost asserts his sway, and for a time closes the kennel and stable-door. It may be said roughly to lie on the Great Western and North-Western lines of rail, and to reach from London to Leighton one way, and from London to Reading another, and in the area thus traced out a man may amuse himself with deer-hounds on most days of the week.

Hunting over it are the Royal buckhounds, whose meets are on Tuesdays and Fridays; Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's staghounds at Ascott, near Leighton, whose days are Monday and Thursday; Lord Carrington's bloodhounds at Dane's Hill, High Wycombe, Bucks, on Wednesday and Saturday; the Berkhamstead buckhounds on Wednesday. Thus it will be seen that over the space indicated, not a very large one, a man hunting from London can reach staghounds nearly every day in the week, and has the chance of being out with no less than four different packs. Of course I need not in this place say much about the Queen's, as every one knows how well the thing is done under Lord Cork's management, and the pains that Frank Goodall takes to show sport. Personally I have not been out with them, as they do not come my side of the country, but I have heard capital accounts of their runs, and on one or two occasions they have come very far into their neighbours' territories, on one occasion taking their deer at Chesham, and on another when, I believe, they turned out at Gerrard's Cross, running to Chorley Wood close by Rickmansworth. Having seen something of the Baron's, both in the field and on the flags, I can say more concerning them, and, moreover, give an outline of some of their best runs. I may say that no pack of hounds have more improved of late years than these; and I do not believe that any foxhound kennel, except those with almost unlimited walks, could show a smarter or better lot than can Fred Cox in the new kennels at Ascott, which are the perfection of comfort and neatness. Cox has bred them with great care to suit his country and the work they have to do, and it is well known that since the pack have come into the hands of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild the whole system has been altered, and they want them to go much faster than in the late Baron Meyer's days. He was a heavy man, and preferred a good hunting run in which he could watch his hounds do their work to a rattling burst,

in which there is a chance of the hounds running away from every one, so that runs of great length often took place, but as a rule they were not so sharp as in the present day. In fact, everything is altered, and to my eye the pack are as much before those of some years ago as the present kennels are superior to the old ones at Mentmore, in which I first saw this pack. There is no greater treat than a day on the flags here and a chat with Fred over old times, and if this is supplemented by a walk round the stables, and a look at the magnificent stud of weight-carrying thoroughbreds under the care of Mr. King, who has the management of the stables, about as enjoyable a day will have been spent as any one fond of hounds and horses can well conceive. It was my good fortune so to pass a day last autumn, and in spite of being tedious I must first say a word for one or two of the young hounds put forward ere passing on to other subjects, such a strong impression did they make on my memory. One more rib would make Grampian by Sir Watkin Wynn's Grampian out of Promise as near a picture as can be imagined, for his bone is large, his colour good, and his general contour very handsome; but in the matter of appearance he must give place to Rummager by the Milton Reveller out of Brilliant; there are few better youngsters to be seen in any pack than this, and not a few of our very crack kennels would be glad, I expect, to own him as one of their lot. For truth of symmetry very few hounds are his equal, and still smaller is the number that would be found superior to him. In fact, you may look him over how you like, and then you can scarcely find a weak place about him. And being a good Belvoir tan he is as good in colour as he is in symmetry. The Brocklesby Alfred has given them a good lift by his alliance with Caroline, as Albert, Alfred, Agent, and Archer are two couple of dog hounds that must do capital service in the pack, even if they are not quite so perfect as Rummager on the flags; and their sister Audible amongst the bitches is quite worthy of them. Garland, a sister Grampian, also struck me as being one of the useful sort; and Rapid, by Rufus out of Rantipole, must be able to get along as fast as her neighbours. Late puppy as she was, by the time I saw her she had grown into a regular queen of the kennel. Her colour black and white, with only a suspicion of tan about the head, is certainly against her, but who would not say, when looking her over, that such a good hound could not be a bad colour. I don't think there was anything else I could recall amongst the young bitches at this distance of time as worth special notice, but taken altogether I know that they struck me as being a capital lot, and well worth all the commendation that their huntsman could give them. Of course I could not pass over my old favourite Layman, by Bedford out of Lavender, without a look (he has been mentioned in the pages of 'Baily' before), and, save that he has scarcely made the powerful hound that he promised to do in his early days, I can say now that I like him as well as ever, and see no reason to alter the opinion I formed of him when he was first put on. They have

very few old hounds in the pack, as they must have them just in their prime for deer-hunting, or they are not much use; for a hound that cannot go the pace is soon done with in their work. They do better for walks now than they did at one time, as the farmers, who are all keen sportsmen, are beginning to find out more how puppies should be treated, of which in early days they had not much notion, as parts of this country had very little hunting ere the Rothschilds established this pack. And thus Cox can now generally command as many young ones of good form and character as it is needful for him to put forward. In the stables, as may be anticipated, I saw plenty of horses well worth looking at, and when I mention the name of the white-legged bay All Fours, many a man who has hunted in the Vale will say, if he reads this, 'Ah, that is a bad one 'to beat.' So, also, are the slashing chesnut Waterman, by North Lincoln out of Waterwitch, Malton, one of the finest weight-carriers in England; and Malmsey, by Moulsey, who is as handsome as a picture. Neither is there a much better looking horse in any country than the Mallard, by The Drake, dam by Gemma di Vergy, at the time I saw him, a recent importation from Ireland. Of those who as a rule are to be found with these hounds, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild comes from Tring Park, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has as neat a hunting-box as unlimited money, backed up by good taste, could command, at Ascott, where he takes care also always to have a fox in Grimston Thorns, close at hand, for Mr. Selby Lowndes, when he meets there. Baroness Alphonsas is often to be seen in the field, and at times Lady Violet Greville is with her. Lady Roseberry was at the meet a few times early in the season, and Mr. Cyril Flower, from Aston Clinton Park, is a regular attendant with them. Mr. Stewart Freeman has now settled at Wingrave, but the Hon. Robert Grimston, Hon. Kenelm Bouverie, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Redfern, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. Howard Gilliat, Mr. Arthur Lucas, Doctor Farquharson, Mr. C. W. Maude, Captain A. Thomson, Mr. E. D. Avigdor, &c., and a few other old stagers, still stick to their comfortable quarters at the Hunt Hotel, Leighton, where Mr. Sheerman caters most efficiently for them, and the horses are taken as much care of in the stables as their masters are within doors. During last summer Mr. Sheerman built another range of capital boxes, with sleeping accommodation for the men in charge of the horses over them, and, in fact, does all that is in his power to make his place as complete as possible for the style of customer for whom he lays himself out. He has had several new-comers this season, amongst them Mr. Darcy Chaplin, 103, Cromwell Road, Kensington; Mr. A. B. Campbell, 26, Harewood Square; Mr. J. L. Mathews, 14, Clarendon Road; Mr. T. Montague Wilde, of Arlington Street; and Mr. A. Perston, of 2, Ladbroke Gardens. Of those in other places are Mr. and Mrs. Broom staying with Mrs. Chilton, Southcote House; Mr. Ross is at his hunting-box, Glen House; Mr. Leon at his hunting-box; and Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Sands are at Ascott Lodge; Miss

Cazenove, Lillies, Aylesbury, and Mr. F. J. Thynne, of Kempston Lodge, Bedford, often comes out with them. As regards sport, I believe no one has, so far, had any complaint to make, but most will, on the other hand, admit that it has been quite up to the average, if not a little over it. Once only they were stopped by frost, before the setting in of what I may call the great frost and snow, but still not oftener than we might reasonably expect. The heavy ground induced by occasional frost and snow, as well as the fogs, however, some days had as prejudicial effect on the deer as it had on the horses, and caused some of the best at times to ring instead of going straight, and, I fear, conduced to the death of at least one.

The Baron's commenced early to show sport, even in what I may term their cub-hunting season, without any very great Hibernianism, for in such light are these meets in the pleasant autumn days considered, when they hunt on the hill because the leaf hangs thick in the vale, and the great hairy doubles which there abound are not yet to be trifled with. I shall describe only the runs I have actually seen with them, save in one notable instance, which, as it was certainly one of the grandest runs they have had for years, and was told to me by one who is perfectly competent, not only to give an account of it, but to form an authoritative opinion on its actual merits all through, must, I think, here find a place to render this record complete. The first day of note that I find with this pack entered in my diary is Monday, October the 18th, when the meet was at Ivinghoe, as pretty a little village nestling under the steep bluff hills (which in some sort remind of the front hills overlooking North Ease and Swanbro in Sussex) as you need wish to see; a dull, sleepy-looking place, it is true, when I first entered it, about the time the hounds should have met, but they did not, for they were late. As soon, however, as a little pink came in to enliven the scene, the whole place was *en fête*, and strongly brought to mind Somerville's brilliant description of a country village invaded by hounds—

‘ Afflictive birch,

No more the schoolboy dreads, his prison broke,  
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;  
The weary traveller forgets his road,  
And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves  
Th' unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks  
Are now the shepherd's joy: men, boys, and girls,  
Desert the unpeopled village.’

Only in this instance they rather crowded into it instead of deserting it, for a time, at any rate. I have no doubt it was left bare enough of people when we moved away to see the hounds laid on. Wonderfully true was the description, for young and old, men and maidens, women and children, appeared to have nothing to do at Ivinghoe that day but to stare at the hounds, and those who followed them.

We had a small field, according to the custom of these early meets, but amongst those present were the Baroness Alphonsas de Rothschild, Lady Violet Greville, Lady Roseberry, driving, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Green, Mr. John Foy, so well known across the Vale, Mr. Carlyle, and some others I did not note at the time, and their names do not occur to me now. They had an untried hind for us, and on being turned out she broke away to the summit of the neighbouring hills, where she made a very pretty picture, and she sped along in bold relief against the sky-line. Those who were wise in their generation went to the top of the hills also, and although the deer went down again they did not, but stuck to the advantage they had thus gained, while those who think it incumbent on them to go every yard with hounds did so, and took a good bit extra out of their horses for their pains. Hounds ran fairly well when first laid on, but it was soon evident that scent was of such a kind that they must work if they wanted to take their deer, especially where the line crossed sheep-stained land. After traversing the hill for some little distance, they led us down towards the valley again, making a pretty considerable circuit in it, and then came round up on to the heights of North Church Common, as pretty and wild-looking a place as any stag-hunter need wish to get into. In fact, as he crosses it he may well fancy himself in the far-famed 'Ytene,' or New Forest, of Hampshire. Across this sylvan line she led us to Mr. Jones's Farm, Cold Harbour, at the corner of Berkhamstead Common, and then hunting slowly, but very beautifully, they turned for Ashridge Park, where at that time many an 'Antlered Monarch of the Waste' was holding court with his seraglio of fair hinds around him, his honours proudly borne, and his great neck swelling with love and rage, as he at times loudly bellowed forth his challenge to younger rivals standing at a respectful distance to come and steal one flower from his bouquet of beauties, if they dare. Our hind had no such happy fate awaiting her as to be allowed to join them, but having skirted the park, she turned away for Frithsden Beeches, running the lower side of them, after which she gave us a turn on the common by the pheasant-breeding farm, and the kennels of that right good fellow, Mr. Richard Rawle, and then on by Potten End into the country again, after she had soiled in a pond there. Across the land in Mr. Ginger's hands, and down the long valley by the square plantations she went, rose the brow by Hill End, and then away by the back of Crouch Green and Crouch End almost to Hemel Hempstead, where she got amongst gardens, iron fenced paddocks, and other abominations of that sort, so that Fred Cox could not ride to his hounds, and having frightened half the inhabitants out of their wits, was there taken and housed at the Anchor. And so ended a very good run, which must have been nine or ten miles as the crow flies, and of course much more as hounds ran. It was not fast, being a hunting run rather than a racing spin, and one that gave us every opportunity of seeing how

these hounds can put down their noses, and work when there is occasion. I am sorry to say that this hind, which in all probability would have turned out a very good one, staked herself, and I heard died afterwards. Of course from the country run over there was very little fencing, but even then all who set out with us did not manage to see the end, for if it was slowly they kept going.

I think I have nothing more with the Baron's worth recalling until we come to Monday, November the 1st, when they opened the season in due form at Tring Park, the seat of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, and the carriages thronged to the fixture as they do to a *levée* or drawing-room. Where all the people and all the horses were stowed away I will in nowise take on me to determine. Let it suffice that they all found accommodation somewhere, and all seemed pleased with the entertainment they received. Most readers of 'Baily' know what a show meet and public breakfast to commence the season is, so that I need not go into more detail here, and may be content with saying that this was a model one of its kind. Tring Windmill was the actual *rendezvous*, at least the place where the deer was uncartered, and from there a regular racing twenty minutes to Wendover was enjoyed, too much on the roads, perchance, it might have been; but road or no road, the pace never slackened, and of course no deer could stand such a T. Y. C. scurry as this long, and at Wendover this one was taken, much to the surprise of many who having, as the cockney said, 'han 'ard road' to gallop on, had bucketed along without rhyme or reason, and were, I fancy, somewhat astonished to find themselves suddenly up at the take, without knowing the least what hounds had been doing. It must not be surmised, however, that even this spin was achieved by all without accident, and every parcel that started had apparently not been duly labelled, 'to be kept this side up,' as the man who rolled down a steep bank into the road would, I think, admit. I do not know his name, so I cannot immortalise him in the green covers. Fred, however, had a second barrel in reserve for us, and a good one, as it turned out; so we trotted back once more to Tring Windmill. However, some message—how conveyed I know not—had preceded us, and the beast of chase was uncartered and gone; not, however, exactly on the line that could be desired, as he set out on a journey to meet us. Perhaps he was as much put about at such an unfortunate *contretemps* as we were, for he wanted no admonition to divert his energies into a different line when he found the mistake he had made. Now was apparent the difference between the chase of the fox and stag, for what foxhunter, seeing such a chance, would not have immediately clapped his pack on the back of his game? Cox, however, observed all the rules of etiquette as religiously as if he had been bred up at Court, and took his pack straight forward to the deer-cart. As may be surmised, they did not settle exactly well at first, and the first part of the chase, a ring round the low country, had not much to recommend it. When Halton Hill's

sylvan shades were reached, however, things mended, and those who had held their hands so far, and profited by the turn of events, had all the best of it, as hounds literally gave them the front seats. When Stubbings was reached they were brought to their noses ; not for long, however, but the deer dodged enough on it to throw out some, and they had little chance of cutting in again, for from this point our deer went right away. Still he hung to the woodlands, as if he wished us to hear what cheery notes his pursuers could send forth. When Cholesbury Common had been attained, the pack had so far gained on him that they had to be stopped ; but a few couples were so quick that the whips could not get round them, and they went on almost in view, so that the others were detained but a very fewseconds, and the chase was renewed in the direction of Hawridge, then across Leigh Green ; and on past Ashley Green they swept, as if they were bound for Westminster Abbey or victory. This country abounds in those fine broad green driftways which the wisdom of our ancestors instituted in contradiction to the abominable deep and narrow lanes. This fact presented itself forcibly to the mind of our deer, and he availed himself of the institution, perhaps neglecting the fact that green lanes, left to their natural solitude, and not often traversed, hold as good a scent as the sweet pastures of the Vale itself, or the most spreading grass of the Shires. We soon found out this fact, if our quarry did not, and I ween the rowel was red and there was foam on bit and breastplate, as we sped forward, mile by mile, towards Shantock. Few were in it now, and those few beginning to calculate how far their horses could live at the pace, and still have an effort left, with as much anxiety as Fordham, Cannon, or Goater would in a strong-run race from the distance home. They, however, have the advantage of knowing just how far they have to go, while we were left to the bare knowledge that pace must tell on deer as well as horses, and perchance his condition may be better than ours. A lucky chance, when he soiled in a pond on Mr. Batchelor's farm, put us out of doubt, and right glad were the few still left with hounds to see him safely taken, for it was clear enough that he had a bit of 'go' still left in him, while truth and candour compel me to admit that we had pretty well come to the end of our tether. Not more than a baker's dozen, at any rate, can claim to have seen much of the finish of this capital run, and even of those all were not close up. Thus I must end my account of their sport on the hills, and should this find favour with the editor, I may, perchance, in another number have more to say as to the sport that has been afforded in the Vale, which, I may hint, is of such a nature as to require an article to itself, in order that strict justice may be rendered to it.

## HOUNDS NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

ALTHOUGH the country near Cambridge is not well adapted to the chase, yet there are several packs of hounds which can easily be reached from the town, and which are all more or less favoured by the assemblage of rising sportsmen, which year by year enter the old university. In these days of railways, one could hunt with a great number of different hounds; but in speaking of the packs near Cambridge, we need deal only with the Cambridgeshire, the Fitzwilliam, the Oakley, two or three packs of harriers, and lastly, the Trinity College Foot Beagles.

It is of these latter little hounds that we would principally speak, as among the members of the hunt will be found many more future masters of hounds, first-flight men, and crack sportsmen generally, who will soon be disseminated all over the kingdom, than in any other hunt in the country, excepting, of course, the Christchurch men, who have a very similar establishment at Oxford.

The country hunted by this pack comprises the land within about an eight-mile radius of the university, but occasionally a more distant meet is arranged; thus last year the hounds were, by the kind invitation of a gentleman at Haverhill, in Essex, taken over there; and had an excellent day's sport, killing no less than four hares, which speaks volumes as to their hunting powers. In other respects, too, the country is not amiss, as there are generally a sufficiency of hares, without being too many, and there are no big woodlands through which the hounds would be perpetually running, to the annoyance of the proprietor, and the M.F.H., who would both naturally object to have the covers often disturbed.

The hounds are now under the management of Mr. R. Hunt of Magdalene, though as a rule, as would be expected, a Trinity man has been at the head of affairs; but knowing Mr. Hunt was, so to speak, 'to the manner born,' the committee unanimously resolved to ask him to carry the horn, after he had been whip for a short time. Mr. Hunt has not long been in office, but a great improvement has already taken place in the pack. He is, as many of the readers of 'Baily' well know, not new to his work, as he hunted the College Beagles at Eton for two seasons, during which time they showed far better sport than at any previous period of their existence. After leaving Eton, he had hounds in America, and, as far as we know, has had hounds about him all his life, and has thus been enabled to gain that experience, which serves him to bring to hand so many hares, which for sheer cunning when being hunted will beat a fox hollow. Before Mr. Hunt took them over, they had been kennelled at a public-house on the outskirts of the town, but now a subscription has been raised among the members, and capital model kennels have been built on a suitable site on the Histon road. The Master has also bought an excellent hound van, which conveys the beagles to the meet in a very superior manner



to the old cart, with a pig-net at the top to keep them in. We have said enough to show that Mr. Hunt has entered heart and soul into his work, and we venture to predict that after leaving Alma mater, we shall hear of him in another sphere.

There are about twelve couple of working hounds, and though not as level a lot as could be wished, they are well up to their work, and on a good scenting-day they know how to race, and soon spread-eagle the field. The Master is assisted by two or three whips, who are nearly always there or thereabouts, though they have an arduous task to perform. Mr. Hunt is always with his hounds, ready to give them any assistance they may require, and appears to have the wind of a horse, as he runs equally well at the close of the day's sport. However, he early showed his abilities in this direction, for when he was at Eton he won the school steeplechase, no inconsiderable feat, as those who know the course will testify.

The uniform of the hunt is a green cap, dark green velvet jackets, brass buttons with the hunt initials, and knickerbockers.

Lately they have had some wonderful sport, often pulling down two or three hares a day, and some of the runs have been remarkably long and straight, two or three averaging five miles apiece. Once meeting at Waterbeach, they ran nearly to Ely, and the run from the University rifle-ground to Comberton was one that will long be talked about, only three or four seeing the conclusion of this brilliant thing.

Most of the neighbouring farmers allow their land to be gone over, but some small freeholders have been very cantankerous, and have done their best to spoil sport. Luckily these malcontents are few and far between, and most of the farmers are a rare sportsmanlike lot, glad to see the hounds and ready to offer hospitality. The following anecdote will show how they interfere when they are so disposed. Said one, 'I am sure you will agree with me that it's a shame to chuck a good animal like a har' to dogs. I never can abear to see such waste. Them haryers killed close to my place a short while back; I asked for the har', and they said they should give it the dogs, as they had earned it. "What," I says, "throw three-and-sixpence to dogs without a taste!" They soon come again, and I says to my lass, "Just loose my brace." You'll understand I had a brace of dogs then, and I has the har' very soon. They comes up and 'axes me for it, and I says, "*Wonce*, "but not *twice*; this time I has it."

There can be nothing more galling to the master than to see a dead-beaten hare taken just before his hounds, after a good run, by a cad with a brace of lurchers. At other times the hare has been shot at, and last time it happened, they ran into her rather quicker than was expected, as she had evidently been peppered. About once a term a riding-day is arranged, through the kindness of a neighbouring gentleman who is always glad to see the hounds, and provides refreshment for man and beast. The country just there, however, abounds in ditches and steep banks, and requires a hunter

from the Emerald Isle to negotiate them properly. Every fence in that district has a ditch on one side or the other, and often on both sides, and one requires a somewhat better animal than the ordinary Cambridge hack, to get over them, without dirtying one's jacket.

Among the field are comprised many who will hereafter figure in 'Baily's' gallery, but it would be an invidious task to mention names among such a gathering of good sportsmen; but already, in fact, this year, a noble lord has been added to it, who, though not a very constant attendant, was often to be seen at the meet. We wish this little pack every success, and a continuance of good sport.

The next pack that occupies the attention of the great body of hunting undergraduates is, of course, the Cambridgeshire. They meet close to the town every Friday, and can often be reached on a Monday. Although it is the fashion rather to run them down, they would be greatly missed if they were ever fated to be numbered amongst the things that were. In fact, the fault does not lie with the pack, but with the country, and for this there can be no remedy. The hounds are always in good condition, and well suited to their work, and the hunt servants are turned out as well as need be, and well mounted. But the ploughs are very stiff, and round the town there is very little grass, so the going is generally very heavy. There is another reason, too, which must be stated, and that is, we are sorry to say there are not so many foxes in the hunt as there should be, and in some districts they are almost entirely absent. Men who only have a day's hunting now and then, and who have got a hireling from Newman in the hopes of a gallop, naturally do not like to spend all the day trotting from cover to cover, and perhaps never finding till late in the afternoon, and in some cases not at all. It is to be regretted that landowners do not look more sharply after their keepers, and remember what a well-known squire said to one Cox, his keeper, who told his master he could not always have a fox at home, they would stray, &c., cut him short by saying, 'Understand me: no *Fox*, no *Cox*!' To look at the bright side of the picture, there is a mainstay of the hunt at Oakingham, who not only always has a fox in his gorse, but plenty of them. All honour to him, and would there were more like him. The huntsman of this pack, too, is voted rather slow, as he is not particularly fond of jumping, and will go round if he can; still, he is generally where he is wanted. On looking at him the words of old Lotherington, Facey Romford's huntsman, are irresistibly brought to one's mind, when he observed, 'He liked a huntsman to weigh sixteen or eighteen stone; *it makes a horse steady and careful at his leaps.*' For all this, the Cambridgeshire do have some excellent runs, and we trust the report we heard of a change of masters is unfounded, and that Mr. Lindsell will long continue in office.

The Fitzwilliam hounds are deservedly popular, and the establishment, presided over by old George Carter, a worthy successor to Sebright, still keeps up its reputation, and many are the tales told

of his skill. Once, on going to draw a piece of gorse, before putting the hounds in, he trotted them round it, and struck off a line at once, and had a rare run. He said afterwards he knew the best fox would be on the move before he got there, and an inferior animal would stay behind. They may be reached on Wednesdays by training to Huntingdon, and the railway takes horses there at special rates. For the benefit of those who may want to hire a horse there, two or three average mounts are to be had at the George; they should be engaged beforehand by letter or telegram.

The Oakley has some followers among Cambridge men. There is nothing worth riding to be hired at Bedford, so it is best to keep horses standing at the Swan, where they are well cared for, or take a horse by the railway when required. Every accommodation for hunting-men will be found at the above-named hotel.

To descend from 'the sport of kings' to harriers, seems a long leap, but those fond of thistle-whipping, can enjoy good sport on the Newmarket side of the town. Mr. Hicks of Great Wilbraham has hunted this district for very many years, with a good deal of success. His meets are not published, but any one wanting to know the fixtures can obtain every information from the master. Joining Mr. Hicks, on the Suffolk side of the country, Mr. Simpson, of Branches Park, has just donned the green coat. Although so lately started, he has had some rare good runs, a hare on the Cambridgeshire day taking them a seven-mile point, and so hard was she pressed, that though she made for three woods, she dare not enter. The pace, too, was very fast, considering the heavy state of the ground.

As of yore, the University Drag Hounds have a gallop two days a week, and are at present under the able mastership of Mr. Pease, of Trinity. They always have a large following, and are exceedingly popular.

Enough has been said to show that Cambridge men can obtain very fair sport in the hunting line through the season, although, of course, they are not nearly so favourably situated as the Oxford men. But, on the other hand, another great attraction may be mentioned as a counterpoise, that Cambridge is but thirteen miles from Newmarket, and men can witness most of the great events of the year; indeed it is a sight worth witnessing, to see the continuous string of hacks and vehicles of every description ascending the hill before the course on the Two Thousand day.

XII.

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## CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN IRELAND.

RIDING, if you are to judge by the catalogues of eminent biblioplists, is an art—a fine art too—and numbers of very exhaustive treatises have been written on the subject by men whose cotemporary eminence was acknowledged, and who, it may be presumed,

wrote with much *connaissance de cause* and after mature experience ; such men were the famous Duke of Newcastle and Gervase Markham. Chiffney indicted a book on one branch of this extensive subject. Colonel Greenwood treated it with a masterly hand, as might be expected from so practical a professor of the *ars equestris*, and, to come to very recent days, Major Whyte-Melville—who, perhaps, was never much happier than when following hounds on a good hunter, or more delightful than when, riding home after a really good thing, in which he had been satisfactorily carried, and no little contretemps, such as missing a start, losing a shoe in viscous clay, or getting hung up at an almost impossible fence had clouded the serenity of his enjoyment of the day, he unlocked those stores of information, wit, and culture, which make his books so readable, and occasionally even re-readable—has bequeathed to us his ‘Riding Recollections,’ in which, if there are not many things new, there are many that are certainly true. And the genius of the author inspires the volume and gilds these memories with a peculiar charm.

I would propose in these pages to say something about riding over an Irish country with foxhounds or staghounds, nor is the present time altogether inopportune, when we remember that we have at this moment more than three thousand sabres in this island, all of whom, whether Hussars, Dragoon Guards, or heavy Dragoons, are drilled more or less regularly in the accomplishment of jumping fences, while a very large percentage of their officers carry out their riding-school instructions in a larger and more varied arena—the hunting field, for which branch of their education judicious commanding officers rarely refuse to grant leave, while our insular garrison is swelled by new arrivals of Guardsmen, Linesmen and Horse Gunners, who in many cases hunt regularly, in others irregularly, but seldom lose the opportunity when presented to them.

Of the decided superiority of Irish over English horses over a country, it were superfluous to speak here. At Aintree, last year, the Irish squadron enacted collectively the part of Eclipse and his field, and since then animals whose calibre in Ireland was deemed somewhat moderate, have proved fliers on the far side of the silver streak. We need not pause now to inquire how or whence the steeplechase superiority is obtained, whether innately or by cultivation ; of its existence there can be, and is, no doubt, and if proof were wanting, it is amply testified by the prices which are given for performance, or even promise, on this side of the channel, and for the immense run there is upon the cousins and kinsmen of an Irish horse who shows himself a thorough adept in steeplechasing. As to Irish hunters, their fame has long been established, and truth to say, I fear the present generation is rather trading upon the reputation gained by their predecessors. Dealers, amateur and professional, covet them and acquire them, no matter how great the cost ; while so high is their general estimation that the cunning caterer for large classes and bodies of hunting men thinks it necessary to travel constantly over to Ireland, and to have agencies there, for the mere

reputation of importing Irish hunters is a passport to custom nowadays, and there is probably little doubt that unscrupulous persons palm off numbers of horses as Irish hunters whose hooves never touched the land of the shamrock.

With regard to Irish chasers and their method, we have very little to say, as during the last fifteen years there has been a constant demand on the part of owners of steeplechase horses and the jockeys who rode them, to have almost everything which savoured of the soil, or which presented an alarming front, whittled down to cosmopolitan dimensions, till on many courses the fences dwindled down to proportions which became almost preposterous. There are hardly any, if, indeed, there exist any, wholly natural courses. The Conyngham Cup course, at Punchestown, is very nearly an absolutely natural one, and so is the Fairy House track. But we are not now writing about Irish steeplechasing, or the method of riding successfully and safely over the Irish courses. Pace is now the desiderandum, as pace carries the riders triumphantly over the obstacles in their path. It would be hard to find so fine a horseman as Garrett Moore on a big raking horse, or better than the brothers Beasby on smaller animals, while the professionals, such as Frank Wynne, the Canavans, Fleming, Behan, Bell, &c., are thorough artists. A few years ago fast hunters did occasionally compete successfully with steeplechasers pure and simple; now the thing is nearly unknown, and the gulf between hunters and steeplechasers is almost impassable, and likely to remain so, unless there be a revival of hunting courses, which is not likely to be seen in our day, being wholly opposed to the spirit of this age of rapid progress.

But, then, it may be pertinently asked, what becomes of the large number of young horses who earn certificates of being 'qualified hunters,' and who certainly are seen very often for an hour or so after a meet of the county pack in such dangerous proximity to the hounds that the M.F.H., or his Deputy, would in despair be as ready to subscribe his autograph in their favour, as 'tis said, the irreverent Theodore Hook was at his matriculation at Oxford. These weedy thoroughbreds are about as much hunters in the true acceptance of the term as they are Polo ponies. Bandaged all round, with a training-stable lad on their backs, they just come out for an airing and jump an open drain or two, if it comes in their way, and disappear by feeding hour. Some masters, it is true, protested vigorously against this oft-repeated farce, and made their signatures more or less effectual realities, or tried to do so; but, then, such masters were persistently eschewed, and a laxer disciplinarian in the neighbourhood was applied to for the 'testamur' which, easy Gallio that he was, he gave freely, though, peradventure, if asked to ride his 'nominee' fairly straight for a mile, he would peremptorily refuse to entertain such a proposal!

Having now eliminated two classes of horses from our consideration, the *de facto* chasers and 'the qualified hunters' who are only chasers *in posse*, and who during their chrysalis stage will content

themselves with contending more or less seriously and earnestly for hunters, and hunt races, till they are fairly measured and their power gauged. We may now pass on to the Irish hunter, whose destiny is the hunting stable, and whose vocation it is to carry his rider more or less in the wake of, or by the side of, hounds. The wisest of men said something very strong about the good woman whose price was far above rubies. I grieve to say that the genuine fourteen or fifteen stone Irish hunter, who to good looks, fair pedigree, style, manners, and temper, adds undeniable performance, good pace, and staying power, with the inestimable advantage of having had two or three years' experience with hounds—say with harriers when rising four, or with fox or staghounds since then, is almost as scarce and valuable an animal, for the chances are that if his virtues and soundness of constitution become known and admired when he has attained the age of five and rejoices in a mature tush, his owner will be tempted by splendid proposals to part with his treasure—tempted beyond the power of resistance, as he will console himself as he brings home his favourite's saddlery and clothing from the railway station, by the customary proverbial philosophy 'that there are as good fish in the 'sea as ever were caught'; that, moreover, he has his half brother by a better sire, and that his full sister may be got handy enough from an impecunious neighbour, all which reasoning he knows full well to be more sanguine than substantial, as his experience in horseflesh will tell him that such a horse as I have described is as rare as a black swan (far rarer, indeed,)), as, in addition to natural advantages, there must have been a combination of lucky coincidences in his favour, by which he escaped the infirmities of youth and passed successfully through the scathing ordeal of hunting and schooling without accident or marring blemish!

The modern Irish hunter, as presented to the experienced or inexperienced sportsman at the Dublin Horse Show, or at the great marts of the country, is what the Yankees call a 'different guess 'sort of crittur.' He will have been bountifully fed from his youth upwards on what you may call expansive food and satisfying substances.

The Erasmus Wilson of horseflesh will have been consulted as to lustre of coat and sleekness of skin; all superfluous hairs will have been carefully removed by machinery or resinous substances; his mouth will be carefully attended to, and his action improved so far as may be, considering his more or less morbid condition; and his hunting education will be carried on so far as jumping a gorsed hurdle every now and then, or going on and off a small broad-topped bank in the middle of a field. He is educated for the market, and his accomplishments are considered solely with that view. There is money in him, therefore to run risks with so costly a colt were unwise. This sort of animal, purchased in August and hunted, say, in December or earlier, will be likely to give some trouble to his owner and his groom unless fate and fortune be highly propitious. Two good screws of the right kind, say, technical whistlers or animals with some unmarket-

able blemish, that had been freely knocked about, and had not been pampered and petted, would show twice the sport, cause far less anxiety, and probably tax the exchequer far less than such a costly *magnifico* as I have attempted to describe, a compound of condiments whose training has been most adverse to his career as a hunter—such a horse may after a season develop into a first-class performer, but the risk is great and the result uncertain, while the delay is expensive. Far more likely to get useful hunters will the purchaser be if he be content with less fashion and seeming substance; if he buys more angular three-cornered young horses, with a look of breeding about them, and signs that they have more or less earned their keep, and will do so again when called upon, though perhaps in a different sphere. Of course, if a man knows his *monde*, and where and from whom he buys, all is different. I merely write about promiscuous purchasing.

We will now suppose that our tyro sportsman, in whose hunting career we hope our readers will take some interest, has put together a few young horses, having been unable to supply himself with aged ones that he fancied or could rely upon. As the month is October, and he means to pursue in Ireland this season, he has no time to lose in getting *them* ready for the field, and learning all the preliminaries himself, for we are here supposing the case of a man who has had his share of hunting in England, but sees Ireland for the first time now. Perhaps the wisest thing for him to do, as his lines are cast near the metropolis of Dublin, will be to contract a friendly alliance with one of the professional 'wreckers,' so called because they run about with the Meath and Ward Union Hounds occasionally visiting the Meath end of the county Kildare, and aid in extricating those inexperienced or unfortunate sportsmen who are immersed in the deep ditches or struggling in the brooks which abound in these level pastures. Ill-natured folk say their sobriquet was acquired by a habit some of their corps had of luring on vacillating pursuers to extra large places where, if their horses jumped at all, they would in all probability fail to attain the opposite bank, when their services would become a necessity; but I think this is a weak invention of the enemy, for the 'wreckers' are a *corps d'élite*, full of energy and honesty, perfect topographers, and very fair judges of human and horse nature too, and with a certain amount of technical lore, which they can impart amusingly if occasion arise and the spirit be willing. The stock-in-trade of the 'wreckers' is good wind, stout limbs, and a coil of rope to which a swivel is attached. This he will hitch on to your horse's bridle, and there are few fences made that, with an assistant behind to aid him, he will not set your horse over. We must suppose that the horses in question have gone through all the preliminary drill of being lunged over fences in a cavesson, then driven straight across country in long reins, just as you might drive a horse in harness, and that these only require a few finishing and reminding exercises. Walking with the 'wrecker,' I have suggested over land that he will pick for you, and where you are both

sure of a welcome, the first thing that will strike our visitor is the extraordinary inequality of the fences, their endless diversity in size, contour and colour even. Starting from a road, the first barrier is a green bank tapering to an extremely narrow edge, on which your horse perches for a second, then feels his way carefully down the slope opposite, springs gaily over a little stream which flows under the bank and lands all right in the grass field beyond. He himself has had to do very much what his horse did before him—perch, creep down a bit, and then spring as far as he could. The next barrier was a great balk of timber, which barred a gap, and this the young horse did beautifully, clearing some five feet where only three were absolutely necessary; and now came what looked a very repulsive obstacle—a wet ditch some four or five feet wide, a sloping bank of eight or nine feet high, overgrown with rank grass, while the far side was almost a replica of the original ditch on the taking off side. Here things were not quite so smooth. The horse plunged once or twice into the ditch, and had to be pretty sharply admonished before he made his spring on to what the wrecker called the face of the bank, then scrambled to the top and sprang off the side, covering fifteen or sixteen feet in his bound. After this came a number of open cuttings in the pastures eight or nine feet from bank to bank, which were done without effort. Then they met a curious steep descent of fifteen or sixteen feet, which had no margin of bank or ditch on the landing side, but which was too high for a horse to jump down safely, his only chance being to slide down in a sort of tobogganning fashion.

‘We won’t do this,’ said our tyro; ‘it’s too risky.’

‘Very well, captain,’ said the wrecker, ‘the baste’s yours, but ‘mind what I tell yer anner. Ye’ll be meeting the likes o’ this ‘fince maybe wonst a week or wonst a month, maybe, with the “Wards,” and if ye turn him from it now, maybe ye’d niver git ‘him to look at it agin; so think of my words—and troth he’s no ‘fool, but has as much sinse as a man.’

‘Very well, then, let him have it.’ So the leader went down, and in a minute or two the young one was sliding down on his tail, snorting with delight as he landed on all fours. This was a new experience for owner and hunter, and as they had been out for more than an hour, the former thought enough had been done for one day.

‘We’ll just see how he stands the thorns,’ said the leader, as he burst through some strong quicksets which protected a tall, gaunt-looking bank, below which was a slimy sort of ditch, that might be a brook if it had been cleared out.

‘Hit him, and shout at him,’ says the wrecker; ‘can’t ye holloa?’ as the poor horse shrunk from the bushes and hesitated on the top; but it was only an instantaneous vacillation, for in another minute he had bored his hole in the quickset and sprang over.

‘Enough for one day,’ says the pilot, as he swabbed his face with a bit of Turkey red. ‘This horse will do; a couple of rides with



'hounds will give him all the larning he wants. But a wall, Larry ;  
'we must have a wall !'

'Troth, and its meeself don't know where to look for one nearer nor  
'Punchestown, and that's a step of fifteen or sixteen miles—but I  
'have it. They're going to build a grand cattle-shed at the Widdy  
'Butterfield's, about half a mile off on our way home. They put it  
'up to two feet and a half last year, and it's remained so ever since,  
'and he can jump in and out and welcome.'

So they went to the Widdy's, and the horse did as he was asked, and was led home in triumph presently, none the worse for his school, with the exception of an overreach done at the early double, and a long-drawn scratch from the quickset hedge. He was not quite so fortunate with all his string ; one jumped off a bank into a stream, and unluckily landed on a sharp stone, which cut his frog rather badly. A second, who showed much stubborn temper, got cast in a deep ditch, and had to be dug out with the result of a sprained back, which took a month to get over ; but the upshot of the long walks and talks with Larry were that, in acquiring the art of crossing a big Irish country on his own feet, he learnt, to a great extent, how it should be ridden ; namely, steadily, patiently, without hustling or bustling, or, save in rare instances, putting on an extra head of steam. For, as he soon perceived, every fence was a study in itself, never exactly like its predecessor, and required doing in its own way ; that to ride well over Ireland, head must combine with heel and hand, and that a good deal of credit must be given to your hunter's head, too, if you are quite sure that his heart is all right, and that you both 'mean it.' One thing he was obdurate in, and that was in declining Larry's earnest entreaties that 'he'd ride with 'nothing but a snaffle in his horse's mouth ; for b'lieve you me,' says Larry, 'the poor cráthurs, after going all their lives with just a wee 'bit of iron in their mouths, all of a suddin there's a hardware shop 'stuck there, and a tight curb and a lip-strap, and mee bould haro 'goes forty miles an hour at a big bank, and when the poor baste's 'half-way up he loses his sate, and chucks the reins till the horse 'sinks back into the gripe. Oh, them big bits is misfortunate 'things for hunting.' But one piece of advice he did take from 'Larry—'Just watch Mr. Leonard Morrogh, the Master of the 'Ward Union Staghounds.' Of his future hunting career in Ireland, and some riding recollections of many men of all lands, we may hope to discourse in a future Paper.

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### JOSEPH CANNON.

THE sight of Joseph Cannon's jacket and cap has not been a familiar one to many who open this number of the Magazine. Not a few there are who, whilst keen lovers of racing on the flat, take little pleasure in a steeplechase, and less in the hurdle-jumping that during

the last few years has become so important a feature, especially at some meetings held in the vicinity of London. Such as these, who are not to be tempted afield by a Grand National or by the charms of Sandown save in the summer season, will hardly have seen Joe in colours. In colours, however, Mr. Baily has decreed that he shall now appear, and for the benefit of people curious in such matters it may be mentioned that they seem to be those of the Hon. Hugh Lowther.

Joseph Cannon, who, it need hardly be stated, is 'own brother' to the renowned flat-race jockey, was born at Eton, December 10, 1848, and for a dozen years lived there with his father, whose business brought the youthful Joe thus early into intimate acquaintance with hunters and a few steeplechase horses. On leaving home he went to Newmarket for a couple of years, and then, after a brief return to the paternal roof, joined his brother Tom at Winchester, where he trained a few horses for him, subsequently removing for a space to Stockbridge. Once more, however, he returned to Eton, with the intention of taking to his father's business; and it was at this period that he commenced riding steeplechases, his first mount being on Cassock at Chertsey. His next step brought him prominently before the sporting public, as in 1870 he entered into an engagement to train and ride for Lord Aylesford. Reugny and Redivivus were then shining lights on the steeplechase course, and in the yellow and violet sleeves of their owner Joe won many times. It was in 1873 that Cannon removed to Newmarket, and took up his quarters at Bedford Cottage as trainer to Captain Machell. It would be tedious to enumerate all the good horses he had under his charge there the property of Lord Aylesford, the late and present Lord Lonsdale, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Hastings, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. C. J. Blake, and others. Let it suffice to mention the names of Vanderdecken, King Lud, Trappist, Lady Patricia, Coventry, Hesper, Oxonian, Petrarch, Arbitrator, Advance, The Mandarin, Hackthorpe, Petronel, Claremont, Master Kildare, and Pilgrimage. Not yet has it been Joe's fortune to lead a winner of Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger back to scale. It will be remembered, however, that he very nearly hit the mark with each of the three horses last mentioned; and if for his present employer, Lord Rosebery, he succeeds some day in carrying off the stake that gives rise to the great annual holiday on Epsom Downs, the success of both owner and trainer will undoubtedly be highly popular.

As a rider of 'jumpers' Cannon stands high, and has achieved some notable feats. Chief of these was, of course, his memorable victory on Regal for the Grand National, to which his determined finish so much contributed. Apart from his ability as a horseman, Joe Cannon is handy at most outdoor sports. He is a lover of both cricket-bat and gun, and probably of the fishing-rod also, judging from the deep interest he last year displayed in the description of a great barbel take up the Thames. Joe has a vein of humour and a quaint style of story-telling that account for the frequent bursts

of laughter from little groups that collect around him in the 'Bird-cage' and elsewhere. We have heard, too, that he rather shines as a comic vocalist. In short, he is a cheery, pleasant young man, very clever in his business, very straightforward, and liked, in consequence, by all with whom he is brought in contact.

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## COURSING.

### THE WATERLOO CUP.

THE story of the Waterloo Cup, or of the battle of Waterloo, as some of our sporting scribes persist in calling the great canine contest on the famous plains of Altcar, need not take long in the telling, although it must be admitted it is lacking in none of the sensational circumstances that have so often been among its chief characteristics. Coursing men and others do not need to be reminded how wretched has been the preparation time for greyhounds, the lengthened and severe frost quite spoiling everything in the way of training, and destroying the interest usually aroused on the event during the dull time of winter. Indeed betting, and even conversation on the Dog Derby, were almost a dead letter for a long time previous to the draw dinner; and so completely had all calculations been upset by the interference of the elements, that it was generally considered that the Cup would be a perfect lottery. Coursers, it was argued, who had the advantage of residing near the sea-shore would possess the best chance, and those of the more inland districts must be altogether out of the hunt. And to a certain extent they were right who thus argued, and the sea-coast residents—not that there are many of these—had a decided advantage in training-grounds, whatever their disadvantages in other respects. Many minor meetings were indeed held, and Sussex was eminently fortunate in her fixtures, but the postponement of the great Lancashire meeting was a perfect knock-down blow to speculators. The Ridgway (Lytham) meeting also was celebrated without throwing any additional light upon the probable issue of the greater event to be decided at Altcar; and the change of weather, and certainty of the meeting coming off, were not sufficient to create anything like the interest excited in former years.

In the absence of anything trustworthy as to trials and training, and in consequence of the meagreness of information from well-known Liverpool and other kennels, it is no wonder that speculators had to fall back upon last year's performers in their search for the favourites; and after the performances of Master McGrath, Coomassie, and Honeymoon, it has become somewhat the fashion to regard a last year's winner as a dangerous customer for the next riband. Therefore it was that Lord Haddington and Honeywood, and Mr. Hinks and Plunger, the winner and runner-up of last year,

became first and second favourites for this event, and kept their positions at the head of the betting quotations without variation until the very day of the draw. Others were mentioned, and among them Palm Bloom, Free Flag, Coquette and Debonnaire, but none were thought highly enough of to supplant the tried old stagers. Of course, when the customary "exhaustive analysis" came out in the sporting press, it was necessary to allude prominently to other competitors, and to go in for a candidate not quite at the head of the betting list; still, nobody went dead against Honeywood, though a sprinkling of cold water was thrown against his chance on account of his being in his fourth season, and for having been so nearly defeated by Plunger last year. That Honeywood would pull through we did not anticipate, but certainly did not calculate upon his being defeated by Bishop in the first round; while the formidable stand made by Plunger gave such increased confidence to his friends that ultimate victory was even calculated upon for him.

At the meeting of the National Coursing Club, previous to the draw dinner, the Earl of Sefton explained that in consequence of the river Alt having twice previously broken its banks, and further, as a consequence of the very severe weather, many acres of the Altcar country being under water, he might be compelled to ask the members to forego running for the Purse and Plate, and to take only the Waterloo Cup. His Lordship also explained that so many of the police had been withdrawn from that part of the country to do service in another portion, that the committee and field stewards would do all in their power to assist in the preservation of order. These facts show that the neighbourhood of Liverpool, at all events, has little to boast of over other parts of the kingdom. Happily his lordship's anticipations regarding the Purse and Plate were not verified; but the police had all their work cut out in the maintenance of order, the light-fingered fraternity contriving, notwithstanding, to reap a golden harvest of watches and coin. The business transacted at this meeting was otherwise uninteresting to all but the parties immediately concerned. The draw dinner at the Adelphi was a success, as usual; the guests numbering considerably over two hundred, and comprising Mr. Brocklebank, who took the chair in the unavoidable absence of Lord Haddington; the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Wodehouse, Sir Wyndham Anstruther, Mr. T. D. Hornby, and Messrs. Hamar Bass, M.P., G. J. Alexander, R. W. Abbotts, J. Briggs, Captain Archdale, R. B. Carruthers, A. Brisco, G. Gowan, E. Davey, W. D. Deighton, M. Fletcher, N. Dunn, F. Gibson, T. Graham, H. Haywood, J. Hinks, A. J. Humphrey, W. P. Greenall, F. Cantor, T. Lay, E. Webb, W. Webb, E. M. Crosse, E. Morrell, W. H. Massy, M. Morrison, R. Paterson, L. Pilkington, J. P. Postle, J. H. Salter, F. Watson, W. Smith, T. Stone, S. Swinburne, Dr. Richardson, J. Clift, C. E. Marfleet, R. V. Mather, and others. It was thought that Honeywood had really nothing to beat among the first thirty-two, and that his rival Plunger held the next batch tolerably safe. Lord Wodehouse called over the list

with great distinctiveness, and, among other speculations, that over Debonnaire and Dalcardo was perhaps the most conspicuous; Honeywood, however, being yet made a warm favourite at odds of 100 to 40. Plunger was reported to have had a severe trial which it took him all his time to win, but many thought the dog would be greatly favoured by the heavy nature of the ground. As Mr. Pilkington's Debonnaire was thought so highly of in many quarters it may be as well to give her history, which is as follows:—

'Mr. L. Pilkington runs his Plate winner, Debonnaire, who won one course in the Cup of last year, beating Kirkstall Abbey, but went down in the next round before Star of Woodcote. In the Plate Debonnaire ran slick away from everything, and it was thought by the majority of those present that had she gone in the same brilliant style on the first day, that the Cup would have gone to Ireland, and it was just possible that she was either amiss or unfit when a commencement was made. Debonnaire has only been out once this season, namely, at the Altcar Club Meeting in November, when, in the Altcar Club Cup, she put out Ricardo and Aunt Kitty, and after a bye with Macpherson, she herself went down before Deborah, after an undecided. Mr. Pilkington's bitch, with the exception of the bye, had the foot of all her opponents, and it was owing to the ground alone that she was beaten at all, her defeat being hardly worth noticing. Since then the daughter of Master Sam and Death has gone on wonderfully well, and in a trial or two has pleased Mr. Pilkington amazingly; in fact, so much so, that he never had half such a stake on a dog before, both himself and trainer being as confident as a "three-card man" that they shall lead and beat anything.'

There were no fewer than thirteen returned nominations, a very remarkable circumstance in connection with the Waterloo Cup, and this has to be accounted for in all probability from the difficulties experienced in training, or from the laudable reluctance of some coursers to run any greyhound but one from their own kennels. Among the unaccountably lowly-rated animals were Bishop and Cui Bono, while Vindictive and Free Flag must have astonished even those most capable of giving an opinion.

On the Wednesday morning it appeared as if there would be no coursing at all, so dense was the fog, and so plentiful were the pools of water all about the Altcar country; and at North End, the usual trysting place, it was quite twenty minutes after the appointed time before the first greyhounds, Surpriser and Wood Reeve, were entrusted to Wilkinson. Considering how matters were, the trials were on the whole fairly good, and the 'going' was better than could have been expected. The surprises were frequent and disheartening with a vengeance to backers at long odds, the first being the disastrous defeat of Honeywood by the under-rated Bishop, who ran for Mr. Brocklebank. Debonnaire won her course with Dalcardo in most brilliant fashion; but Coquette, although defeating Salamis equally easily, got on to some fresh hares, and was completely pumped out in consequence. Princess Dagmar was four lengths faster than Camus, and, driving her hare in real workmanlike manner, left off by beating the representative of Newmarket without giving him a point.

In the first ties Clyto made an example of Stitch-in-Time, wrenching and killing her hare beautifully; and Bishop won a grand trial with Macpherson, the latter only getting a point or two at the finish. Cui Bono led Snuffbox quite four lengths, and did most of the work in grand style in a fairly long course. The Dodger, although faster than Vindictive, was outworked. Coquette, as might have been expected after her bucketing, was somewhat easily beaten by Commerce. Handicraftsman outpaced Princess Dagmar, but the latter, after getting on terms with her game, did not give the former much further chance. Grayling was both faster and cleverer than Revival, whom she beat easily in a short trial, and finished a right good day's coursing.

On Thursday the meet was at Hill House, and a move soon afterwards made to the Withins, when the Purse and Plate made a portion of the coursing on the card. Clyto gave Surpriser a thorough dressing in the first course of the day; but in his next attempt had the misfortune to be capsized by Bishop, which probably destroyed his chance for the Cup. Cui Bono beat Faggot with the greatest ease. Plunger's trial with Vindictive was not a satisfactory one, and many people thought, and still think, that the former won, Mr. Hedley's decision, however, being the other way. Bishop killed his hare well in front of Dartmoor's Princess, and Free Flag was always the best in his excellent course with Debonnaire. Princess Dagmar ran clean away from Commerce, and ran a brilliant and clever course very decisively. In the third ties, as has been stated, Clyto was cannoned against, and his chance ruined; and Cui Bono, after stumbling from slips, made a terrible example of Assault, and won a splendid course. Free Flag also just beat Vindictive by wrenching and a kill, although the latter put in some beautiful work.

On Friday the weather had greatly improved, and the remaining courses were contested in ground which was fairly sound and firm, the fixture being Church House at 10 o'clock, and the coursing for the Plate and Purse forming the earliest business. In the fourth ties for the Waterloo Cup Cui Bono and Bishop had a lengthy slip and a grand race up to their game, the latter, however, on the outside reaching it for first turn, and taking almost entire command in a glorious trial, finished up in a most clever kill, Cui Bono hardly lending him any assistance. Princess Dagmar drew out in long advance of Vindictive, and in spite of the hare favouring the latter she did not lose her place, but keeping the hare well before her, at length dashed in and made a most meritorious kill. This was certainly one of the most noticeable features of the entire meeting. For the deciding course Princess Dagmar, after a few strides, drew away from Bishop, and before reaching the hare was quite five lengths in front of him; running as straight and true as a needle to the pole she piled up the pace still higher, and finally dashed into her hare as in her previous performance and killed. Remembering how close have been the finishes for many Waterloo Cups, it must be particularly gratifying

to all concerned that this win was so decisive, although undoubtedly Mr. Brocklebank's victory would have been hailed with delight, and have evoked such a cheering as so popular and staunch a courser deserves. Mr. Hedley, with the exception we have mentioned, gave ample satisfaction in his decisions, and Wilkinson, by common consent, never slipped greyhounds in better style. The winner is by Ptarmigan out of Gallant Foe, and this is the account of her before this victory :—

'Mr. H. G. Miller, who has had Misterton, the 1879 winner, in training some time, has at last very reluctantly been compelled to give up all idea of running him, as in a trial at Plumpton last week he would do everything but what was wanted, and as he had backed his own nomination to win a nice little stake, he was rather awkwardly driven into a corner where to find a fitting representative, and it was lucky indeed for Mr. Miller that he was able to secure Mr. Postle's grand bitch Princess Dagmar, between whom and Palm Bloom there is thought to be but very little difference. Princess Dagmar has been out three times, and is an own sister to Palm Bloom, and perhaps is one of the handsomest bitches that ever looked through a collar, weighing as she does, when fit and well, 58lb. In the Coquetdale Puppy Stakes she won two courses, beating Aunty's Pet I. and the Quaker, but went down in the next course, her victor being Dulas, the winner. Mr. Postle's bitch was next sent to Newmarket, where she won three courses in the Champion Puppy Stakes, but she had such a grueller with Hafod in the big Chippenham field that it was really astonishing how she could come again and polish off Banbury and Music in the manner she did—a fact that goes far to prove that she is one of the gamest of the game; but the desperate hard work on the opening day of the meeting had told its tale, and when she went to the slips with Sailor she was tired, sore, and as bad as she could be, so that under these circumstances it was not at all surprising that the nomination of Mr. Sutton should have beaten her. Princess Dagmar's last appearance was at the Plumpton January meeting, where it will be remembered she divided the Plumpton Plate with Clyto.'

SIRIUS.

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## YACHTING AND ROWING.

It seems almost ridiculous to adopt our familiar heading in the month of March, when, but for enthusiasts cruising in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, British yachting is of course in a state of coma, the Brightlingsea and Wivenhoe mud, and the winter-quarters at Lymington, and other suitable resorts, being able to account for most of the English yachting fleet. Rowing nowadays is never out of season, professionals during the last decade having devoted the summer to issuing challenges, and winter to bringing them off. The recent flipip given to match-making last autumn by the Hop-Bitters Regatta and the Hanlan-Trickett meeting, has only just worn itself out, as owing to almost unprecedentedly severe weather the second championship match had to be postponed for nearly a month, and the Canadian pocket Hercules did not meet Laycock until the 14th February.

When towards the end of November last Hanlan had beaten Trickett, and withdrew from the Sculling Regatta, in which, as well as in four private matches, Laycock proved successful, the feeling was a very general one, that this pair of doughty visitors from afar ought not to start homewards without meeting in a race. Hanlan acted consistently enough; he had shown his unwillingness to row many events by withdrawing from the Hop-Bitters

Regatta, where he must have secured a principal prize, if not the chief one, and at the same time had asserted his quality by beating Trickett very easily in the championship match, for which alone he came to England. Hanlan did not want to row any more just at present, and wouldn't—said his friends ; but on the matter being further pressed 1000*l.* a side was named by the Canadian division as the lowest stake for a meeting before six months, the time allowed according to the conditions under which the *Sportsman* championship challenge cup was tenable by Hanlan. The Australian party had presumably piled their bottom dollar on Trickett, and were reported to be financially at low-water mark, so the notion of a match for a couple of thousand pounds was pronounced impracticable, popular enthusiasm for the moment going to the extreme length of a subscription to provide Laycock's stake. Hanlan eventually consented to a race for half the amount, and by thus yielding showed himself a thorough sportsman. In prestige he had nothing to gain, and in the event of a defeat would have lost everything, while the fever heat of his reception at home was likely to suffer considerable abatement through delay, without estimating the chance of his losing, which would have practically frozen it. Events, too, proved Hanlan's unwillingness to train on the Thames in mid-winter most reasonable, as the 17th January found the Putney waters densely sheeted with ice, so that successive daily postponements for the week merely preluded a final adjournment to the 14th February, and on this day the aspect was as unpromising as could well be imagined. Both men spent a part of the interval at the seaside, Hanlan choosing Southampton, and Laycock finding fairly good quarters near Shoreham. Both were fortunate in keeping good health, and on the day of the actual race were as fit as need be. The contrast in their appearance stands out most markedly ; in every respect—age, weight, height—the difference is exceptionally decided. Laycock wears a shortish, thick, sandy beard ; Hanlan only a moustache, dark brown, like his hair. The Canadian is twenty-five years old, stands all but 5 feet 9 inches, and weighed 10 st. 9 lb. ; while Laycock's age is thirty-five, weight 12 st. 4 lb., and he considerably tops 6 feet in his stockings. The two styles of rowing are equally diverse, Hanlan using a very long slide, and working the knees close up to the chin, getting an extremely long pull, and sending his boat along with the utmost evenness, the shoot at the beginning of a stroke being scarcely perceptible. There is an aggravating absence of exertion about Hanlan's sculling which leads a casual observer to question the speed attained. In Laycock's case vast improvement was alleged to have been made since his last public appearance, but a little river-bank touting soon convinced most people that the progress was imaginary. He had perhaps learned to slide a trifle further, but his performances in this respect still fell vastly short of Hanlan's, and while reaching out fairly well, he almost invariably missed the all-important first part of the stroke ; indeed, the blades were scarcely well at work until brought at right angles to the boat. This was the case at first, and the last exhibition of the gallant Australian showed little variation. Pulling nearly forty, while Hanlan's average was fully ten per minute less, Laycock could not keep on terms, demonstrating the triumph of skill over mere force in a marked degree.

The day of the race was a wretched one, rain falling persistently, accompanied by an easterly wind. On account of the cold both wore jerseys, Hanlan's blue and Laycock's flesh-coloured. The Canadian winning the toss, took the Middlesex, and had to wait fully a quarter of an hour for Laycock, who seemed disposed to waste time, but on getting level the men were away



promptly. Hanlan drew out a clear length in the first minute, pulling thirty-five strokes, a rate much above his average, while Laycock did just forty. The Canadian soon slackened, but kept improving, and the result was really never in doubt, barring the chance of Hanlan's collapse. This however came not, and he led throughout, winning by ten seconds, or four lengths, with consummate ease. The attendance on the banks was enormous, many qualified to judge estimating it to surpass any previous muster. Whether or no, the interest displayed admitted of little doubt, and the competitors on returning to Putney were loudly cheered. Hanlan addressed a few words to the multitude from the balcony of the London Club, where he had been sheltered from too pressing admirers. In the evening, the quartette, Hanlan, Laycock, Ross, and Trickett, were entertained at the parting dinner given by their friends and admirers, and ere this have left England.

Hanlan stands out *facile princeps* amongst the American and colonial oarsmen who have rowed on the Thames during the last few months, but the British professional will find something to learn from many of them, much greater attention being given across the water to the nicety and harmony of the mechanical appliances than has hitherto been the case with English professors of the art of rowing.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—THE VOICES OF THE SPRING.

*Solvitur aeris hyems.* And high time it was. What we all suffered in our wintry infliction has been told by numberless pens and depicted by many pencils. If here and there were what seemed extravagant touches, it is more than possible that they fell short of the stern reality. The utter helplessness of this great Babylon, consequent on only a few hours of wind and snow, would have been almost ridiculous if the situation had not been too serious for laughter. The strong man bound rose up and easily broke the cords that fettered him, but the huge city lay prostrate at the feet of the invader, and its rulers and masters might as well have been buried in the snow-drifts that accumulated round their doors, for all they did in the emergency. The sufferings of Londoners, for a whole week or more, after what, we suppose, will in the future be known as 'The Great Storm,' were exasperating. How we all longed for a despotism such as that under which Paris was once a happy and a clean city, when the late Emperor was alive—a despotism that would have pitched Boards of Works, vestries, and Bumbledom over the Victoria Embankment, and given employment to thousands of half-starving men. But this is an Utopian dream, to be realised, perhaps, in the time of our children's children. We won't dwell on the wretched past—'Come, gentle spring!'

The racing mind has been 'loosened,' too, and the sight of the Spring Handicaps has been like the effect of the sun's warmth on a frozen river. The pent-up energies of two months—barely kept alive by Billiards, Hop Bitters, Regattas, and World Championships—have at length found vent, and the racing world babbles of Lincolns and Liverpools, of City and Subs. and Great Metrops. We don't think it does more than babble, despite the list of quotations we see in some of the daily papers; but if there is not much actual business, there is a good deal of make-believe, and perhaps that answers every purpose. With such a winter as we have had and the long confinement of horses to walking exercise in a straw-yard, it shows a great amount of courage

even to wet our feet at the edge of the racing-stream ; those who take headers and plunge must be written down as bereft of reason, and condemned without benefit of clergy. We own to feeling more interested about the Liverpool than the Lincoln, the cross-country in preference to the flat. Several very tempting dishes are there in Messrs. Topham's handicap which, like all emanating from them, is of the description called 'flattering.' They have their father's gift in that respect. As the eye glances down the page it rests on the name of a horse that you immediately spot as the pick of the handicap, until, a little farther on, you come to another, equally the pick, and so it goes on. And, as a rule, none of the supposed favoured ones take the prize, which is curious ; but then handicapping is a wonderful science, and, we must also add, handicappers are wonderful men. Just now, by the way, is their evil time, when objurgations and remonstrances, inquiries as to what they mean by this, or how they have the audacity to do that, are lavished upon them. An evil time, too, for men who number owners of horses among their friends. Perhaps some of our readers have experienced what we mean. Have they not encountered the owner with the grievance—the owner who, like the Ancient Mariner, fixes them with his more or less 'glittering eye,' and demands if they have seen the Great Ropeington Handicap, and what they think of the infamous weight that Messrs. Oily and Soaper have given 'my mare.' It is always 'my mare,' as a rule, we have observed. Sometimes 'the old horse' is substituted, but 'my mare' is the popular victim. We ourselves have been a victim on more than one occasion since the appearance of the Spring Handicaps, and have had to listen to frightful atrocities committed by handicappers, so that we have wondered how they could rest in their beds. Somehow, we never hear what they have to say to the matter. Doubtless they have the courage of their opinions, but they have remembered that 'silence is gold.'

And yet, in sober seriousness, how excellent, as a rule, is the work done by the gentlemen to whom is entrusted the arduous task of apportioning the weights for our great races. How admirably are their tasks performed, and at the same time how thankless their labours. To say that there are no imperfections and errors would of course be absurd ; the wonder is that, they are not more numerous than they are. But even if the work were perfect, the artificers know that it would not satisfy. Given the most justly apportioned handicap that the hand of man ever framed, and yet there would most undoubtedly crop up the grievance of 'the old horse' and 'my mare.' Our readers and ourselves would still be buttonholed by the owners of these respectable animals—we should still have to listen to the story that many of us know so well : how at Little Pedlington Spring 'the old horse' gave 7 lbs. to some animal whom he only just beat by a head, and now, in the Great Ropeington, he is made to concede a stone, &c., &c. Do we not know the tale, and are we not weary of its repeating ? We should like to see an 'owner's' handicap very much. It would be a remarkable document, we imagine ; and yet the little birds of past history—those chirping country sparrows who flew about South country stables—they have told their dirty Piccadilly and Burlington Street congeners that there *have* been such things in bygone times. Indeed, we fancy we remember once hearing that if an owner gave a hundred pounds to a handicap at Little Pedlington—but Mr. Baily has just interfered. Our memory is a blank.

As the time for the Lincoln Handicap draws on, and we think of our friends (not ourselves, thank you, if we know it) shivering on the Carholme stand, while McGeorge, the long-suffering, is trying to get the squadron into

something like line, and the 5st. 10lb. urchins are being sternly ordered to go back, and reproved for not holding some tearing, pulling brutes over which they have as much control as they would have over so many elephants, the absurdity of our handicapping system strikes us more forcibly than ever. The curious thing is that, while the evil is patent, the argument against the system, so far as we can see, is unanswerable, while we keep losing our money over those wretched boys, who ought, as William Day says, 'to be in their proper place, out of danger, in a dame's school,' so imbued are we with the spirit of gambling, that we look upon 5st. 7lb. as only a trifle longer odds against us, and eagerly protest against any change. Week after week do we entrust our money to horses that boys cannot ride; day after day do we hear such remarks—'the jockey tired before the horse,' 'his rider was unable to get him out,' &c., &c. When will the Stewards of the Jockey Club take action on the subject? Handicaps are necessities, no doubt, but there can be no necessity that the minimum should be 5st. 7lb. There was an effort made a few years since by that good sportsman and fine judge of racing and its needs, Lord Coventry, to raise the minimum weight to 7st. The gambling opposition, however, was too strong for him, and now he never or rarely comes to Newmarket, and his seat at the council board is vacant. We must look for some other reformer, but where to find him among the somewhat easy-going gentlemen and good fellows who comprise the great majority of the Jockey Club, is difficult. It is true Mr. Craven has already done much, and we have hopes that Mr. James Lowther will do more. Of the *métier* of the coming man, said to be Lord Cadogan, we are ignorant.

Of course a movement in favour of a readjustment of weights is almost a turf revolution—we are aware of that; and, though this is a liberal age, we are very conservative about our abuses. But as year by year racing increases and multiplies with it in equal proportion, the popularity of mile and five-furlong handicaps, as, also, year after year stable-lads, or, as Mr. Day calls them, 'pigmy' and 'urchins,' are pitchforked into the saddle, their sole qualification as jockeys a power of sticking on, the evil assumes proportions that imperatively make it necessary, we consider, for something to be done. The raising of the weights would, of course, make any handicap a welter race; but if a two-year-old can carry 8st. 10lbs. or more in a Nursery, will our crack four or five-year-olds be out of a handicap with say another two stone? Then, again, supposing such a reformation to be carried out, we should be able to retain the services of jockeys who under the present system have some of them to retire at the zenith of their fame. But we have not space to pursue this subject farther here. We can only hope that abler pens than ours will take it up, and as the constant dripping of water penetrates the hardest stone, we may reasonably hope that ere long our turf legislation will be impelled to take action in the matter. We venture to assert that the smallest move in this direction—the raising of the standard by only a few pounds even—would be hailed with the liveliest satisfaction by every one who cares for our national sport, and regards it as something higher than a vehicle for gambling.

*Apropos* of handicaps and handicapping, we must congratulate the framers of the chief Spring ones on the success which, as far as acceptances are concerned, has attended their efforts. The rich Lincolnshire prize has seventy-six 'contents' out of one hundred and fifteen entries; the Liverpool Steeplechase thirty-four out of forty-seven; and the City and Suburban no fewer than eighty-seven out of one hundred and eight. So strong is the force of example, especially of bad example, that for once in a way, at all

events, the readers of 'Baily' must not be surprised or disgusted at finding the 'Van Driver' amongst the analysts and prophets. He has studied the handicaps in question with some care, and would be sorry if he could not make his readers as wise, or the reverse, as himself. For the Lincolnshire, the top-weight Peter, if, as the betting seems to indicate, he be not kept for the City and Suburban, should play a very prominent part, though the luck of the race has been generally dead against heavy-weighted horses of high class. Passing by the 'patched-up' Robbie Burns and the moderate Valour, Archer's mount, each of whom will probably have supporters before the day, we come to Peter's stable companion Elf King, 8st. 2lbs., who as a four-year-old was third last year with 6st. 11lbs., and who has certainly plenty to carry, for it is asking a good deal in the way of improvement to expect him to have improved two stone between four and five. Impossible as his chance looks 'on paper,' it is by no means unlikely that he will be selected to do battle for Bedford Lodge, which has a large and dangerous contingent here, and that in the hands of Fordham he will render a good account of himself. Cradle, 7st. 8lbs., has nice speed, and if the going be not too heavy will make it tell. Falmouth with 7st. 4lbs. should raise the hopes of his backers at the distance, for at two years old he was within a few pounds of Peter; but 'many things have happened since then,' and taking into consideration the grave doubts which exist as to his staying more than five furlongs, and the almost perfect certainty that his owner will be dissatisfied with the price obtainable about him, if he suspects that those pests of the turf, the interlopers with 'backing books,' have got a better, we shall hesitate to recommend him. Misenus, 7st. 3lbs., is too useful a customer to be left out of any 'lot against the field,' and Concord, 7st. 1lb., ought to have made a better show than he did last year at the same weight. Pelleas, who ran so well in the Cambridgeshire, likes the course, and it should be a very near thing between this pair on their running in the Great Tom in November. The marvellously-bred Belfry, 7st. 1lb., was at one time very smart, and if she has got over the effects of her race for the Queen's Plate at York, is just the sort of animal with just the sort of weight for a Lincoln Handicap. Henry George, 7st., we have never forgotten since he ran so forward in the City and Suburban, but it will be time enough to think of him when the commission has been satisfactorily worked. Essayez, the well and appropriately named, also carries 7st., and there is no reason why he should not carry it to victory, though we hardly fancy that he will ever win his party the 14,000*l.* in stakes, and 36,000*l.* in bets, which one of them dreamt of at the Cape a little time ago. Douranee, 6st. 13lbs., who used to be the gamest of the game as a two-year-old, is now supposed to be a jade, or she would have an undeniable chance. Let us trust that if she does win, a certain rising young trainer will 'learn to moderate the rancour of his tongue,' and that there will be no repetition of the unseemly scenes which occurred in the Birdcage after her defeat of Myra. Speculation, 6st. 12lbs., ought to be wherever Misenus is, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than the success of Mr. 'C. Maurice,' who has very wisely determined to cease all connection with 'Castlebar Races.' *Qui a bu, boira*, or, to put it in jolly Sir John's more homely way, 'the dog who' and the 'turned loose' Mars, 6st. 6lbs., may effect the surprise which was within an ace of bringing 'blessings on my 'Davie,' in Touchet's year. If a young one win it will be the charming Flodden. We have not mentioned the 'bottled-up' Alchemist, 6st. 10lbs., partly because he is 'bottled-up,' but chiefly because we imagine he will be reserved for Epsom, a course we know he is fond of. If, however, he be the Alchemist of old, and goes at Lincoln, he must have a great chance; but,

fit and well, there is only one 'in it,' to wit, Kaleidoscope, 7st. 6lbs., who won with 6lbs. more on in 1878, and who in the early part of 1880 was within 5lbs. of Placida a few weeks after she had finished a good second to Rosy Cross, and presented 2st. and a beating to Elf King. He knows and likes the course, invariably runs well at this season, and has only to be, not what he was when he won, but what he was thirteen months ago to win in a canter for the magician of Russley.

The Liverpool Steeplechase, which is steadily becoming 'more Irish,' but not, on that account, 'less nice,' seems again destined to go to 'the Distressful Country,' for though the handsome Thornfield's recovery from his accident has made several good judges doubt the truth of the old proverb about the impossibility of combining luck in love and at play, Empress should have none to fear but the gallant old Liberator, who followed her home last year. Remembering the style in which she won, and considering that 'time is on her side,' and that she ought to have improved more than he, we have no doubt she will serve him as she did before, though she has to meet him on 18lbs. worse terms.

In the City and Suburban, where we can hit no such blot as Kaleidoscope, the present top-weight is Peter, who is asked to give 2lbs. to Bend Or, a task he will find it difficult to accomplish. Each was the second best animal of his year, but Peter was always inferior to Wheel of Fortune, and none of her warmest admirers has ever asserted that the game and lucky 'Wheel' was anything like a 'flyer.' Bend Or, on the other hand, has met with no master but Robert the Devil, who will go down to posterity as one of the greatest horses of the century, and in the matter of speed has proved himself almost the equal of Robert. The one that takes our fancy most, after Bend Or, is his old Ascot opponent Fernandez, 8st. 8lbs., who, if they were both *equally unfit* on the royal heath, should turn the tables on the Derby winner, from whom he receives 6lbs. for the head beating. We are inclined, however, to believe that on that occasion Fernandez, who ought to have been in his stable thinking of the Cambridgeshire, was much the fitter of the two, and that he will never get so near his conqueror again. Immediately after him comes his more fancied stable companion Prestonpans, 8st. 3lbs., by running whom at Liverpool Mr Gretton, it was said, threw 40,000*l.* into the fire to teach 'the interlopers' a lesson. That admirable mare Fashion has only 7st. 7lbs. to carry, but she has never been herself since Ascot. Elf King, whose action is made for Epsom, and who ran remarkably well as a three-year-old in this race, has the same weight, and must be labelled 'dangerous.' Another 7st. 7lbs. nag is Petronel, who, as the winner of the Two Thousand, has many supporters, but that victory proved nothing, except what delighted every true sportman, that 'the Duke' and Fordham still retained the astounding luck, which enabled them to get Vauban in front of Knight of the Garter, Julius, and, save the mark, Achievement. Toastmaster, 7st. 4lbs., has nothing to complain of, but he has been a 'rod in pickle' too long to frighten us. With 7st., Victor Emmanuel, who liked Goodwood, and therefore is pretty sure to like Epsom, must be kept on the safe side; and Westbourne, who with a stone more on was backed down to 7 to 2 last year, is just one of those supposed incurable rogues who at the wrong time, when nobody is 'on,' take it into their heads to try. Should he do so here, he will come in alone. Alchemist, 6st. 9lbs., once 'bustled up' Parole on this ground, and, if he is as good as he was then, it would be hard to come across one to beat him. 'The Man in the Street' says Foxhall, 6st. 7lbs., is a Derby horse, but 6st. 7lbs. is quite enough for any second-class three-year-old, and Foxhall, though he did a great thing in the Bretby Nursery, was behind Savoyard,

and only a head in front of Myra at even weights. Commend us, therefore, to Bend Or, and after him to Peter, Fashion, Elf King and Alchemist, remembering that whatever we decide on backing we should lose no money by the success of Westbourne.

The death of Mr. Henry Hill, a prosperous bookmaker, has called forth laudatory remarks on his career from many pens, and articles have appeared in the daily and weekly press, almost vying in length and prominence of position with those on the mighty spirit called away from earth about the same time. So much has been said that there is really no occasion for us to add our stone to the cairn. Mr. Hill made his fortune and his name, such as it was, during a not very scrupulous period of turf history. He rose from a very humble status to be the head of the ring, to be the commissioner of great stables, the puller of many strings. That he was what the world calls 'clever,' may be inferred from the fact that he died wealthy, and not like his predecessor Ridsdale, in a garret. That he was staunch to his employers, silent and discreet, was shown by his being the trusted agent of Lord George Bentinck, the almost confidential friend of a high legal functionary still living. If he trod tortuous and sometimes not over-clean paths, it is due to his memory to say that, as far as we have heard, the dirt did not cling. Some who knew him intimately speak of him as a friend in need—a good epitaph with which to close our brief notice.

'Poor Harry Constable' was an exclamation that rose to many lips when the news of his premature death was announced last month. It was, of course, expected. All who had seen him at Newmarket at the latter end of last year in the few races in which he rode, well knew that the end could not be very far off, and when he resigned his post of trainer to Lord Rosebery, probably he himself was conscious of the same. In a comparatively brief career, few jockeys have won so high a place in public estimation, and so deservedly kept it to the end. His professional abilities were high, and though not, from physical causes, so strong on a horse as some others, there are one or two finishes of his on record, notably that on Snail in the Liverpool Cup, quite as fine as those of artists considered his superior. The way he showed Sefton to victory, too, in the Derby of '78, was a notable piece of riding, as was that on Ridotto in the Ascot Stakes the following year. Many other instances will, no doubt, occur to our readers, but we have mentioned sufficient. It is more on his honourable and straightforward character, and on the respect and liking entertained for him by his employers, that we would prefer to dwell. He had singularly nice manners, and his handsome eyes looked you straight in the face when he spoke to you. Everyone liked him. The high estimation Lord Rosebery held him in, and the feeling, almost amounting to affection, entertained by that nobleman for his faithful servant, is well known. Most clearly was it shown in the closing hours of Constable's life, when both Lord and Lady Rosebery were in constant attendance by his bed-side. Other traits in Constable's character there were of which the outer world was probably ignorant, but the mourners he has left behind know, in the bitterness of the sorrow they are now feeling, that in him they have lost the 'best of sons and 'brothers.' Such was the heart-spoken testimony of his aged mother to ourselves when, with tears of honest pride and joy, she acknowledged our congratulations on the day that poor Harry won his first and only Derby. The remembrance will be painful to her now, but there will be comfort in the thought, let us hope, in the years to come.

To the present generation the name of Grantley Berkeley will recall little save an anecdote or two heard, when *in statu pupillari*, from the lips of

garrulous fathers and other *laudatores temporis acti*. And yet the old man, who died peacefully in Dorsetshire a week or two since, had been in his day roysterer among roysterers, had knocked down 'Charleys,' fought bargees, and used, what it was the custom to call, his 'mawleys' on everybody who offended him. They were a fighting lot, the old Berkeleys, ready and quick in quarrel, and in the rather rough days when Grantley Berkeley was a young man, practical jokes, knocker-wrenching, hard drinking, and 'larking' were considered among the accomplishments of a gentleman. Hard swearing too was much in vogue, the sort of oaths described by a Highland laird of that age as 'swearing at large,' and no gentleman with any pretension to *ton* but garnished his speech with expletives now only heard on a racecourse. Into this society the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, the sixth son of the last earl of that ilk, found himself launched when almost a boy. He got his commission in the Coldstreams. He was entered early to sport of all kinds. Cock-fighting, badger-baiting, the fierce excitement of the prize ring, the nobler emulation of the hunting field, he tasted of it all. He was a true and keen sportsman, and moreover knew the science of sport, had it at his fingers' ends as the saying is, and could write well about what he knew. That he was prone to combat, and dearly loved 'a row' was part of his nature. He was a pupil of the great Jackson, whose wonderful tomb at Kensal Green speaks eloquently of the honours a past generation paid to prize-fighters. Mr. Berkeley possessed a personal strength equal to his courage, and he must have been, from what we remember of him in his palmy days, a very awkward customer. There was a good deal of harmless vanity about him, which his writings prove. Still, he knew a good deal; his weakness was that he thought he knew more. He was game to the backbone, a good enemy and a firm friend.

From grave to gay. 'The poor players' call to us. They are 'ringing 'up' at many a theatre to a tune that seems both profitable to themselves and pleasing to their audience. The Haymarket, with its gorgeous reproduction of 'Masks and Faces,' has fairly taken the town; and putting for the moment the acting on one side, the spectacle approaches the magnificent. Such silks and satins; such velvets and brocades; such living embodiments of the age in which the play is placed, have never before been seen. From a riding-coat to an embroidered stocking; from a morning robe to the nice conduct of a clouded cane—everything, we are told, is as archæologically correct as it is certainly pleasing to the eye. And there is no doubt that the representation, excellent as it is, is further enhanced by the *mise en scène*. Colley Cibber's wonderful stockings help to show us the old fop, and that without detriment to Mr. Arthur Cecil's admirable picture of him. The polished villany of Sir Charles Pomander gains an extra touch from his wadded coat, well as Mr. Conway plays the character. To say that we more deeply sympathise with the wrongs of Mrs. Vane, because Miss Marion Terry wears the most bewitching of cloaks and hoods, would be owning ourselves a little too impressive, but yet, what between the sweet face and the hood, we felt more 'ugly' towards Mr. Vane than we ever remember to have felt before. Mr. Bancroft's Triplet is the surprise and feature of the revival. The actor has put aside Mr. Bancroft, and has given us in many particulars a new reading of Triplet's character. Nothing can be more finished than the Colley Cibber of Mr. Arthur Cecil, or more charmingly insolent than Mr. Conway's Sir Charles Pomander. Mr. Dacre, Mr. Kemble and Mr. Brookfield were all excellent, and we must especially mention the footman of Mr. Smedley, who caught the spirit of the part admirably. The whole cast, indeed, is singularly efficient.

Up to the frost the South Berks undoubtedly had as good sport as any

pack, and it has been their best season since Roake has been with Mr. Hargreaves, and he has now been nine years in his service, and not that only, but it is considered the best since Mr. Hargreaves became Master in 1865. There are more foxes and a better sort than formerly, and Roake can boast with heartfelt pride of a real good pack of hounds of his own making.

Sir Harcourt Johnstone's hounds began the new year with a very hard day, running from fox to fox for four hours, when Russell had to stop them at dark, and two very good days before the bad weather set in. On Tuesday, January 18th, they had a good day on the moors, killing a fox after three hours' hard work in the snow, when Sir Harcourt was as keen as a schoolboy and kept on until the wind nearly blew them all away. On the following Tuesday, the 25th, after more snow had fallen, which made it better riding, they had another hunt, finding several foxes in Lord Downe's coverts, and rattled them well about for a long time before they got one away, which the hounds stuck to for nearly an hour, but he got to ground just in front of them, the snow saving his life, as he ran over a deep drift which carried him safely over but let the hounds in. All who were out were pleased with the snow hunt.

From Durham we hear that Sir William Eden gives up the hounds, and they become once more a subscription pack, called 'The South Durham,' as before. There will be a committee of management, with Mr. Richard Ord, of Sands Hall, now secretary, as Master in the field. There will be new kennels in the neighbourhood of Sedgfield, so long the headquarters of the hunt, which will be handy for Mr. Ord, whose residence is only a mile from the little country town Claxton, and the first whip will be retained on the new establishment.

Our Belvoir correspondent reports that on Monday, January 31st, they hunted the woods, found a lot of foxes and killed one after much hard hunting. On Tuesday, February 1st, they went to Stubton, but could not hunt. On Wednesday the 2nd the long-wished for change in the weather came, and on Thursday the 3rd they met at Croxton Park. They drew Stonesby Gorse (which was cut down last season, and where there is not yet covert enough to hold a fox) blank, but found in Newman's Gorse at once, and went fast away by Stonesby Ashes, by the village and gorse past Waltham Thorns, and raced into him close to Waltham, after thirty-five minutes, without a check. Found again in the Thorns, ran over the Melton Road towards Goadby into Croxton Park, where they lost, after another very nice gallop. Another run from Bescaby Oaks through Lawn Hollow and Lings Gorse down to Braunston and back, concluded a good day's sport. There was not a large field, but present were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Cloncurry, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, of Easton Hall, Sir John Lister Kaye, Hon. Captain Henry Molyneux, Captain T. Boyce, Captain Smith, Captain Singleton, Captain Downing, Captain H. Candy, Mr. Broke Turner, Mr. Adair, Mr. Walter Selby, of Biddlestone, Northumberland, Mr. John Earle Welby, Mr. N. Fane, Mr. W. Little-Gilmour, Mr. Martin, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Cross, &c. On Friday the 5th they met at Weaver's Lodge, and had a first-class day's sport. After drawing the Southernns, where they found a lot of foxes, and running one by Ancaster Gorse to ground after a fair run of thirty-eight minutes, they drew Dembilby Thorns, where they found at once. There was a burning scent, and the hounds got away close at him, running past Nightingale Gorse, by Newton Tollbar, leaving the woods on the right, straight into Aswarby Hill top, then at racing pace through the covert down by the hall, where many



thought of poor Sir Thomas Whichcote, still confined to his room, as they ran on by Swarby towards the gorse at Culverthorpe, and then towards Colonel Wilson's covert, California, straight to Willoughby village, where he began to run short and twist and turn, showing his race was run, and they ran into him on his way back to Aswarby, after a fine run of one hour and forty-five minutes, with every hound up and all together at the kill. The brush was presented to Miss Heathcote, of Lenton, who well deserved it. Out on this excellent day were Lord Burleigh, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, the Hon. Mr. Pelham, Mr. and the Misses Heathcote, Mr. Hardy, Major Parker, Major Longstaff, Major Paynter, of Barrowby Lodge, Mr. and the Misses Willson, of Ranceby Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby, Mr. W. Hornsby, Mr. John E. Welby, Captain Downing, Captain De Burton, Captain Hutton, Captain Thorold, Captain Worsley, Captain Harvey, Monsieur and Madame Couturié, Mr. James Hutchinson, of Manthorpe Lodge, Mr. Broke Turnor, Mr. Lee, Miss Croft, Mr. Pinder, Mr. Bemrose, Mr. Ruthkin, the Messrs. Allcard, Mr. Jackson, Rev. W. C. Newcome, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. A. Cross, who went quite as well as anybody. On Saturday the 5th they met at the Three Queens, and had a fair day's sport. They found their first fox in Tipping's Gorse, but did no good with him, and another in Cedar Hill, which, as there was little or no scent, they soon lost. In addition to many out on the day before, were the Hon. Hugh Lowther, Mr. A. Coventry, Mr. Sloane-Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Adair, Mr. Walter Selby, Colonel Ewart, Mr. A. Pryor, Mr. Fisher, &c. On Monday the 7th, hard frost and more snow again stopped hunting, but on the 8th they met at Caythorpe, found in Colonel Reeve's Gorse, ran very fast up wind for seventeen minutes to ground; found again in Barkstone Gorse, but as there was no scent they could not hunt him or another from Belton Gorse. On Wednesday the 9th they had another first-rate day from Croxton Park. There was a very large field out. In addition to most who were out on previous days, were Mr. W. Baird, the Master of the Cottesmore, Lady Grey de Wilton, Sir H. Des Vœux, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who went as well on one horse as the youngest man of the lot, Mr. Micklethwaite, Mr. Cradock, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Pochin, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Brocklehurst, Mr. Harter, Mr. Praed, Mr. Behrens, Mr. Neville Fane, Rev. J. Mirehouse, of Colsterworth, Mr. George Drummond, Colonel Gosling, Major Elmhirst, Mr. Wigram, and a whole host of strangers. They went away at once from Goadby Gorse to the Bullimore, on to Harby Hills. Here they came to slow hunting, but held on by Scalford and Branston Lings, where they lost, the fox having run them clean out of scent. After drawing Lawn Hollow blank, the wind changed to the south, and so did the scent for the better, for as soon as they put the hounds into Waltham Thorns they found a brace, ran one of them into Freeby Wood, through Brettingby Spinny on by Saxby and Garthorpe nearly to Stonesby Ashes, where he was headed and turned short back by Garthorpe, as if his point was his old quarters, but skirting the Thorns ran straight by Newman's Gorse, where only a select party were really with them. Here the pace got faster as they crossed the Melton Road down to the brook, through the Ricketts, over the Wymondham Road to within one field of Stapleford Park, where they ran from scent to view, and rolled him over in the open after a grand run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. They were very lucky to keep to him as they did, as fresh foxes were running about everywhere, and the whips had a hard task to keep the hounds together, but only one was absent when they killed. Although it was a ringing run at first, the last part, from Newman's Gorse to the kill, was as straight as they could go. Captain Middleton was first

when they killed, closely followed by Mr. Brocklehurst, Captain Smith, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Baird, Gillard and Will Wells, the first whip.

Our correspondent from the Pytchley says: 'We have been doing first-rate the last three weeks. I send you an account of two or three of their best days. If I were to go through it all it would occupy more time than I can spare, and weary you into the bargain. On the 5th they had a rare good gallop from Braunston Gorse, going by Staverton Wood, over Fox Hill, leaving Nuneham on the left, over a fine grass vale, past Everdon, to ground at Stowe Wood; time, just an hour. On Wednesday, the 8th, they met at North Kilworth, and a fox from the "Sticks" kept them moving sharply for an hour and a half over that fine country, and he was just coming to hand, when a fresh fox jumped up and saved his life. They then went to the Hemploe, and had a run from there, which perhaps has been rarely equalled in the annals of hunting. They found in the Fishponds, and got away close at their fox; pointing for Elkington they left Lord Spencer's covert on the right, and crossing Sharman's Bottom raced to Winwick, where no doubt the fox tried the earths, on to West Haddon, where there was a slight check; time to here just thirty minutes, and the pace had been awful. Hounds soon put themselves right, and hunted steadily on by Crick Wold, past Cracks Hill, leaving Crick Covert on the right, over the Old Street Road; when they began to race again. Disdaining the shelter of Hill Morton Covert, this good fox kept straight on past Hill Morton Village, pointing for Clifton; but his time had come. After crossing the brook he was viewed staggering across the next field, and two fields from the village they rolled him over; time, one hour and ten minutes. The distance they ran is just fifteen miles. They never touched a covert, or crossed a ploughed field. Possibly you remember the old steeplechase course at Rugby, which the soldiers used in 1863 and 1864. Well, it was in the winning field where they killed him, just about the spot where the coaches used to be pitched. What a lot of good fellows have dropped out since then. Saturday, the 12th, they had a very long hard day, after meeting at Dodford, and stopped the hounds at dark near Brixworth. Wednesday, 16th. They had a capital gallop from Crick, to the intense delight of a monster attendance; fortunately the scent was so good that the hounds could hold their own, and never got unfairly pressed. Friday, 18th. They had a long hunting run over a very fine country, scent was never good enough for hounds to drive their fox, but they kept at him with a perseverance which called forth unlimited praise from all. Finding at Naseby Covert they ran to Tallyho, through that on to Clifton. Leaving the village on the right, they went on by Farndon to Lubenham, crossing the Welland on to Foxton, then bearing to the right to Bowden Inn; they hunted him into the gardens at Mr. Fisher's house, but could not account for him, and all Goodall's efforts to handle him were unsuccessful—to his vexation he heard afterwards that the fox had crept into an outhouse, and when the coast was clear made his escape. Hounds were running just two hours. Saturday, 19th. They were unlucky in not finding in the early part of the day, but had two good gallops in the afternoon, killing both their foxes.'

The country hunted by the Herefordshire foxhounds never carries such a scent as when it is so saturated with wet, and deep withal, that hounds have every advantage over horses. So it has been since the frost broke up; even the lightest weights and keenest of their followers have seen hounds run clean away from them, perforce content to enjoy from a respectful distance a succession of brilliant runs, where hounds could run and drive their fox and have all the best of it, unmolested by a thrusting crowd. Monday, January 31st,

at Willian. The first day they were out, after the frost, will be remembered by many of their followers. Horses, short of work, suffered in the deep ground, while hounds raced away, and, if report speak true, some will not go again. On Wednesday, 2nd February, from Moulden Wood they ran a fox into the Cambridgeshire country, killing him at Hickwell, and returning home at half-past one, having nothing near at hand to draw, but quite satisfied. Friday, 4th, a wet foggy morning; a large field met at No Man's Land. A brace of foxes jumped up before hounds, near Mr. Jonathan Cox's, Hill End Springs. Illness unfortunately prevented that well-known sportsman seeing how the dog-hounds settled to their fox, raced across the plough and through his farmyard, down hill to No Man's Land, across the common, and up plough again to High Firs, where he was headed and turned back amongst them; whoo-whoop after a quick fifteen minutes. The other gave a twisting run across from Hill End to High Firs, back across No Man's Land to Mr. John Ransome's fields nearly to Wheathampstead, bearing right-handed by Colman's Green to Symonds Hyde, where they changed foxes, ran round the big wood, and back the same line they had come; across No Man's Land to Hill End Springs, away the low end to Hamwells, over No Man's Land again, and by Sandridge to Symond's Hyde, on the left nearly to Oaklands, turning round again and making his way back to No Man's Land, up to Hill End, where he was left, after a good hunting run of two hours and twenty minutes. Hard work for hounds and huntsmen, but harder still for horses; and lucky were those who had second strings to their bow, for in a ringing run these can be brought up comparatively fresh, as occasion requires. On Wednesday, the 9th, they had a very fast gallop from Silsoe, the fox going to ground almost in view; and on Friday, the 11th, from Digswell Hill. Finding a fox in Dawdles, they had a quick burst and good hunting for fifty minutes to ground close to Wheathampstead. The next draw was at Lord Kilcourse's house, a sure find when the good things of this life are sought, and another fox was found in the afternoon, when many of the field had gone home. Saturday, the 12th, did not look like a hunting morning, and Ward was out walking his hounds to exercise on the green, when the first sportsmen came riding up prepared to hunt. The sun came out bright and warm before twelve, so Colonel Somerset decided to hunt, and a large field was waiting at the meet close by. A quick find in Luton Park set all racing across the grass to another covert, reminding some of those present how Saturdays used to be happily spent a few years ago. (How jolly were those bye-days, when members of the hunt would meet to see the foxes rattled about the park, knowing the good effects thereof, and adjourning to luncheon, with perhaps other fun thrown in for the rest of the day; but of course this was only on Saturdays. Hunting days meant business, but the bye was a holiday.) Back across the park hounds raced to the Gibraltar Gate, past the meet to the covert close by, on over the ploughs to Broom Leys. Faster by Pepperstock and Coddington to Crawley's Gorse, through here to Youches, and back up-hill to the gorse again, through and away by Coddington, round nearly to Market Street and Kensworth to Dunstable. On the hill above Dunstable they turned, running their fox almost in view, straight down the valley and along the Hill to Crawley's Gorse, where no doubt he was bred. Dodging about gave him wind, for he broke again to the farm, with hounds close at him; but his heart failed, and he laid down in a hedgerow, where they killed him, after a run of two hours. The 14th, at Broadwater, was an enjoyable day, and another good run was scored from Warden Hills. Those who rode to hounds had quite enough to do. At Gorhambury, on the

18th, there was no scent, so hounds could do nothing with a brace of foxes in Pre Wood. Both were viewed away in opposite directions, but the large field was disappointed, for no run could be had. On Saturday, at Chiltern Green, they killed a fox, and had a fast twenty minutes with another in the afternoon.

Sportsmen will regret to hear that affairs do not go smoothly with the Old Berkeley, and there is some fear that the present Master, Mr. Longman, will add his name to the list of resigning Masters at the end of the season. It is well known that the Old Berkeley Hunt is a subscription pack, so no matter how wealthy the Master may be, he should never allow the guaranteed yearly subscriptions to fall in arrear. Otherwise, should anything happen to him, his successor would find himself in difficulties to begin with. Notwithstanding the good sport that has been enjoyed this season, which all declare to be the best remembered, there is still a falling off in the yearly subscriptions, with a large deficit due to the Master. Meetings have not been attended as they should have been, and no one seems as yet to have taken a lead to keep up the hunt. Considering the establishment, hounds, horses, and, more important still, the staff in command, there are few hunts better appointed, and the sport they have shown speaks for itself. It seems not only a pity that such should be allowed to be broken up and dispersed, but it would be a standing disgrace to a wealthy sporting country if steps are not taken at once, not only to support a Master who has done his best to get that establishment to its present perfection, but to show him that his efforts are appreciated by subscribing to his hunt, remembering at the same time that it is for their own benefit. There should be no difficulty in raising sufficient money to hunt a country near town, but it rests with the secretary and treasurer to collect the funds. The Master cannot go begging amongst the field, having quite enough to do otherwise, even if he cared to stoop; nor can one treasurer be always out hunting to catch every one, but if in every hunt there was a monetary committee, say of three or four members working together, funds would be collected and fewer resignations of Masters, tired of their ungrateful followers, would be heard of at the end of the season.

So brilliant a run as that with Sir Nathaniel Rothschild's hounds on Thursday, the 17th of February, deserves a record in the pages of 'Baily.' The meet was at Putlows, between two and three miles from Aylesbury, on the Bicester Road. It was evident, as soon as the hounds were laid on, that there was a rare scent; and, as they streamed over the broad pastures of Fleet Marston, hounds already had the best of the horses. Skirting over the shoulder of Coneyhill, they made a direct point for Waddesdon, to the right of which place they ran, over Waddesdon Open Field, to Doddershall. Caroline, Conqueror, and other five-season hunters strove in vain to take the lead, and had to yield the pride of place to their more youthful companions. At undiminished speed hounds kept on, passing within a short distance of Quainton Wood and Runt's Wood, and then along the bottom below Botolph Claydon and East Claydon. From this point certain sportsmen, who, strictly speaking, could not be said to have ridden to hounds, yet had hitherto kept sufficiently near to them to enjoy themselves, dated their discomfiture; no horse that ever was foaled, nothing but a steam-engine could have carried a man, walking twelve stone, through the deep ground at the pace these hounds had been running. The pack crossed the Oxford and Bletchley Railway, carrying a good head along the banks of the Winslow brook, and, continuing their course over Addington Park, passed to the right of the fox covert and over the brook to Adstock, where the deer was cleverly saved by some countrymen, who closed the gates of a farmyard.

When the foremost horsemen arrived, they found the hounds baying at the gates. This gallant deer had come between ten and eleven miles, as the crow flies, from the point where it had been turned out, over a deep and strongly-fenced country, and that distance had been gone over by the hounds in one hour and five minutes! Taking into account the extraordinary and continued pace at which hounds ran, without a check during the whole time, the straightness of the line, and the beauty of the country run over—for there were only two ploughed fields in the whole of it—this run must be summed up as the perfection of everything in the shape of staghunting.

The Bramham Moor Hounds met at Stockeld Park on Wednesday, February 9th. Found their first fox in Devonshire Whin, and after hunting a short-turning customer for nearly an hour, killed close to Linton Spring. Found their second fox in the Cocked Hat Whin, a very small cover, but beautifully placed, in a fair hunting country. The start on the part of the field was, as usual, thoughtless, and a little unlucky for hounds, as a brace of foxes went away, one pointing west, with some of the hasty horsemen and three or four couples of hounds, the body of the pack, and of course the huntsman (Smith), heading north and streaming over Spofforth Hags at a rattling pace past Parkin's Wood, leaving it on the left, skirting Herbert's Larches, straight for Spacey House Whin, leaving it on the left, and the viaduct of the Church, Fenton and Harrogate Railway on the right, crossed the Crimble Valley and up the opposite hill, crossed the Harrogate road, going over the grass to Beckwithshaw, and forwards to that fine wild piece of country called Haverah Park, through Boar Holes. The pace up to this point had been excellent, and many feeble sportsmen dropped off, the pleasures of home being more attractive than the pleasures of the chase. But the fun was still furious, hounds going away again over the large wet fields, snowdrifts under the fences, and ground deep, at a pace that was serious, and running in the direction of Hampsthwaite, hunted him to Mr. Greenwood's place, Swarcliffe Hall, where hounds were bothered by the park walls, and got off his line. This gallant old fox beat hounds, and let us hope he will live to do it again. Tom Smith, the huntsman, was sorry not to catch him, and so was the Master (Lane Fox). But it was a fine run over a rare piece of country, fourteen miles, measured on an Ordnance map; time, one hour and forty minutes, nine and a half miles straight. Amongst those who lived through, and enjoyed this run, were Colonel the Hon. Caryl Molyneux, the Hon. Frederick Lascelles, who had an ugly tumble, blacked his eyes and broke his nose, F. Greenwood, C. R. Moorsom, G. Kitchen, J. Law, Edward York of Hutton, R. Harrison, George Wickham, Royal Horse Guards, James Lane Fox, Mrs. William Wickham, quite a good woman, W. W. Wickham, and that best of friends to foxhunting and cheery sportsman, who has ridden many a good run from the Cocked Hat Whin, Lamplugh Wickham, who forgot his age and rattled along well, never stopping to think of his long ride home. The Master struggled to the end, and others whose names I cannot give. These hounds have had good sport when weather permitted.

Since the breaking up of the frost the scents have hardly been as good as might have been expected in Nottinghamshire, although on Wednesday, the 9th, Mr. Rolleston had a wonderful run which will always be remembered as the 'Loudham run.' Finding their fox in Halloughton Wood, a covert neutral with the Rufford, and after a ring at a capital pace, this good fox set his head for the Rufford country, and after tiring all the horses, saved his life near Eakring Brail, a famous covert on the Rufford estate, where, the 'Druid' tells us, in 'Silk and Scarlet,' Mr. Lumley Savile's hounds once

killed three foxes and four badgers, 'and were home again before nine,' not a bad morning's cub-hunting.

On Saturday, the 11th, the Rufford found a fox on the Inkersall heather with which they had a capital run over part of the same country; but they unluckily changed foxes more than once, and finally had to stop hounds at dark, the field being very select, but of course Mr. Legard (whose style of riding over a country is very much to be envied) on old 'Timballo' was one of them. Mr. Legard retires at the end of the season, and will be succeeded by Mr. Harvey Bayly, who previously hunted the country for five seasons. Sam Hayes will be huntsman, and we know that he leaves the Atherstone to go back to his old master with the best wishes of the country where he has been for nine years.

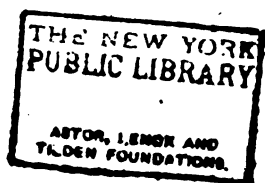
Lord Galway has had some very fair sport, but has none too many foxes in some parts. It was refreshing however, on the 18th, to see so many at Babbington Springs, and a great delight to G. Billyard, who does so much for fox-hunting, and has, we fear, so much to contend with. One of them took a good line to Grove, the nursery of foxes, and was finally lost, making his way back towards the Springs. Later in the day the dog-hounds showed what pace can do, for they fairly ran away from the field for twenty minutes, when the fox was unfortunately headed, and hounds were never on terms again with him.

After a long rest, the Curraghmore began again on Monday, January 31st, at Kilmacthomas Gate, when they had a capital run with their first fox from Ballyneil, of fifty-five minutes, and ran him to ground, and a very quick five-and-twenty minutes with the second. On Tuesday, the 1st, they had a sharp ring from Mr. Lane Fox's covert, and killed; then got on another, who had a good start of them, and had a nice hunting run to ground at Carrigmore. On February 3rd they met at Ballydine Cross Roads, found in Carlies Gorse and chopped one in covert, but got away with another and had a capital forty-five minutes through Kilcash and Glenbower to Lord Clonmel's hill, where they had to stop them owing to the very thick fog. On Friday the 4th, when they met at Rathcairn Cross Roads, they had a good five-and-twenty minutes from Mount Neil to ground at Putnascully, and then an hour and a half from Ashgrove, the fox beating them by getting to ground on a wet shore. On Monday the 7th they had as fast a gallop from Kilbride's Gorse for thirty-five minutes as ever was ridden, by Ballydavid into Woodlands. It was a very wild, rough morning, and there were but very few out, and these were shaken off in the first mile, so that only three arrived at Woodlands. Owing to the Marquis of Waterford having been laid up with a bad knee, which he hurt while skating during the frost, Will Rawle carried the horn, and had some good sport, and showed he had not forgotten what he had learnt when huntsman to the Queen's County. It is reported that in future the Marquis intends to hunt both packs himself.

*Après* of Ireland, we remarked, as apparently our contemporaries did not, that Judge Fitzgerald, in his able and admirable charge in the case of the Land Leaguers, used these words: 'The Bishop of Ossory, in giving that advice [to respect the rights of others] shows that he has not forgotten there is a *seventh* commandment.' The italics are ours, for even after a careful study of the 'Nineteenth Century' of last month, we are unable to trace the smallest connection between the commandment, of all the ten the least frequently broken in Ireland, and the friends or foes of the landed interest, the land monopoly, or the Land League. Assuredly La Rochefoucauld went very near the mark when he wrote: 'L'accent du pays où l'on est né demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur, comme dans le langage.'

Assuredly playgoers owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Litton, heavier perhaps than they are aware of. Each successive production of the comedies of our older generation which that lady has placed on the boards, at first of the Imperial, and now of the Gaiety Theatre, charms us more than the one that preceded it. We had not forgotten 'She Stoops to Conquer,' nor the 'Beaux Stratagem,' when she introduced us to 'The Country Girl,' with her pretty hoydenish ways and her inimitable curtness. Her stay with us was much too short, and now, ere we had done laughing at Croker in 'The Good-Natured Man,' Miss Litton has put 'The Busy Body' on the stage, with all the advantage of Mr. Lionel Brough in the title rôle, herself as the fascinating heroine, Mr. Kyrle Bellew as the most gentlemanly of fops, and Mr. Howe as the most disagreeable of misers. Miss Litton, who has herself so well caught the spirit of old comedy, has gathered round her a company quite capable of following in her footsteps. We have not seen anything easier or more finished than the Sir George Airey of Mr. Bellew for some time. It is a character that might so well be made vulgar or commonplace by swagger and affectation, that the greater credit is due to Mr. Bellew for his interpretation. He was passionate, graceful, extravagant, but always the gentleman; a very finished piece of acting indeed. As Mr. Brough was admirably suited in Croker, so is he also in Marplot. Those who have seen him in Paul Pry, of which character Marplot was the prototype, can imagine what a hearty laugh the actor raises in 'The Busy Body' by his insatiable curiosity to discover his friends' secrets. Most amusing is the feeling his Marplot exhibits of being really hurt and wounded by his friends not taking him into their confidence. It was exceedingly funny. It is needless, at this time of day, to speak of the finished picture Miss Litton gave of Miranda, a picture never in the slightest degree overdrawn, and painted, too, in the colours of that age. Our readers will understand what we mean. Miranda is Mrs. Centlivre's Miranda,—never for one moment, by speech or gesture, a young woman whom we might meet in a Belgravian ball-room or shopping in Regent Street. This is high art. It is also, we take it, rare.

At the Royalty, where 'Don Juan, Junior' still holds sway, and continues to delight the nobility and gentry of these realms, a piece, 'Peggy,' called by the author 'a story of real life,' has been produced which we should have expected to find at the Surrey, but hardly in Soho. A young lady by birth has been brought up in the squalor and wretchedness of Saffron Hill, where she has fallen in love with an Italian organ-grinder. Rescued from these surroundings by her grandfather she is miserable because she cannot see her lover, who, by the way, is an unprincipled scoundrel, without a single redeeming trait, and, in the end, returns to him and Saffron Hill, where she dies—a fate perhaps she deserves for being such a fool—but still out of proportion from a dramatic point of view. Mr. Mackay surely is capable of better work than this. His dialogue is smart, and, indeed, something more than that; his construction, too, is ingenious, but yet the plot of 'Peggy' is only fit for a transpontine drama. Miss Kate Lawler was the lively Peggy to life, but when pathos was called for she was a little overweighted. Mr. Righton plays an Irish doctor, with his mouth full of good things, and Mr. F. Cooper made certainly a picture of the scampish Beppo. There is a piece of bad taste shown in giving the name of General Pentycost to the heroine's grandfather, and altogether it is a curious play.







*Walter Long.*

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served some years with the 11th Foot, Mr. Long has hunted from



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. WALTER LONG.

IN these days, when so many social mushrooms are springing up, ousting the ancient stock, and claiming the title of 'county gentlemen,' it is pleasant to think that some of the old blood is still left in Hampshire to play the almost forgotten rôle of the country squire.

Though originally a Wiltshire family, in which county they have been settled for some centuries, a branch of the Longs have found a home in Hampshire, and Preshaw, near Bishop's Waltham, has been the family roof-tree. A 'Walter Long' has been a name to conjure with in Hampshire for, we believe, three generations. The subject of our present sketch is known to many as 'young Walter,' to distinguish him from his father, Mr. Walter Jervis Long; and only about ten years since there were three 'Walters' in the field, for his grandfather was then alive. To Hampshire ears then, and especially to Hambledon ears, Walter Long is a household word; for it is with these hounds that the name has been so long and honourably connected.

We have not space here to go into a history of the Hambledon Hunt and its famous club, and indeed it is unnecessary, as all that will be found well told in the 'Country Quarters' of 'Baily' two or three years back. Sufficient here to say, that it was in 1840 that Mr. Long, the father of the present Master, took the Hambledon hounds as successor to 'the other Tom Smith,' and hunted them eight years. Then came an interregnum in the Long dynasty, till, in 1856, when we again find Mr. Long at the head of affairs. He hunted them for three years, and was succeeded by Lord Poulett; and, after one or two changes consequent on that noble lord's retirement in 1868, Mr. Walter Long became in 1871-2 the Master of the Hambledon.

Born in 1840, and educated at Eton, whence he entered and served some years with the 11th Foot, Mr. Long has hunted from

his youth, having harriers at an early age ; and subsequently, after leaving the army, again keeping a pack for some time. He hunts the Hambledon himself, and well does he do it ; for during the last few years more foxes have been brought to hand than ever before known, and the country still remains better stocked with them than it has ever been ; proving that the more foxes hounds kill the more you have another year, and the better the country is preserved. He is a very good rider and always with his hounds, popular, possessing the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* ; and we trust that as 'the pleasant presence of Walter Long' (we quote from Lord Beaconsfield's 'Life of Lord George Bentinck') was a welcome sight in the days when the House of Commons was an assemblage of gentlemen, so the 'pleasant presence' of his descendant may long be familiar in the Hampshire woodlands and by the covert side.

## STUDIES FROM THE STUD-BOOK.

### NO. II. (*continued.*)

BY way of prelude to our present article (which, like the 'Woking-hams' in days of old at Ascot it has been deemed expedient to divide, owing to the number of candidates demanding notice), it may not be considered out of place, or irrelevant to the subject, to take a passing glance at the legacies to posterity which Stockwell has left behind him in the shape of brood mares, the names of which occupy no inconsiderable space in that useful appendix to the 'Stud Book,' where we find them ranged under their various descents. To attempt a description of each would of course be impossible, even were it desirable ; but we hold that, in appraising the claims to distinction of our fathers of the turf, they should be judged by their fruits of both sexes, and not exclusively by their contributions to the list of sires. Some will be found to rest their claims to consideration on the succession 'in tail male,' while others must be content to have contributed to the long roll-call of distinguished matrons one or more of those 'household words' in the mouths of breeders, which cause their offspring to be held in high request, and themselves to have fabulous prices placed upon their heads. Stockwell, however, has succeeded in making a decided mark in both directions ; and though we have not the new volume of the 'Stud-Book' yet before us, reference to its 'predecessor in office' will show to what extent his daughters have been appreciated, and what a large proportion of 'mares of mark' is contained in the list of over a hundred. Some interesting statistics were published not long since of the amount in stakes secured last season by winners claiming derivation from female scions of this illustrious house ; but we cannot pause to particularize, and must (having paid a passing tribute to Stockwell's success in this department) hasten on to our more immediate subject, and

proceed to show how he 'finished as he had begun,' and nobly sustained to the last a reputation secured early in stud life.

Taking up the thread of our discourse upon the sons of Stockwell having claims upon our notice as sires 'of credit and renown,' we next encounter Lord Ronald, whose sweetness was for some seasons wasted upon the air of the Sister Isle, where, however, he redeemed his sojourn from the reproach of failure by begetting from Silk, a Plum Pudding mare, the slashing Master Kildare, now in his turn relegated to stud labours. Lord Ronald, who returned to his present quarters at Badminton in 1879, was smart enough if not asked to travel too far, and brought some fair stakes to the Danebury exchequer; but though a handsome horse, certain of his family have been under grave suspicion as roarers, and at one time 'Kildare' was reported to be musically inclined. However, we are credibly informed that the glowing description of the latter in the 'Calendar' is amply justified by his appearance, now that he has begun to let down, fill out, and generally make up as a stallion, while he leaves little to be desired as regards action, shape, and performances while in training.

Still keeping in the 'peerage,' we encounter another notability in The Duke, at the time of writing more likely to be had in remembrance as sire of Bertram, and grandsire of Robert the Devil, than as a markedly successful progenitor of racing talent. In fact, considering his undeniable good looks, orthodox breeding, and highly respectable form 'under silk,' in some degree justifying the high fee demanded for his services, The Duke may be put down as very small beer indeed, for he has signally failed to improve the occasion at Yardley, where the class of mares is high enough in all conscience, and of these he has had his due share. Most of his stock have been 'soft' like himself, and it was generally thought that Bertram, who showed occasional indications of an ability to stay, was more at home over short cuts, though we are willing to give him all credit for latent powers undeveloped through accident or mischance. At any rate, concerning the sterling merits of Robert the Devil there can be no two opinions, and his sire is hardly likely again to be entirely unrepresented in the annual return of foals, as was the case with him in 1880. In short, Bertram need never look behind him again, and as he was always one of the handsomest horses in training, breeders have not the excuse of neglecting to support him on the ground of his failing to 'fill the eye.' Dissecting his pedigree, we find him well-nigh as full of Birdcatcher blood as Sterling, but rather differently compounded, and more decidedly inbred, being by a great grandson of Birdcatcher out of a mare by Faugh-a-Ballagh, own brother to that celebrity.

Yet another belonging to the Upper House is Lord Lyon, perhaps one of the most disappointing instances of a great winner emphatically down upon his luck in that sphere to success in which exalted racing form is supposed to be so certain a passport. No stallion has had a more chequered career since he left Dover's care, but not for the lack

of public patronage lavishly accorded to him from his first start in stud life at Neasham Hall, and through most of his wanderings north and south. Lord Lyon has been quite a rolling-stone in his day, but no one has cared to keep him long, and his 'Placida' season seems to have been a sort of flash in the pan, failing to be backed up by subsequent successes. His repetition of the West Australian feat undoubtedly stamped him as a great horse, but he has always struck us, both in training and out of it, as an odd-shaped one, not quite correctly balanced in all his points, and as the slangy but expressive term of the coper has it, 'made in twice.' The hereditary foot-ailment, too, has of late years militated against his capabilities as a sire, and he leaves nothing better than Touchet to keep his name alive, so far at least as male issue is concerned. All the sons of daughters of Paradigm, indeed, seem to have exhausted their goodness, and to have left their high characters behind them, on the turf; just as though the utmost pitch of excellence had been arrived at, and henceforward decadence and deterioration were to be their fate. So, at all events, it has been with Lord Lyon, but in his case we have, perhaps, advanced other and substantial reasons for his failure, and there is but a faint hope of the white-footed hero of 1866 mending his manners at Croft, albeit the last fruit off an old tree is occasionally the best.

Uncas reads like far better goods, but has spent rather a wasted existence hitherto, his lot being cast in Ireland, where, to put the state of things as mildly and as considerately as possible, the material to work upon is not of so eligible a nature as at the famous stud in which he has found a resting-place. Yet, with all these drawbacks, Uncas has done so well with what mares he has had, that we do not wonder at his subscription filling like wildfire, or that Mr. Cookson has destined for him the cream of his fine collection of mares, so far as they are suitable in blood to the *novus hospes* on the hill-top at Neasham. A square-built, sturdy, short-legged type of sire, with the best of constitutions, and the Birdcatcher 'mint-mark' stamped conspicuously upon him, Uncas, now in the prime of sirehood, should do good service to the place of his adoption; for we cannot forget that in a more remote generation than that of which Touchstone is the head and front, Sir Hercules crops up again, thus rendering the possessor of the double strain still more valuable in the eyes of those who have not failed to note the success resulting from its existence elsewhere.

Last, but by no means least, comes Doncaster, quite one of the latter-day stars of the racing firmament, and whose achievements every racing tyro has so got by heart, as to render the slightest allusion to them on our part only 'superfluous verbiage.' But the last of the Stockwells has firmly established his reputation as a sire no less than as a Derby and Cup hero, in that Bend Or was among his very first batch of foals, a distinction to which few indeed of *débutants* at the stud can claim, and such a feather in his cap as will ensure his long continuance among the ranks of those

whose lists at a hundred guineas are no sooner opened than closed. Doncaster is essentially a well-proportioned and nicely balanced horse, not over large, but with the finest quality of any of Stockwell's sons, the only 'spot on the sun' being a slight tendency to stand back in his knees, and this may be said, in a greater or less degree, to run through the Marigold family. His stock, we observe, both in shape, size, and style, in very many cases resemble their dams, and are, as a rule, rather uneven, though he gets plenty of big 'uns, such as Muncaster and Town Moor. Bend Or may be described as the happy medium in respect of size, and to have begotten a Derby winner in his very first season not only exemplifies the truth of the old adage that like begets like in Doncaster's case, but is also a material guarantee for a full subscription all the days of his life. And to critics aesthetically inclined, if indeed there be any of the Maudle and Postlethwaite kidney among those popularly supposed to be influenced by precisely contrary sentiments to the above-mentioned worthies, we commend a study of Doncaster 'at home' at Eaton Hall, where mullioned windows, oaken furniture, and other high art accessories give his spacious abode more the appearance of a mediæval shrine than of the severely plain structures which suffice for the needs of other distinguished lords of the harem.

Bowing our respects to his chesnut highness, as we back loyally out of his presence chamber, we take our leave of Stockwell and his sons, and turn to Rataplan, whose only 'classic' winner, Kettledrum, spent but a short period of his stud life among us, but still lives and loves in Austria, whither he repaired with no very exalted reputation. That he was a great horse 'on his day,' however, few will be found to deny, and he has made some amends for other disappointments by leaving behind him Cymbal, himself some time an exile like his father, but reimported a few years since, and shortly to be put on his trial in this country. This sire has only to sustain his reputation acquired while in France of getting everything to race 'a bit,' and a large proportion of his winners far above mediocrity, to enlist plenty of public support; and as Cymbal has not yet reached the prime of life, Mr. Waring may well await with great confidence the verdict of breeders in his favour. Harry Hall's representation of Irish Bird-catcher, which hangs in the Beenham sanctum, faithfully reflects the lineaments of his great-great-grandson in the yard close at hand; and if the chesnut is a shade darker in the ancestor, his descendant inherits the self-same shape, style, and markings as the eldest son of Sir Hercules.

Making this worthy our starting-point again, we find him, fifteen years after the birth of The Baron, and quite in the evening of his days, raising up seed in Oxford, whose turf career was cut prematurely short, and his real merits as a racehorse lost sight of, notwithstanding that he had troubled both Cheesecake and Thor-manby as a two-year-old. Hence it was that they were content to ask only a modest 'tenner' for his covering fee at Croft in 1862, and 12 guineas the following year, after which that keen



judge, Mr. Eyke, retained him for a couple of seasons at the same modest figure; until his translation to Yardley in 1866, where from 30 guineas he was promoted to 50 guineas, after four years' service, and in 1870 to 100 guineas, having slowly worked his way, rung by rung, up the ladder of merit, until the top of the tree was finally reached. Among Oxford's very first batch was the clipper Student, but again the public, owing to his failure to stand training, put Mr. Merry's flyer down as a bit of a 'chance' horse, and would have none of his sire; whose Sterling was his next great card, and the real founder of his fortunes, followed in quick succession by Nuneham, Playfair, and others, to a consideration of whose claims, as 'fathers of our kings to be' we are now brought, seeing that their progenitor has some time since paid the debt of nature, and we may liken him, in some sense, to a brand snatched from the burning, so tardily did his claims to patronage come to be recognized by breeders. Following the Oxford precedent, Sterling in his first season begot Isonomy, but from the fact of most of his stock ripening late, as well as of the very high fee charged for his favours, up to the present time the Messrs. Graham have almost monopolized the horse, in which their staunch faith has been so amply justified; though he will no longer remain a 'close borough' after the almost unrivalled career of Isonomy, and the doughty deeds of Beadesert, Fernandez, Caxtonian, and others in the very best company of which the turf can boast. Nuneham, too, was a good two-year-old in a good season, and has done enough 'according to his lights' to cause us to rejoice at his accession to the stud, for which Playfair and Standard, own brothers to Sterling, must hold unquestionable certificates, though we have yet to prove the metal of which they are made. Reverting for a moment to the derivation of this branch of the Birdcatcher family, we note that Oxford was the result of an alliance with Honey Dew, a Plenipotentiary and Bay Middleton combination; while Sterling and his brethren are due to Whisper (by a Touchstone horse from a Melbourne mare), and Nuneham is somewhat similarly bred, out of a mare by brother to Touchstone out of the famous Pocahontas. Nor is it unworthy of remark (as indicating that breeding is not the happy-go-lucky business which some would have it to be), that Student was bred upon much the same lines as Sterling, the only difference being that the component elements of Touchstone and Melbourne were differently mixed in the pedigree of the former. Coming down now to another generation represented by Isonomy (quite a recent addition to the ranks of blood sires), we find the Sir Hercules strain conspicuous in Oxford's composition fortified by no less than three crosses of this identical blood on the dam's side; and we shall be curious to see how it fares with Isonomy in his new capacity, as to whether inbreeding can be carried still further with successful results, or whether we should not rather seek alliances for him from among mares totally lacking in the leading infusion with which he is so prodigally endowed. We may add that, whatever other attributes of racing excellence may be referable to what

we may call a surfeit of Sir Hercules blood, Isonomy presents in a remarkable degree the shape likely to result from such a concentration thereof, for he is the very incarnation of tightness and compactness—not to say shortness—and by no means fills the eye like many another courser of renown, standing out from among his fellows as the beau-ideal of the blood sire. We should be grateful, however, for what we may term the happy accident by means of which Oxford was unearthed, utilized, and so to speak developed; for there is not now, nor ever has been, too much encouragement to take up with anything save a high class performer as worthy to consort with mares of lofty lineage and exalted reputations. Oxford never earned a winning bracket in his life, and even descended from the good company he kept as a two-year-old to mere plating form in his second season, and signally failed to distinguish himself even in this humble capacity. So that breeders should not fail to take the lesson seriously to heart, more especially in these latter days, when we see such sires as Bertram, Rococo, and Highborn pushing their way to the front through sheer downright merit, and unaided by these accessories of fashion and distinction which had almost come to be regarded as indispensable to success at the stud.

Taking our leave now of the chesnut scion of Sir Hercules, whose descendants have furnished material for by far the most considerable portion of our article, and must be regarded as the very backbone of the family reputation; we pass on to a consideration of the brace of browns, Faugh-a-Ballagh and Gemma di Vergy, the former best known to the racing world for his successful St. Leger effort in 1844, but whose fate it was to leave these shores eleven years later for France, after a chequered career in the land of his birth. There, as we may incidentally mention, his efforts were crowned with slightly better success, Fille de l'Air being perhaps his trump-card; albeit we find his name cropping up here and there in pedigree tables on this side of the Channel, and notably in that of Robert the Devil, who, by the way, may be cited as another 'leading case' on the successful results of inbreeding to Sir Hercules. But we fear that the chances of a revival in the Faugh-a-Ballagh line hang upon a very slender and brittle thread indeed, seeing that Paganini is (so far as we can discover) his only direct living representative among sires of the day; and this handsome and clever little horse comes down to us filtered through Ethelbert and King of Kent, neither of which can boast to have been leading characters in their day upon the stage of the turf. Nor could Paganini himself claim to rank higher than a first-class handicap horse; and though he has been taken in hand by one of our leading breeders results are only mediocre so far, and we may reasonably assume that the line of Faugh-a-Ballagh is doomed to total eclipse; his daughters, too, being few and without repute, and rapidly getting on in years.

The Gemma di Vergy branch, on the contrary, promises yet

'Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,'

seeing that Rococo is still hale and hearty, with his procreative powers not unfairly taxed, and likely to be in some sort of request among

those who will not be denied the opportunity of dipping into a source of blood thoroughly well tested through Chippendale. It has been the latter's fate to have to play second fiddle to such a phenomenon as Isonomy, which naturally detracts from merits which would otherwise be more apparent; but we cannot doubt that hereafter Chippendale will have ample opportunities of distinction at the stud, should he remain in England, as we trust he may. He is essentially a horse of character, yet with scarcely anything of the Birdcatcher stamp about him, being a wiry, light-fleshed, and narrowish nag, but with the cleanest of limbs, and plenty of capital racing points in his conformation. However, it is somewhat premature to discuss the future of a five-year-old, which promises to bear silk for a good few seasons yet; and we are rather anticipating too much, for his sire Rococo still lives, 'a prosperous gentleman,' and may give the racing world another such pledge or two as Chippendale before finding a place in the 'Obituary of Stallions.'

Thus we have run through the descendants of Sir Hercules at present advertised on the public service in this country, and all we can say is, that if any others are in existence, they must be hiding their lights under bushels, for the breeding world knows nothing of them. When it is considered that somewhere about one hundred and fifty fathers of the English stud are credited with the bulk of foals produced each year (leaving 'casuals' altogether out of the question), it is significant that some forty of these must be referred to the source on which we have drawn for materials in this our latest 'Study from the Stud-Book.' On the extreme value of the blood it would therefore be superfluous to dilate; and there are very few famous pedigrees of modern times in which one or more strains may not be found. Luckily for us, no less than for those ever on the look-out to tempt us to part with our most successful blood, there is a large and rich supply of it ready at hand, and plenty of representatives to stand in their parents' places, as they retire one by one from active service, and seek reputation of another kind in the peaceful retirement of the paddock. There, so far as regards the great majority of those who do their business in the troubled waters of the turf, they are consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness; for your average type of racing man of the present day troubles himself not overmuch concerning pedigrees and genealogies, careless whence are hewn or how are shaped the cards and counters connected with his game, and regarding those no longer capable of participating therein merely as a soiled pack, to be cast aside without thought or ceremony. Fortunately there are others, and it is to these we especially address ourselves, forming a leaven among reputed sportsmen, who, looking beyond bare results, are content to advance a step farther, and to search out the secrets of cause and effect, as illustrated by the various permutations and combinations of blood having for their object the racing success of those thus constituted. The deeper we dip into what is lightly considered a dry and abstruse subject—the theory and practice of breeding—the keener becomes our interest in the end to which it is a means; and surely this must be

regarded as a healthier stimulus to the appreciation of sport than those speculative accessories which so many appear to mistake for sport itself. But we must sound a halt to sermonising, now that backers and fielders have donned their armour for the season; and postpone another budget of 'Studies from the Stud-Book' until the return of piping times renders its perusal more profitable as well as more acceptable.

AMPHION.

\* \* In the fifth line of the first part of this article, commenced in the March number of this magazine, for 'Touchstone' read 'Newminster.'

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### THE LATE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

YOUR 'Van Driver,' in his notice last month of the death of the above-mentioned gentleman, has not, in my opinion, placed so prominently forward as he ought to have done the qualities that distinguished Mr. Grantley Berkeley from ordinary sportsmen.

It is nearly half a century since Mr. Berkeley was in his prime, and but few can remember his tall figure, dressed in yellow plush coat, white cord breeches, and hunting cap, in the midst of his hounds, playing with them, as was his invariable custom.

Mr. Berkeley was a keen observer of nature, as well as a sportsman, and in his treatment and management of sporting dogs of every description, he peculiarly excelled; to say that he made them handy would be scarcely an adequate term for the ascendancy he gained over them by gentle means, and never by the use of the whip. Upon Mr. Berkeley leaving the Coldstream Guards, at an early age, he and his elder brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, started a pack of staghounds at Cranford, a dozen miles from London, on the Bath road. Under the management of the brothers, whose endeavour always was to make the sport as wild as possible, so well was it done that sportsmen whose lot was cast in London, preferred to hunt with them rather than with The King's or Lord Derby's Staghounds. Of many severe chases we merely make mention of one from Mr. Elmore's farm, at Uxendon, on account of its curious termination, the deer being taken in Montague Street, Russell Square! We must not omit the account of a wonderful feat of horsemanship performed with these hounds by the late Colonel Standen of the Guards, as we have heard the late Mr. George Payne relate it. It was towards the finish of a fine run from Greenford Green to Finchley, that Colonel Standen and Mr. Payne were riding to save the deer, when they came to the river Brent. In the Colonel's line was a foot-bridge 33 feet long and only 20 inches broad, with a stile at each end. Without hesitation he jumped his horse on to it, and off again at the other end. The popularity of the Berkeley Staghounds was ultimately the cause of their being given up. The damage done by the large fields of horsemen hunting with them, in

the heavy clay soil of which the country consisted, was so excessive that the farmers rebelled against it. Notices not to trespass poured in upon Mr. Berkeley, and ultimately an action was brought against him by a farmer, named Baker, who obtained a verdict for 100*l.* damages. The country being thus closed against him, Mr. Berkeley resolved to take a foxhunting country, and the Oakley having become vacant, he applied for it.

It was a bold undertaking to follow after such a sportsman as Lord Tavistock, and such a pack of hounds as the latter had just parted with to Lord Southampton, then hunting the Quorn. Mr. Berkeley had no pack of foxhounds, no hunt servants, no residence for himself in the country, and only the limited fortune of a younger brother. However, he was lucky enough to hire Harrold Hall, situated in the midst of his woodlands, whose farm buildings he speedily converted into kennels and stables. To form his pack he had seventeen couples of hounds with which he had hunted red deer; they were of the purest foxhound blood from Berkeley Castle, what his father used to call 'the old sort,' and as steady from riot as hounds could be made, if Mr. Berkeley only could put them on the fox's line. To these he added thirty-seven couples of young unentered hounds, with a few old, and almost worn-out, ones, given to him by Sir John Cope and other friends, but which were most useful to him to act as schoolmasters. With such materials it was a most uphill game to hunt the strong woodlands of the Oakley country, requiring the utmost patience and perseverance and a quick whipper-in—which latter Mr. Berkeley had in Tom Skinner, and he was also greatly assisted by Mr. Moreton Berkeley, as able a sportsman as ever cracked a whip. During his first season, from this overcry of young hounds, there was more riot than sport, and but few noses on the kennel door at the end of it. But by the time Mr. Berkeley entered upon his second season, all this was changed, his pack was made, and so steady had his hounds become that they would draw all day long in woodlands, full of hares, and never speak till a fox was found. Amongst the young hounds, Harrogate and his brother Hostage, grandsons of Lord Fitzhardinge's famous Herod, showed to great advantage. These were special favourites of Mr. Grantley's, but Mr. Moreton Berkeley, still living at Cranford, would tell you that Duncan, Dinah, Dangerous, Fortitude, Prospero, Sweeper, Syren, with her squeaky note, and several others from Berkeley Castle, were equally deserving of praise. What further contributed to Mr. Berkeley's great success in the Oakley country in his second year was his engaging George Carter to assist him, who for three seasons had been whipper-in to the Duke of Grafton's hounds. So well did master and man work together that, in the words of a writer at the time, 'Up to the 11th of February they had shown more sport than 'was ever seen in Bedfordshire, and had killed sixty-three foxes.' The sport of the following season was, if possible, still more brilliant, and towards the close of it Mr. Berkeley had a most remarkable run, extending over seventeen miles, as the crow flies, of fine open country, though by the side of heavy woodlands, and killing his fox

in the middle of Salcey Forest. There is no doubt that Carter learned a great deal from Mr. Berkeley, and he was a most apt pupil. In writing to a friend that Master did him justice: 'This week's sport ' pretty well confirms what I said of George Carter—that he is ' nearly perfect as a huntsman.' Let us add the testimony of that first-rate sportsman, Lord Charles Russell: 'Carter, of all men, ' knew the moment when to turn from the tender to the terrible, ' and his first cheer, after the successful industry of hunting, was a ' certain prelude to something decisive.' During the last two years of his mastership Mr. Berkeley was without the assistance of this trusty right-hand man, who had succeeded Tom Rose as huntsman of the Duke of Grafton's hounds, but still the extraordinary sport of the Oakley continued. Young Tom Ball—who afterwards made such a name as a rider with Baron Rothschild's staghounds—was taken out of the stables and put on as second whipper-in. Foxes, however, became scarce, and in Mr. Berkeley's last season, 1833-34, although he killed thirty-one and a-half brace of foxes, he had eight blank days, and, from drawing so long and late without finding, he had to stop his hounds some twenty different times at dark with a beaten fox before them. This scarcity of foxes, combined with other causes, into which it is needless to inquire, induced Mr. Berkeley to give up the country; but to this day the remembrance of the sweet musical voices of his pack is fondly cherished by the old sportsmen of Bedfordshire. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, who hunted with them at that time, has described them as 'a lot of hounds approaching, ' in my humble opinion, as near to perfection, in all requisites and ' capabilities for showing sport in any country, as it is possible to ' arrive.' It is true that in getting together so perfect a pack in the short time that he was a master of hounds Mr. Berkeley had the advantage of large draughts of young hounds of the best blood from Berkeley Castle, without which assistance his task would have been an almost hopeless one; but we never can give too much credit to the workman who welded the material into form.

Mr. Berkeley's talent of dog-breaking was not confined to any particular sort or class of sporting dog. His system was to try to gain the confidence and affection of the animal, and not to rule it by fear; it was essentially the quiet system; there was no noisy rating, no flogging—for, to use his own words, 'If not governed by a nice ' discrimination, you may whip a dozen faults in, when you flog one ' out.' Few retrievers were under such perfect command as his famous Smoker, and its descendants Shark and Skim. His setter Chance was equally well-broken, and the same remark would apply to every dog that he possessed, from his bloodhound Druid down to his terrier Smikey.

Most of his latter days were passed in quiet retirement at Beacon Lodge, near Christchurch, in the full enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and amusing himself with his gun and his rod. We used constantly to see in Mr. Armstrong's shop, in Mount Street, salmon caught in the river Avon by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, with this inscription, 'Fresh from the green waves of the ocean.'

## BIRDS AND BEASTS OF SPORT.

## NO. XI.—MISCELLANEOUS BIRDS : CONCLUSION.

WITH the editor's consent I have resolved to conclude this series of papers on the 'Birds and Beasts of Sport.' The articles might, no doubt, have been spun out so as to embrace a larger number of animals; but as I have treated at length of the chief quarry of our noble army of sportsmen, so far as the sport of the period is concerned in its higher branches, I shall deal with the vermin—the 'police of nature,' on a future occasion; as also with 'the pursuivants,' which take the shape of dogs or hounds. 'Hawks,' too, might afford an interesting chapter, but these birds of prey have, I think, been more than once discussed in the pages of this magazine, and *toujours perdrix* (or any other bird) does not often coincide with editorial discipline; variety of contents is necessary to 'Bailey,' so that the tastes of many readers may be satisfied. Having touched upon the Deer, the Fox, the Badger, the Hare and Rabbit, the Pheasant, the Grouse, and the Partridge, as well as many of our wild birds and sea fowl, I propose to conclude with a miscellanea of the more remarkable of the wild animals which have so far been passed unnoticed.

Before noticing the moor-hen and the eider-duck, as well as some other animals about the habits of which I have made some notes, I may perhaps be allowed to make a few remarks on the migration of birds, as 'a ——— good-natured friend' persists in saying that I am a little *mixed* on that point. It may be so; but if I am, it is quite certain that I shall be found in good company. No doubt, as a rule, the greater number of our wild birds are migratory, and are only to be found here during certain seasons of the year; but what I maintain as against the ornithological friend referred to is, that there is, in some instances, a residuum. All the birds do not leave, the reason why is not so easy to assign, but it is certain that there are wild fowl which remain with us all the year round, and now, to a limited extent, these are so acclimatized that they breed every season, and would be likely to increase and multiply if they were to be less fiercely hunted or seldomer deprived of their eggs. I should like to know—and there are doubtless many others who desire a little of the same knowledge—more about the migration of birds than naturalists can apparently tell. When I was a little boy I was told and believed that swallows slept all through the winter in a mill-pond, and many a time and oft have I tried to find the beautiful sleepers, of course without avail. No swallows were to be seen till the gladsome spring-time came round once again, and then, as if by magic, one or two were found twittering about the old scene just as if they had never been absent! Where have they been sleeping all the time, we used to ask? Far, far away, we can now reply, for they had departed to sunnier climes, not to return till the bright sun had begun to brighten the scenery of our own land.

The various theories which have from time to time been advanced as to the migration of birds, have never yet been rounded off sufficiently for unscientific people to understand them. After a while birds that have been plentiful with us for the summer months suddenly disappear, and soon we learn that they have reached another clime, in some part of Southern Europe or Northern Africa. Some birds, which remain with us all the year round, are migratory in other countries, and we may deduce from that fact the theory that at one period such birds as the thrush, the blackbird, and the gentle robin redbreast were not always winter residents in our own land. In Mr. Henry Seebohm's excellent work, on the bird stores of Siberia,\* which all sportsmen ought to read, a great mass of readable information (not too scientific) will be found on the interesting subject of bird migration. I have room only for the following extract :—

‘The discoveries of Darwin and Wallace have placed the facts of migration in an entirely new light, and added a new interest to a subject which has always been one of the most fascinating departments of ornithology. The origin of the habit of migration is still involved in much mystery. It is probably a fact in the history of birds of comparatively modern date. It is not confined to any one geographical region, nor to any one family of birds, nor can we assume that it will be present or absent in every species of the same genus. The birds of the Nearctic regions are as migratory as those of the Palearctic. Many birds visit South America and Australia only during the breeding season. If we include as birds of the tropical regions those species which visit them after having bred in the cooler regions, they will also contain a considerable portion of migrants, even though no bird migrates there to breed. We may lay it down as a law, to which there is probably no exception, that every bird breeds in the coldest regions of its migrations. No bird migrates to the tropics to breed, because there is no hotter region for it to migrate from. The well-authenticated stories of birds breeding a second time in the place of their winter migration probably have the same scientific value as the stories of swallows having been found hibernating in caves and hollow trees, or of toads having been found in the recesses of otherwise solid rocks.’

Turning now to matter of more immediate interest, a good many years ago, while living on the coast of Northumberland, it was my good fortune to listen to an interesting dispute on the question of whether or not the eider-duck (*A. Molissima*) lived on the Farne Islands all the year round, in fact, whether or not it bred there. After a good deal of argument, one of the disputants leaving the dining-room (it was an after-dinner discussion), returned in a couple of minutes with four eggs of the bird on a plate. ‘Seeing is believing,’ he exclaimed; ‘behold the eggs taken by myself two seasons ago from an actual nest!’ Yes, indeed, seeing is believing; I have myself handled eggs of this the most famous of the diving ducks taken in the Hebrides, off the coast of Scotland; it is also to be found all the year round both in Orkney and Shetland, and in rare cases, as I have been told, specimens have been captured on the Scottish mainland, both in the Firth of Forth and on the Tay; but the truth of this latter fact is beyond my personal know-

\* ‘Siberia in Europe; a Visit to the Valley of the Petchora.’ London: John Murray.



ledge. Specimens of this duck are also frequently to be seen on the Norfolk coast, but they are decidedly rare south of the Farne Islands, where they may now be seen. They used to be called St. Cuthbert ducks by the common people, being christened after the saint of Holy Island. These birds have never been seen in fresh water, they live on the sea, and when cooked have 'an ancient and fish-like smell;' but they are not, according to my experience, regarded as being in any sense good for food,\* but used to be valuable because of their down, for which many gentlemen some five-and-twenty years ago did not disdain to shoot them, although, I believe, that as a bird of sport pure and simple they are not of any very great value. Still it is not just so easy to shoot an eider-duck while it is swimming as some persons may think, because from its seeming command of the element in which it lives it will *dodge* the shooter over and over again just as he thinks he has got it at last. What I am going to say may, to those ignorant of the appearance of the bird, appear incredible; but it is a proved fact that more than once the thick coat of down which envelops the breast of the bird has proved as a coat of armour from which the shot has glanced off without doing any harm! No doubt this is known to many readers of 'Baily'; but to that world which lives outside of sport I daresay it will appear sufficiently singular, and might perhaps afford a good hint to naval architects and military engineers. Feathers of all kinds, in consequence of the introduction of hair-mattresses and other styles of

\* *Atropos* of the question as to whether or not a wild duck ought to be stuffed, a gentleman has kindly taken the trouble to write to the Editor of this magazine with the following recipe:—'Sauce for Wild Ducks: 1 glass of port wine; 1 tablespoonful Worcester sauce; 1 tablespoonful lemon juice; 4 grains cayenne pepper, and 1 shalot. To be scalded, strained, and added to 'the gravy of the bird; or put inside before cooking, and tie up neck and rump.' I have had this sauce, or flavouring material, 'proved.' I received the communication about the middle of February, just in time to be used on a couple of real good birds. I prefer the sauce to be used inwardly; it permeates the flesh of the animal throughout, and decidedly enhances the flavour. Great pains require to be taken in manipulating the bird, so as to retain the sauce till it is absorbed in the process of roasting; but, with a painstaking cook, there need be no difficulty. The gentleman who is so kind as to write says he always has his birds *well done*, in which practice I agree with him. As to stuffing or no stuffing, an old Scotch lady, who is well versed in cookery of the old-fashioned kind, says, 'Try my plan; I will be bond that it will not destroy 'the flavour of your bird. Skin a dozen of mushrooms, or more if your bird 'will hold them; chop them up into a mince, moisten them with as much wine 'as they will absorb, and fill them into the duck; then roast it just to a turn. 'For any sake let it be ready, and not raw. As to the wine, some would say 'Port, but I say Madeira. A bird with this stuffing, my father used to say, is 'heavenly.' Perhaps some reader of 'Baily' will try this composition next season, and send his opinion to the Editor. Many readers will doubtless be pleased to know how it *feels*. I have been favoured with a third 'idea' as to stuffing wild ducks; it reaches me from a retired naval officer, who lived for many years in the United States, and who much enjoyed the canvas-back duck. He tells us that in some parts of America that bird is indebted for much of its fine flavour to the large quantities of wild celery which it lives upon, and that, acting on this hint, he stuffs his wild ducks regularly, and other wild fowl as well, with a 'compost' of mashed celery and potatoes, to which has been added a savour of salt. It forms an excellent stuffing.

bedding, are now a drug in the market ; so that plenty could be had in order to try how far a material thickly coated with feathers will withstand the play of artillery.

As has been hinted, the eider-duck is not up to much as a table bird, but it is of great value for its plumage. The fine down plucked from their breasts, and with which they line their nests, is of great value, and used at one time to fetch about a guinea per lb. weight.

In some places those on the watch rob the nest of its down the moment the nest is made, thus compelling the bird to line its habitation a second time. In other places, however, the persons who gather the down wait till the young birds are hatched, and the nest vacated, which is the more humane way of proceeding. As the reader will, doubtless, have surmised, the eider-duck is a native of the higher and colder latitudes, for the rigorous climate of which the down is a protective instrument. Their native haunts are in the frozen regions of the north ; they may be seen on the icy shores of Greenland in great abundance. Seeing that these ducks are not, in the ordinary sense, accessible birds of sport, it may, perhaps, be thought that less may be said about them, but my apology is that these details of themselves cannot fail to be interesting, even to sportsmen, who are generally pleased to know about the economy of all kinds of animals. And if the flesh of the bird is rough and fishy, the eggs, as a rule, are well flavoured, and most acceptable at the breakfast-table, and the poor birds stand the robbery of their nests with patience and lay again, four or five of their dusky green-gray eggs. Not more than one ounce of the precious down can be gathered from a nest, so that to get together any weight of it requires a few hundred nests, each of which, counting a double robbery of eggs and down, will be of the value of about 3s. The mother duck watches over her young ones with great solicitude, and entices them to the water almost the moment they are out of the shell. Once there they take kindly to what I fancy may be termed their 'native element,' and begin at once to feed and grow fat. I recently read somewhere (name of book forgotten) about a visit paid to a duckery on the island of Iceland, where 1 cwt. of down was annually collected ; as may be supposed an enormous number of birds were required to total up such a weight of the stuff. Ducks were seen everywhere, inside the farmhouse and outside of it ; in the garden and on the roof of all the buildings were countless flocks of these birds, their nests and produce being beyond all count ; the birds were, in fact, so abundant, that the visitor could not move without being in danger of trampling upon them ! As a matter of course nothing was talked of at that farmhouse but 'Ducks and Down'—the crop of birds was the main factor of the annual accounts—a share of the eggs laid every year, and not a few of the young birds, forming a considerable portion of the family food.\*

\* 'It is impossible to imagine to oneself a more delightful picture of trustfulness than that afforded by an eider-duck on her nest. As you approach

Before taking notice of the Snipe I may just allude to the Sea Gull, 'the raven of the deep,' so familiar to our hardy sailors. As Crabbe says :

'Inshore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,  
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;  
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly  
Far back, then turn and all their force apply,  
While to the storm they give their weak, complaining cry;  
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,  
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.'

'Where is the true home of the sea-gull?' I once asked an ornithologist. 'The sea,' was the terse reply. And so it is. They are ever on the water, and are found everywhere, spread over every sea. They convoy the sailor for a short portion of his voyage, and are at hand to bid him welcome home, as his weather-tossed bark makes for its harbour. When the sea-gull comes in sight the sailor knows that land is not far off. It is curious to note the habits of these birds. Every year a small flock of them may be seen on the river Clyde, accompanying the Iona steamboat, from about Greenock to the entrance to Loch Fyne; they fly in the wake of the vessel, or circle round it as it voyages to its destination, waiting for the cook or steward to throw over the débris of the dinner table or cooking galley. Many a shot I have seen fired at these birds from boats in the river, but seldom indeed have I seen a gull drop to the gun. These birds—there are many species of them—are clever, both at eluding their enemies, and seeking their food; they will carry high up in the air a small crab or lobster, and dropping it from on high it is smashed into eatable pieces, and is eaten shell and all! I am told on good authority that a gull cannot be shot unless you have a clear view of its eye. Whether that be so or not, it is splendid practice for young sportsmen to try their 'prentice hand' on the gulls. I should say, from what I know personally of gull-shooting, that if a man, unaccustomed to the sport, hits one in twenty-five, he will prove a splendid shot, for he has not only to study the eccentric movements of the bird, but has to mind the motion of

'she looks up with an imploring glance, and if you bend over her she will remain quite quiet, as though no harm could possibly arise out of your visit. On breeding islands, where there are no human habitations, the eider-duck, it is true, is much shyer than in the neighbourhood of man, but even in such places they will allow you to come very close to them before they will rise from the nest. Several females allowed me to lift them off the nest, and replace them again; I might feel and examine the eggs under them, stroke them, and touch their beaks. They would only playfully nibble my fingers, without taking any further defensive steps. If I took one up and carried her some way from her nest, she would, on being placed on the ground, immediately waddle off to her charge, re-arrange the down, and resume her seat as before. Those even which showed symptoms of shyness by flying off to the sea did not remain long away, but soon returned to their nests again. I remarked one thing, and that was that those females which were disturbed from the nest always soiled their eggs with excrement as they rose, while the eggs of those birds which remained quietly seated were uncontaminated.'—  
BREHM.

his boat as well. It is a feature of gull life to join together to flout the common enemy. 'When Greek joins Greek then comes the tug of war' (an oft-misquoted quotation). I have personally seen a small flock of gulls put a raven to death, despoil the body of its feathers, and then eat it! It is a curious fact that sea-gulls can be tamed, and that they will breed and rear their young in captivity. In some islands in Jutland there are thousands of these birds, but they are only esteemed for the value of their feathers, and in many places they are not looked upon as a bird of sport; in the 'gulleries' they would be too easily killed for that. At other places, where the bird is less plentiful, it is looked upon, I believe, as being fair game, and on some of the islands of the North Sea, annual battues are held, the gull in such places being the chief bird of sport. A friend who lives on Loch Fyne tells me that a flock of gulls frequenting a certain ferry which he knows, will circle round the crossing ferry-boat with great fearlessness, except on any occasion on which there is a gun aboard! If there is no gun to be seen the birds will almost touch the passengers, so familiar do they become, but once let them obtain a glimpse of the death-dealing fowling-piece, and lo, they are out of range in a moment. I believe, if space permitted I could fill many pages with notices of the gull.\*

Let me now say a few words about 'the mysterious Moorhen.' In my younger days, in a locality which I have frequently alluded to in the pages of this magazine, I was acquainted with a pair of these birds, which came every spring to a certain little sheet of water, remained for a few weeks, and then departed to some other locality. These cunning birds yield a good deal of sport, but they are not always killed when they appear to be shot—they feign death, drop among the bulrushes and water weeds, and so escape. Some sportsmen insist upon it that the water-hen does not breed in England, but I feel sure that is a mistake, as I have seen both their eggs and young ones. It is curious, says a writer on natural history, to see these birds at work building their little house. 'The female acts as the master mason, and places the materials in the proper form; the male bird acts the part of labourer, and searches for and brings the stuff of which the nest is formed to the builder. If the nest is built over a bit of water that may rise a little during a flood, it is built a couple of feet or so above the surface; if the water unexpectedly rises upon a nest already formed, it will be removed by the birds to a higher level.' The eggs of the moor or water-hen are not at all pretty; they are of a dirty white, and have rust-coloured

\* There are so many different members of the gull family, that to save space I have spoken of the bird just as if it were singular; those who desire more detailed information may consult some of the numerous books which treat of all kinds of birds and bird lore. I am best acquainted with the herring-gull, which we find at certain seasons in great numbers. The late Frank Buckland was of opinion that these birds played such havoc with the herring shoals that he was inclined to deprive them of any protection. He maintained that they ate far more of these fish in any one season than ever fell to the lot of mankind. Probably, however, there was some little exaggeration in his calculations.

spots upon them. The bird is not afraid of man as a general rule, and becomes tame enough when accustomed to civil treatment; it preys greedily upon all garden stuff to which it can obtain access, and is 'death upon all kinds of small fruit.' Of the couple of moorhen with which I was personally acquainted, I noted that the male was a splendid fighter and dreadfully pugnacious and quarrelsome, fighting on behalf of his mate with great courage and gallantry. I have since learned that this is a characteristic of these birds, and that the males of the species fight one with another most persistently, and when one male becomes jealous of another, they will fight out their quarrel to the bitter end—death!

'Now then as to the Snipe and Woodcock,' said I to a friend, a much better sportsman than myself, whom I was pumping for information as to the habits of these birds.

'Look here,' said my friend in reply, 'don't attempt to draw a picture of these birds in a single page, or even two pages of "Baily;" that would be a blunder, because each of these birds is worthy of a whole article to itself. Take, therefore, my advice, and leave snipe and woodcock alone in the meantime, except in so far as you can say a word or two about the cooking of these birds:

'If partridge had the woodcock's thighs  
'Twould be the noblest bird that flies;  
If woodcock had the partridge breast  
'Twould be the best bird ever drest."

'There! you are stumped.'

So, indeed, I was. I know, of course, that the snipe and woodcock are quite of sufficient importance to afford material for a dozen pages, and at a future time I will tackle them, if agreeable to the editorial 'powers that be.' Meantime, as to their cookery, I cannot say that very much can be made of it. Of course, as every gourmand is aware, the woodcock and the snipe is eaten from head to tail, trail and all; not a morsel of it should be lost. My plan of procedure is to envelope the bird in a thin slice of fat bacon, and hang him head down before a good fire over a slice of well-buttered toast; the trail will drop thereupon, and being equally spread upon the bread will be eaten with the bird. I once knew a dainty liver who never ate the bird. 'It is a mistake,' he said, 'the *trail* is all you want.' Twenty minutes is ample time in which to do a woodcock. Let it be served, garnished with slices of lemon. Some cooks—this is a fact—take out the *trail* and stuff the bird with chopped truffles, preparing the inside, 'the trail,' that is, with gravy, as a sauce to serve with the bird. A culinary friend upon whose taste I can rely, says, 'Take a wrinkle from me and stew your birds rather than roast them. All you have to do is place a thick slice of toasted bread, not buttered, but well steeped in beef gravy, in the bottom of the pan; wrap your birds in an envelope of well-streaked bacon, lay another slice of well-steeped toast on the top, screw down the lid tight, so as to prevent the steam from escaping, and in twenty-five

'minutes your birds will be food for the gods.' Moral : the woodcock itself lives chiefly on worms !

Now then for a time, reader, we are done with the birds and beasts of sport as a series ; those omitted, and they are many, will be treated of in separate disquisitions in due season. I hope that in discussing those which have formed the theme of the foregoing papers, I have not been too tedious ; if I have, my loquacity must be set down to my love of the subject, which is not yet exhausted, and could not be exhausted were I to write another series of papers at as great a length as that which is now concluded.

## THE FOX HUNT ON BEN LOMOND.

### I. THE MEET.

'It's no use tryin', gentlemen ; *she'll* not do wi' this win' at all.'

The speaker was a thick-set, sharp-featured Highland boatman at Luss pier, and the *she* to which he alluded was no less distinguished a beauty than the queen of Scottish lakes, Lochlomond.

We were very much disgusted with the place, in spite of the deservedly much-praised scenery, and indeed were fairly tired out, as over our whole ten days' stay we could scarcely have raised a decently sized basket of trout. In vain we thrashed the pine-shadowed shores of Inchtavannach, or threw our largest lines on to the ragged edges of the Cashel on 'the Duke's side ;' there was snow on the hills and 'snaw bree' in the water, and the fish would not rise. Teal wings had for them no attractions, and without an appetite for 'hare's luggs,' they let us alone to find consolation in our flasks and our song of—

'The bonnie red heckle,  
The heckle that tackled them a','

which made the rafters of the hotel smoking-room ring every evening. We were strongly tempted to rush off to some other mountain beauty less loving of her treasures, when we read interesting reports in the *Scotsman* that Mr. Blank, from Glasgow, had been out on Loch Damph and had made 'a good basket,' which 'included one over a pound.'

Accounts like the above have always to be taken with a grain of salt, as the newspaper editors supply the hotel-keepers on the loch sides with blank forms, which Sandy McStrapper, having an eye to good customers generally, fills up most favourably and artistically, finishing with such remarks as 'and rose a salmon,' or 'including a 'fine fish with the sea-lice on.' Loch Leven was, however, doing well, we knew, it being, curiously enough, the only loch in Scotland where you can get fish to take well in an easterly wind, possibly because, as our boatman explained seriously, that they were 'left-handed,' and did not know 'a' the airts the win' can blaw.' De Holdem and myself could not afford to lose another day, and so

when we got the assuring intelligence from the boatman that ‘*She*’ would not do,’ we returned to the hotel for the purpose of strapping our ‘traps’ together and setting out to try our flies ‘on the left-handed’ trout of Loch Leven.

A buzz of conversation attracted our attention when we arrived at the door to the tap-room, where several sheep-farmers were discussing the markets over a dram.

‘It’s no use, gentlemen; it’s no use tryin’ the loch just now at all. You’d better just put your rods by, and come over with me to “The Roo,” and have a night wi’ the “Tod,”’ said one whom we had met previously.

Our idea of a night with the Tod was a carousal with some individual of that name, and as we had had a little experience (something over a bottle of whisky apiece), on a previous occasion, we shook our heads mechanically, enquiring who ‘The Tod’ was: a sort of chieftain, like The Lochiel or The Poltalloch, no doubt, we thought.

‘Who’s the Tod! Is it the Tod? The tod’s a beast!’

‘The tod is a fox,’ said another of the farmers. ‘To be sure the tod is a fox; we are going to hunt him at “the Roo” to-morrow morning.’

From our fishing experience, we were not so much in difficulty about ‘the Roo,’ which is the local designation for Rowardennan, the station or pier at the foot of Ben Lomond. Here, then, was a little change to the monotonous thrashing of the ungenerous grey water. A fox-hunt in Ben Lomond! Gape your widest, ye ditches of Leicestershire; twist up your ugly backs, ye turf banks of Kildare. What sport can there be with you to hunting a fox on the side of old ‘Ben?’

‘When do you meet?’

‘At “the Roo,” at nine o’clock. We will take the hill to get to our passes about midnight.’

Though we could not well understand the lateness of the hour at which we were to join, and about taking the hill and passes (hollows or ravines), we were both resolved to see the fun, Harry de Holdem, a hard rider from the Midlands, getting quite mad over the prospect, and literally frightening the servant-girls with the tally-ho’s and who-whoops which came from his bedroom, whither he proceeded to hunt out of his portmanteau a pair of shooting-boots.

‘Why,’ he said to me, when he joined us again, ‘only think of “Old Ben,”’ as he familiarly designated Ben Lomond, ‘having a day with hounds.’

‘Noo look here, ma freen,’ said our farmer acquaintance, whose companions, save one heavy-built, healthy-looking stranger had departed, ‘gin ye’ be a day or twa days and a nicht wi’ Auld Ben, ‘as ye ca’ him, ye’ll may be no jump aboot and screech sae lood as ‘ye dae!’

‘Two days and a night? Have you hunted a fox all that time?’ said Harry, in surprise.

'Yes, I have ; at least I've lain watchin' my pass that time, and 'had my parritch sent up the hill tae me in the mornin'.'

'What, your porridge ? Do you mean to say that you will eat 'your porridge while the hounds are running ?'

'Hounds runnin' or no runnin', many's the time I've tae ma 'parritch on the cauld side of Ben Lomond ; and if I'm no mistaken, 'ma freen, ye'll be glad tae get yours tae, if ye come wi' us the 'nicht.'

The young 'un's ideas of fox-hunting in the Highlands gradually fell with the explanations as to how the sport was conducted, though he did not feel less curious to see the fun. It had been a big disappointment to know at the outset that they did not use a horse, and it rather disgusted him to know that a gun played an important part in 'the finish.'

'Call that fox-hunting. Pooh ! I call that fox-murdering. It's 'a brutal way to finish the game little beast.'

It was all I could do to prevent a quarrel between him and the sheep-farmer, who did not like the way he talked of 'Old Ben,' and made light of the Scotch by mimicking the Highland servant-girls and boatmen.

There is indeed no way in which you can raise the Highland people's temper quicker than by mimicry. They cannot under any circumstances have their manners made light of. As Hamish observed, they 'never wass conquered,' and so consider themselves superior to all the Sassenachs that ever trod their country. The farmer who belonged to the Luss side was not by his dialect apparently a pure native, but his speech we found was only less accentuated because he had been so often knocking about the country buying and selling sheep. His Scotch was not at the best very good, but in the neighbourhood he was considered to speak 'the 'Englitch langwitch ferra well whateffer.' If he did he forgot it all when he was aroused, and under the influence of the whiskey and De Holdem's incautious remarks he quickly lost his temper.

'The "game little beast" !' he exclaimed, thumping the table ; 'Had ye ever a score o' lambs worried by the game little beast ? 'Just you bide your time, my freen. You'll have had as muckle 'fox-murdering as ye care tae ca't by the morn's nicht as will do 'ye for a long while.'

Whether 'Harry' did not like the determined look of the man of mountain mutton, who, to use a local expression, had his 'birses' raised, or saw a favourite glimpse of sunshine on the loch, I did not inquire, but getting hold of his rod, it was with a feeling of pleasure that I saw him through the trees round the manse shove off in a boat, as if he meant to try a cast on the side of Inchloanig. I found that I could get on better in conversation with the farmers without him, and the farmers seemed to be less reserved ; so we at once struck into a long talk about 'the tod,' and 'tod-hunting' generally.



The Highland or mountain foxes (there are two varieties) differ considerably in appearance and character from the 'hen-roost' marauders of the Shires, which it is but fair to admit are almost as artificial as the hand-fed pheasants, having coverts made for them, and the free range of the game preserves, vulpecide in a hunting district being a crime which, in a gamekeeper, would be promptly followed by dismissal, and in the case of a farmer, eviction at the expiration of his lease. If Master Reynard has not long ago learned that he is cared for as a sort of 'friend in the family,' he at least has come to recognise that for a period of the year he is quite free. The Highland fox, however, has no friends, save that mutual sympathy may have taught the hoodie crow, the weasel, or the jay and magpie to regard him with respect, as entitled, in the opinion of the gamekeeper, to occupy similar positions of honour at the back of his lodge. Man and dog, therefore, he always avoids as common enemies, and, let alone prowling round hen-roosts, he will barely cross a macadamised roadway. The black-legged, or mountain fox, is now fast disappearing; but the 'cur,' or little fox, still does enough of mischief amongst the lambs and the grouse as to afford plenty of work for gamekeepers and shepherds. Any one who wishes to have an idea of what they are like, and learn a little about them, cannot do better than turn up 'The Moor and the Loch,' by 'W. C.' of the *Field*, to whom not only is every inch of Lochlomond familiar, as a scion of the Colquhouns of Rossdhu, but every stream of importance, from the lonely Grudie, by Cape Wrath, where John Bright delights to throw his flies on the bleak mossy water, to the Tweed and the Nith. There he will find a very good chapter on Highland foxes and foxhunters.

'She's a queer peast, the tod, a queer peastie,' said Mr. Blackyowes, helping himself to some whisky which I had ordered in for the purpose of driving on the conversation, or, as they say in Scotland, 'ca'ing the crack.'

'Very few men know as much as we do about the fox, eh, Hamish?' he continued, addressing his friend, who subsequently turned out to be a head-gamekeeper in the neighbouring district.

'Yess, we know something about the fox; you know the fox ass well as either of anypody I know, Blackyowes,' said the Highlander, drawing himself up; 'and I know the fox too.'

'But Lachy MacPherson does not know the fox, Hamish?'

'No, nor his brother Doogal, too——'

'Nor Duncan MacDonald,' said Blackyowes again.

'No, nor Erchee, though he talks as if he knew something more than anypody at all.'

As they indulged in this favourite style of Highland swagger, on the 'claw me and I'll claw thee' principle, they straightened their necks, till, with their noses high in the air, they were in splendid position for having their photographs taken as 'superior persons.' It was quite evident that any one who knew nothing of the Highland fox could not be respected on the side of Lochlomond.

Numerous stories are told of the animal's cleverness in eluding his pursuers by means of his superior knowledge of the country, in working his way through cairns and boulders and along the faces of steep precipices. His attachment to his family is also remarkable, as he has been known, after the vixen has been killed, to remove the young to another earth fully five miles distant, resting them for a night by some wayside cairn. So long as the vixen is alive he rarely goes nearer the earth than two or three hundred yards. He will then give his call, on hearing which she will come out and get from him a share of his night's capture—a bit of lamb, a grouse, or possibly a stray mole which he has caught taking a little open-air exercise on the surface of the ground.

'But, after all,' I said, 'your Highland fox is very like our little woodland animal.'

'What, your little petted lowland trash! A Highland fox would *disdain* to run about barn-doors stealin' hens,' said Mr. Blackyowes indignantly.

'A Highlan' fox iss like a Highlan'man—and a Highlan'man 'never wass conquered,' said Hamish, drawing himself up loftily and looking down upon a poor conquered Lowlander. The whisky was by this time beginning to have its effect, so it seemed the wisest policy to sit still and hearken to their Highland bounce. Was not the fox a Highlander, and, though they murdered his wife and her young, why should they not stick up for him, over anything Lowland?

'Yes, our fox is a gentleman,' said Mr. Blackyowes, allowing his temper to subside.

'Yes, a shentleman,' said Hamish, 'and hass all the proper dignity of *motion* of a shentleman.'

Ah, there it was now; our woodland fox had not the dignity of motion which this sheep-stealer of the hills, which disdained to steal hens possessed. Dignity of motion! What can belong to the Highland hills that has not dignity of motion? In vain may the piper blow his best and finger his chanter at Crief or Oban, if with head back he does not strut along to his own strains dignified and majestic; in vain at Callander or Bridge of Allan will the kilted dancer 'toe' through the reel if he possesses not the imposing style of movement of the Highlander. No; even the Highland bulls of Breadalbane or of Urlar may walk round the show-ring at Kenmure or Aberfeldy perfect in head, horns, and hair; but if, with nostrils distended, they tread not with that majestic step with which they turn backwards down the glen to growl defiance at the approaching thunderstorm they will have no chance for the prize. Kilt, philabeg, and skean-dhu may make a cockney tourist look like a Highlander, but the proper dignity of motion only belongs to the real native of the mountain and glen.

At nine o'clock we meet by the pier, according to arrangement, Blackyowes—so named after his farm—Hamish, and myself, taking one boat, while De Holdem, who has had more than his usual share

of luck at the fishing, follows with a couple of shepherds rowing him in another. The lake is beautifully calm; and as we pull with easy oar past the yews of Inchloanig we can see the sombre pines of Inchtavannach casting their deep shadow on the moonlit water. From under the gloomy larches of Ross Point we hear the low hum of a Gaelic song as if from the throat of some one pulling an easy stroke. A silver line or moonstreak crosses from the shore, and our oarsmen, with their heads over their left shoulder glance along it with watchful eye. Suddenly, spectre-like, a boat with a single individual appears and disappears, with his oars leaving the water shimmering in his wake.

‘Norman,’ says Hamish——

‘Norman,’ says Blackyowes, ‘he knows the tod.’ And the two pull ahead long and steady.

Slowly we row in under the Rowardennan wood to the black rocks fringed with breckan. I jump ashore while the two beach the boat by the ‘burn mouth,’ which they know well. Two or three boats are already forward, and there is a Babel of Gaelic for a few minutes. More than half-a-dozen forms recline on the sward; in the mouth of each, the inseparable companion of the lonely Highlander, the cutty pipe. There is more Gaelic, and with the Gaelic there is its old friend grog. In the cool clear air the whisky warms me into a poetic state. How romantic the situation! Behind us to the right towers the ‘Ben,’ casting his shadow across the moonlit loch; while the mountain torrent, with its soft steady purring noise, falling so gently to one’s ear after the jarring rumble of street traffic, alone breaks the silence. There is a splash of oars under the woodland, and a boat turns sharp round the point, while another half-way across the loch breaks from the shadow into the moonlight, drawing forth the exclamation, ‘That is Duncan now.’ This indeed is the land of the Macgregor.

‘The moon’s on the lake and the mist’s on the brae,  
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day.’

Many indeed who lie around are old Macgregors with their ‘day names;’ for under persecution of the Campbells they became McNeilages, McAustins, or McIntyres.

‘And what a queer way to meet to hunt the fox,’ will say some of the hard-riding hunters of the South. Well, it is the old way in which our forefathers met in all counties to hunt the fox, which remains unchanged in the mountain districts, simply because the country retains all its difficulties. So did old John Peel meet with his followers at Troutbeck, and so still do they meet to hunt the fox on the Cumberland hills.

De Holdem, feeling musically inclined, and no doubt inspired by the novelty of the situation, sung an old hunting song about ‘the forty fast minutes they had with the Vale,’ to the edification of the Gaelic shepherds and keepers, who are very fond of ‘a coot chune’ and a coot song, as well as a coot tram.’ It was rather out of

keeping with the situation and the class of sport, but we could not keep the young one quiet :—

- ' Hold hard, my young sportsmen, and hark to an old one,  
     Draw bridle a bit, and list to the lay  
 Of one who has ne'er found life's scent yet a cold one,  
 Or e'er had a check since first viewed away.  
 Too stiff for the stirrups, too stout for the saddle,  
     I can still sing a song that will never get stale,  
 Of the fast forty minutes, those forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' Of the pleasures of life which are set down before us  
     I will yield to the first one the face of the fair,  
 Next that sound from the hound which opens the chorus,  
     The lip of a lady, or mouth of a mare.  
 Yet well blended together that happy March morning,  
     We quaffed them all down like a jug of good ale,  
 In those fast forty minutes, those forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' Ne'er losing a moment by covert-side clinging ;  
     And spoiling the best of a good hunting day ;  
 Not a second he spent by twisting or ringing ;  
     Like a good gallant fox he broke straight away.  
 While the beauties they streamed behind him together,  
     Like a well chosen team or a ship in full sail,  
 For those fast forty minutes, those forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' We each flew the brook, it was devil the hindmost  
     Come take if you will, let us get away ;  
 Mind yourselves our motto, ourselves we must mind most,  
     If we want to be in at the close of the day.  
 No time had we to look at the craners,  
     But forward we crashed over rasper and rail,  
 In those fast forty minutes, those forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' We rose the hill side and we sank through the hollow ;  
     There was never a check or never a bend.  
 No chance for in-cutting, we all had to follow,  
     Or stop if a case of our bellows to mend.  
 One by one the flight thinned as they fell to the near rank ;  
     Little time we had their loss to bewail,  
 In those fast forty minutes, those forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' Too hot to last at the pace we were going,  
     How happy we were when we ran him to view ;  
 How glad we were all when, our horses all blowing,  
     We heard the hills echo, the loud whoop-halloo.  
 O'er the cream of the grass-land we had raced him straight onward ;  
     O'er bullfinch and brook, o'er hill and o'er dale ;  
 For forty fast minutes, for fast forty minutes,  
     For those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.
- ' Now, lads, I have lived all my days in the saddle,  
     I've hunted well now of seasons threescore :  
 " Wasted life," says the parson ; but that is all twaddle ;  
     Just give me them back and I'll live them all o'er.  
 Yes, I'd hunt, drink and sing from the find to the finish,  
     And look forward each year my old heart to regale,  
 With such fast forty minutes, such forty fast minutes,  
     Those fast forty minutes we had with the Vale.'

Ere the sound of the singer's voice had quite died away, and just as some of his audience were expressing their satisfaction in numerous long-drawn 'Oichs!' of their approval, the leader of the gamekeepers jumped to his feet suddenly, and saluted in true Highland fashion, and with good Highland Gaelic, the arrival of the huntsman and his hounds.

SENTINEL.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SPORT IN THE MARSHES.

THERE had been many abortive attempts at causing some little sporting diversion, no matter of however humble a kind, provided it were of the term styled by favour 'field,' in order to relieve the utter stagnation of 'life out of doors' during this most melancholy of Christmas seasons. Even before Christmas itself and long anterior to the setting in of the time of frost and snow, there had been occasional and intermittent visits with long intervals of the Thanet harriers and East Kent foxhounds, and adventurous sportsmen, who do not mind a long ride to covert, could have a frequent gallop with Mr. Rigden and the Tickham around the favoured district of Faversham. There were, however, too many of us who, for all-sufficient yet inexplicable drawbacks, were debarred even from these apparently easily-compassed amusements, and except the comparatively vulgar sport—*proh pudor!*—of pigeon-shooting, and the still more objectionable but far more generally patronised diversion of popping at sparrows from five traps, we were beyond the reach of outdoor amusement. One genius indeed, in a moment of unhappy inspiration, had suggested the starting of a rabbit-coursing club, and we did actually have a meeting or two. There were, however, none of us endowed with Manchester knowledge enough to arrange preliminaries satisfactorily, and certainly not one who had the Audenshaw experience necessary to the success of a meeting which might find favour among the general public. Moreover, we had not a single dog amongst us of the breed and kind used in such aristocratic business, and the natural consequence was that the whole affair ended in what the sporting scribe would probably term a fiasco, but which I, who have only a limited acquaintance with modern sporting phraseology, will say was the ridicule of ourselves and the disgust of the spectators.

In such deplorable circumstances as these, the frost came as a positive relief to the tedium of dismal walks in the country, perpetual haunting of the billiard-room, and dissertations concerning the merits of the books we could get from the circulating library. The women-folk were in ecstasies at the mere prospect of a lengthened frost, and the inspection and furbishing up of skates

proved a welcome and wonderful lightening of labour to such of us as had too much of our time exacted in attendance upon the fair sex. Now indeed was the winter of our discontent made glorious by this cruel destroyer of the comfort of general households, and the determination to have a day among the wild fowl in the marshes seized upon many of us like an epidemic; for, I have forgotten to say, we were by the extremely sad sea waves in a proverbially dull-in-winter watering-place, and had been subjected to the ravages of a terrible north-easterly wind for months. I fear that for the nonce the potency of female charms fell considerably beneath zero; at any rate, certain it is that a mania fell upon the more masculine of the male portion of our little society, and nothing but the gun was talked of as the one desideratum for enjoyment at the time. Of dogs, besides innumerable fox-terriers of various qualifications, and two right good black retrievers—which, however, by some strange obliquity of vision on the part of the judges, failed to attract the notice and appreciation they deserved at the late canine exhibition at the Alexandra Palace—we had none. But that mattered not in the least, as dogs of any kind, when the shooting is actually onward are of very little if of any service at all in marshes of the description we were about to try. In very severe weather, I believe this is the experience of most sportsmen, and unless a dog is under the most complete command, is as hard as nails, and has a nose of more than vulturine olfactoriness, he is better in his kennel than as companion to the gunner whose happy sporting ground is the bogs in frosty weather.

Wisps of wild duck and ‘gargles’ of wild geese had been seen and heard by the ‘longshore-men’ flying overhead for nights past, and in short it was universally thought that Reculvers would be full of wild-fowl of every known and unknown description. To make matters more exciting, and to give even a greater zest to the time and the occasion, a bittern had been shot near there, and another found dead in the snow in Blean Wood; a sheldrake had been picked up by a fisherman at Hampton (a hamlet near our residence), and another extraordinary specimen of the migratory feathered tribe bagged along the coast, the scientific name of which no man amongst us was ornithologically learned enough to decide. These facts—the whole of the specimens were on view, previous to stuffing, at the principal hotel—were sufficient to arouse the now dormant sporting nature in us, and it is arguing against nature to suppose that all of us could refrain from sallying forth for a raid upon the wild-fowl in the Reculvers marshes. Besides, there had been a liberal-minded and wealthy Londoner down here for the benefit of his health, who had frequently expressed his desire to have a basket of such produce as the Kentish coast afforded at this time of year, and among other delicacies had professed his singular appreciation of the virtues discoverable in a wild goose. It would have been downright ingratitude not to endeavour to gratify his gastronomic propensities under the circumstances, for, being of a convivial nature, he had given us

many an opportunity of—as he phrased it—‘putting our legs under ‘his mahogany.’

Fearing the danger of a multitude of guns, and knowing that the marshes would have a cloud of visitors from the adjoining towns and villages, I made up my mind to go out at ‘cock light’ without making my intentions known, and in company only with a young mechanic of the town, whose knowledge of the coast, acquaintance with the gun and its machinery, and dexterity in the use of his fists rendered him a highly desirable companion in an adventure of this kind. No powder! Will it be believed that not an ounce of this indispensable compound was obtainable at any shop in the place? A cargo, however, was expected by the earliest conveyance, and we bought a sufficiency in time to get away soon after daylight.

‘I should like to have a pop at the Beltinge fox,’ said my friend; ‘the beggar has been committing any amount of depredations, and ‘somehow the hounds have never been able to run him.’

Unfortunately, we heard that this redoubtable fox had come to an untimely and ignominious end at the hands of a chawbacon, after a short life of unrighteousness and infamy around the neighbourhood. We should have felt no sort of compunction in shooting him, though thoroughly detesting vulpecidism, after hearing and reading the atrocious and cowardly character he had gained and the ignoble life he had led in the village.

We were compelled to diverge somewhat from the shore, and the result for us of a great deal of popping along the line was the bagging of a couple of rabbits and—mention it not in Gath—a splendid hare. A gentleman in velveten leggings followed us into the marshes, having heard the unavoidable reports necessary to these glorious results, and made minute and even impertinent inquiries as to the contents of our game bag—inquiries which it is not perhaps necessary to say we did not truthfully though satisfactorily answer. Sundry successful discharges at the agriculturist’s pet enemy, the rook, appeared to convince ‘leggings’ far more powerfully than any explanations could do that we were really only bent upon the collection of such birds as were destroyers of grain, and such as could actually be denominated specimens of East Kent ornithology. A jack snipe was our next trophy, and presently a brace of fine common specimens in tip-top condition and splendid plumage. A widgeon lean and light to a disgusting degree, but strong enough, notwithstanding, to take the entire discharge of our double barrels, also fell to our lot before we had fairly entered the grand arena known as the Reculver marshes, whereinto Margate, Broadstairs and Herne Bay had sent forth all such of their stalwart sons as had an old musket or bunderbuss to shoulder, and withal a certificate to empower them to use it.

‘Look up!’ shouted my brother in arms, and before the words were well out of his mouth, bang, bang went both of his barrels at one of a number of black geese, which came on flying over our heads, not in Indian file, as is their ordinary custom, but all a-breast,

though in the vernacular, 'slantindicularly.' I followed suit instanter, and had the satisfaction of bagging a fine bird—*nigro simillima cygno*—after a second shot. Not so fortunate was my companion. The victim of his fire was disputed by a young countryman of a stature which commanded a certain respect, and a countenance in which ferocity was combined with cunning—a style of physiognomy by no means uncommon in a country, or rather in a kingdom, reigned over once upon a time by a certain Withered, whose ignorance was so great that his signature to his grants consisted of a cross, after the manner of the celebrated Bill Stumps in 'Pickwick.'

'That's my goose,' says he, and is in the act of stepping forward to pick it up.

'How can that be, you' (complimentary epithets), 'when you know you fired at another bird at quite the other end of the flight?'

'I wish I had a mate, I know, and you shouldn't have that blooming goose, the pair on ye, though you do fancy yourselves somebody this morning.'

'Mate be blowed,' said my friend, breathing fierce defiance, and looming large in the gathering fog like a resuscitated Homeric hero; 'mate be blowed, I say. Look here, don't let that stand in the way. If you say this ain't our bird, and you can take it away from me, put down your gun and we'll settle the matter in no time.'

'You know blooming well it's my bird.'

'You are a blooming liar. Your bird is flying off there now, and 'is tail bird of the column.'

The youth remonstrated no longer, but retired, like another Achilles, sullenly to his tent, or possibly to the nearest 'pub.,' there to vent his sorrows to his tap-room companions, and to swear direful vengeance against us if we should ever again dare to show our dishonoured faces in the marshes. His wrath we eventually appeased in the King Ethelbert Inn, at Reculvers, on our return, and we have good reason to hope from the potent libations poured forth to offended bucolicism, that the adventure regarding the black goose is forgotten, or at all events condoned. Philosophical memorandum: Always lay claim to possession of a bird when many guns are popping, and reflect how many speculative proprietors has every bird on such occasions.

Gulls were below our notice, or we might have secured any number, and no doubt in that manner have gained from gastronomic London credit for having supplied a certain table with hitherto unheard of delicacies. I wonder what opinion would have been passed upon the Beltinge fox if we could have cut him up and cured him, and sent him up to our metropolitan friend as an East Kent rarity. I have seen a dead fox hung up at a poultry stall in Leadenhall Market, and have often speculated unsatisfactorily as to what might have been his ultimate destiny, knowing how anxious are the tradesmen of that remarkable emporium to turn everything into cash.



Bang, bang! again goes my friend's double-barrel, this time, as it appeared to me, firing into space.

'What, in Satan's name, are you firing at, man?'

'Didn't you see 'em?' inquires he. 'There they go, clouds of 'em, right across the "deek."'

Sure enough there they went across the dyke—*vulgo*, deek—and a cloud of 'em, as he said, of which he had brought to book some eight or ten.

'Why,' said I, 'they are jack snipe,' which I knew must be an impossibility, never having seen a 'cloud' of those wary little creatures before in any marsh.

'No, no; 'Awksy birds, I tell you.'

'Awksy birds! I never heard of such things.'

'Well, I don't justly know what their proper name may be, but that's what we always call 'em about here.'

'Good to eat?'

'I should just think they are just.'

So precisely were these like the jack snipe in plumage, size, and length of bill, that I might well have been mistaken, but I was glad to be assured they were eatable, and also that apparently they were so easy of capture. I am as yet in ignorance of their family title, and have looked in vain for their description in several books which ought to have supplied me with the necessary information. Seeing no chance of much more sport among the geese, I inquired where we were most likely to get a supply of these extraordinary little birds, thinking that beyond a doubt my friend in London would consider them rare specimens of the snipe tribe, and appreciate them accordingly, while being sure that the cooking would be perfect.

'Coldharbour Sluices is the place to go to,' said he with greater truth than grammar; and to Coldharbour Sluices we agreed to wander, otherwise I verily believe we should have been inadvertently shot if we had remained where we then were much longer, as the crowd of gunners grew thick and threefold. Another brace of wild geese fell to our artillery, however, before we reached the favourite spot.

Here, of a truth, we had little else to do than load and fire, so plentiful were the 'Awksy birds' before, behind, and around us. Still we did not bag such numbers as our firing warranted, the fact being that quantities of them dropped in the mud and slush, out of which it was impossible to pick them. The plan would have been to have had more hands, and to have kept the game flying where we could drop them on firmer soil. However, as it was, we had no reason to complain of the sport we had, nor of the number of birds we procured. At any rate the London connoisseur declares he never before enjoyed such glorious eating as these same 'Awksy birds' afforded him and his wife, and that he infinitely preferred them to the snipe proper, the hare, the rabbits, or the geese. The last-mentioned we knew would have an ancient, but were glad to hear had neither a fish-like smell nor taste.

'What a pity,' said I, 'we cannot shoot a woodcock.'

'Ah, that is a bird I never did shoot, but the thing has been done, and near here, too, before to-day.'

Before we reached Reculvers proper we did actually see and shoot at that *rara avis*, a woodcock, but like many more, or most of the sportsmen of these parts this winter, we did not bring him down. To make amends for this lamentable shortcoming, however, we procured a brace of pheasants with silver shot in order duly to complete the London basket.

The walk home was miserable in the extreme; but this we minded not, nor perhaps should have cared encountering in the least, had King Ethelbert showed greater hospitality, and charged less for what after all was meagre fare. Historical and much visited as the towers of the celebrated 'Twin Sisters' are probably ever destined to be, and interesting as must always be a visit to the spot rendered memorable in history as the Court of King Ethelbert, and the original seat of English Christianity, it is to be regretted, in the interest of the general British public, that only the most inadequate means are provided for their accommodation. At present, or rather at the time of our adventure, I hear that the inn has passed into new hands, and possibly under more liberal administration; so great has been the drawback to the place in this respect, that even the postboys and landau drivers of the district make it their business to recommend strangers to eschew the place altogether, and choose some other locality for a day's outing. Those who have the hardihood to go there after frequent warnings become literally so disappointed, not to say disgusted, that they all solemnly vow never again to repeat the visit.

Weary, bedraggled, and footsore as we were on our return, we were easily forgiven for having 'given the slip' to our circle, and we took good care not to show them the full extent of our bag, nor to descant upon the peculiar delicacies of 'Awksy birds.' It sufficed for them that the making of a basket of coast-line produce in East Kent meant tremendous exercise, if not fatigue, with the hazard of laying in a stock of rheumatism for the remainder of the season. Their notion is theoretical rather than practical, and though well content with old Holcroft to sing:

'Though sweetly reposing,  
The sportsman hates dosing,  
And joins in the song of the lark as he wakes;  
Pure nature admiring,  
The fresh breeze inspiring,  
Pursuing his game blooming health he o'ertakes.

His eye keen and ready,  
His hand quick and steady,  
He wings the young pheasant, brings down the swift hare;  
His time thus employing,  
No moment is cloying,  
His day spent in pleasure, his night void of care,'

they have no sort of notion of encountering the bitter blasts of the north-easter, and the terrible travelling 'amid snow and ice' through the marshes in a winter like that through which we are passing. *Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* Our exploit is commendable to the uninitiated only so far as the marsh shooting is concerned; for although we pulled through scatheless, I would not advise anybody to 'try flax' immediately around here without previously obtained permission.

SIRIUS.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

WE left our neophyte in the last chapter under the charge of Larry the Lassoer, whose mate and co-runner was popularly known as Rory the Wrecker. The latter was a bit of a wit, by the way, and would wing a repartee as readily as he could leap with his rebellious young hunter off the top of a seven-foot bank, as the following specimen will show. A young gentleman who was reputed rich—and probably was, as he knew the value of a shilling to the last farthing—had often had sundry good offices done him by Rory in the hunting field and out of the hunting field, in acknowledgment of which the youth tendered much verbal gratitude, but never attested it in that concrete form of a florin or half-crown, so intelligible to the vulgar understanding. One day Rory probably saved his life, or his bones at any rate, by catching his horse, who was dragging him on the ground, and seemed maddened with fright. This he did by the exhibition of nerve and coolness which are often much to seek when, as the poet tells us, they are wanted fifty-fold. 'By Jove,' said our young friend when he had pulled himself together and was able to remount, 'Rory, you deserve the Victoria Cross for your gallantry.' 'Troth, yer anner,' quoth the latter, 'I don't know 'so much about the Victoria Cross; the Victoria crown would suit 'the likes of me better;' a strong hint, and in this case—for there was an audience—not thrown away.

In his walks with these men our neophyte had got a good deal of insight into the difficulties and dangers of an Irish country, and learnt that lesson which many of his countrymen only acquire after some very painful and costly experiences, not to despise your enemy or overrate your means of overcoming him; while he had made another immense step in his Irish studies which would be sure to tell in his hunting campaign, namely, when you are living in the land of the Cornies, Larries, and Thadies (the saintly Cornelius, Lawrence, and Thaddæus) not to behave as the venerable Hebrew would have done had he not been admonished by special vision of his duty in that respect, but to treat the Paddies you come in contact with as good fellows till you found them the reverse—a course which, like virtue in the copy-book, brings its own reward with it.

But autumn was now 'flaunting his banner of gold,' and the first regular appointment with the Ward Union Staghounds was only a few hours distant. Let us travel with him from the muddy metropolis of Ireland—dear, dirty Dublin—to Ashbourne, where this famous pack of staghounds are kennelled, while the stags and hinds that set them in motion have their paddocks and sheds hard by, and about a dozen good seasoned hunters form a sort of connecting-link between the hounds and haviers. On his way to the meet in the *dos-à-dos* car of the period and country which, abused as it may be, combines a good many hunting desiderata—speed, lightness, economy, safety and sociability, minus some drawbacks and inconveniences to which a cheerful campaigner soon accustoms himself, was pointed out to our friend by a seasoned Jarvie, the principal obstruction which beset the path of progress and enterprise in these delightful dairy districts. 'That's 'the lock of the bay, captain,' as he pointed to a chasm which serpented into the fields on either side of the northern road, seemingly fathomless in depth, and with its marly side covered in places with a tangle of thick bushes and brambles, adding an extra horror to 'the 'Great Divide' which stretched its gaping lips some seventeen or eighteen feet apart. 'It's the horriddest lep I know,' went on the garrulous Jehu, 'and I'd be thinkin' the man who'd put his baste at 'the loikes of that would be only fit for Dr. Eustace, of Finglas. 'An English captain, they say, lepped it wid an English-bred horse 'from side to side and bank to bank—one Cotton—and I suppose 'light as a ball of cotton too, but faix, I niver seed him.' The Captain's experience in a few months taught him that no fence or fortification is stronger than its weakest place, and that there are a few much smaller spots than the black terror seen from the road—in fact, as somebody said afterwards, 'the Wards had the key of 'this lock.'

The Ward River did not impress him half so much, for the Nen, the Smite, the Soar, and the Whissendine were all familiar to his recollection and practice.

As he neared Ashbourne the multitudes of carriages and horsemen became perfectly astonishing. The story goes that Curran, the counsellor, when asked by a friend in the tobacco trade who had made mints of money, for a suitable legend for the coat of arms he was getting painted for his new carriage, replied, off-hand, *Quid rides*. Now there were traps innumerable, and horsemen in their hundreds, all converging towards the scene of this great hunting function, and the festive rites which preceded the chase of the stag. For the Ward Union executive threw open their club-house to all comers on this special occasion and the wine of Xeres and the barley-bree of the Jamesons washed down the barons of beef and tempting turkeys that filled the long tables and tressels laid in every part of the house.

The feast was over in Branksome towers, and the fork breakfast was finished ere the hour-hand of the stable clock had reached 2 p.m.

'Hounds, gentlemen! hounds, gentlemen!' cries that splendid old veteran, Charlie Brindley, as on an airy flea-bitten grey he leads forth his fifteen couple of staghounds, preceded by his son Jem, the first whip, who was riding a thick-set, well-bred chesnut mare; in five minutes a column of horsemen was formed, who turned down a lane about a quarter of a mile from the kennels, while the carriages adhered to the highway. The leading files of the mounted folk were working through a gate, when a crash of melody burst on those jammed up behind, and seemed to have such an electrifying effect on all that the gate was forgotten, and a straight bank that barred them from the pack was instantly charged. Our friend, who had not joined the merry-makers, determined to see all he could and learn as much hunting and riding lore as might be picked up, had kept the red-coats—who in this hunt generally mean the committee-men and habitués—in view, and was near enough to get through the gate early; but quick as he was in starting, there were fully thirty in front of him, most of whom had got over the first little fence, a bank guarded by growing thorns, with a ditch of about seven feet wide on the far side, and only one horse had so far declined. Our friend's horse was pulling double, and it looked odds on his trying to clear the bank, thorns, and ditch in his stride. But here training came in; his young hunter changed his feet on the top, and with a fresh spring carried him well into the next field. Fortunately this was a very large one, and dipped towards its centre, as if a brook flowed through. It was not a brook, but an old draining cut, which cattle tracks had widened and poached on both banks, so that a happy spot for landing and a good take-off were to be much hoped for. Our neophyte was unhappy in both, and his horse landed on his head and then turned on his side. But he had gained the right bank, and in a second he was going again, following the men in front of him towards a tempting iron gate, which, however, proved solidly bound by a rusty chain and padlock, while the ash plants carried by most riders were not weapons to assail such a defence. A laneway was beyond, but a thick hedge-row barred the way, while some masonry, of the same height as the spiked gate, was let into the bank for a few yards on either side. You could scramble up the bank sideways, but from the top of the mason work there was a drop of fully nine feet on to the lane, and nothing but a very bold confident hunter would attempt it.

Charlie Brindley and Jem had spotted a passage between two trees, where by ducking their heads they could drop sideways into the ditch, and take their chance of its depth. They got over the former with a scramble—the latter with a fall, though a mild one, while of the fifty who had come up to the gate, only three had succeeded in jumping or sliding down; our friend was on the top. His horse was keen to go on, but nervous, and, sooth to say, the position was no pleasant one—a lane in front, your horse rearing on top of an embankment, and nine feet of drop below. At this instant Larry the Lassoer came up—the *Deus ex machina* of the occasion—and saw the

situation at a glance; in an instant he had thrown his rope-swivel up to the Captain, who fastened it to the bridoon; having first jumped off, and putting his forelegs well down the wall, the gallant horse sprang down, conscious of new powers within him. By galloping along the lane for half a mile our hero came in with the pack, who had run about a mile by themselves, and were now turning into a beautiful country of banks and ditches, and few thorns, and in ten minutes more he was aiding a heavy weight from Kildare, and three or four more to catch the deer, who had soiled in a cattle pond. Thirty-five minutes, and a field reduced to fifteen was the state of affairs; but as second horses had been sent to the kennels by a few, a second deer was enlarged, who took a small corps of followers for twenty-five minutes over a much wilder country where gorsed banks abounded, and our hero attempting a line of his own, came to grief very early, by jumping on to one of these high banks, on the far side of which was a bit of bog, into which his impetuous horse (a second one) jumped over his girths. Those riding near him turned their horses on top of the bank till they reached a place where the gravel showed, and into this they dropped quietly, and through a field behind now picked up the hounds by degrees, but our friend, who emerged after ten minutes as black as a Christy Minstrel, with his horse's hocks sprung, realised what he had heard about Irish hunting and riding. *Que va piano va sano e va lontano.*

I have purposely antedated the experiences of our *jeune premier*, for the purpose of introducing Charlie Brindley, who so long held the horn of the Ward Union hounds, and only succumbed to the fell sergeant a couple of years ago, when his son James, popularly known as 'Jem,' succeeded to the paternal office by virtue of merit as well as influence. In watching these two fine riders, who seemed to cross the biggest county in the world with little apparent effort on the part of themselves or their hunters, our friend learned that one of the secrets of their success was picking the line of country quickly *yourself*, sticking to it if at all practicable, but never hurrying a horse, who is doing all he can to obey your behests, for when he is in a difficult position, *head* is required. Charlie Brindley was English to the backbone, but no man worked a fair horse better over a big county. The wrecker gave good advice in telling his patron to watch Mr. Morrogh. He did so, and by permission followed that admirable horseman, who seems sometimes to ride his fences *stickily*, but seldom misses a forward position in a quick scurry, and has held his own with all comers, meeting the very best of the shire men occasionally for more than a generation, and who, when transplanted suddenly to a new country and wholly different surroundings, holds his own (at least) with the best. It was from Mr. Morrogh's example that he learnt, after a year or two, what extraordinary things and acrobatic feats can be performed by high-couraged hunters when not hustled or bustled at their fences.

*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*, says the Gallic proverb, so our friend, who followed the colours in many lands, found

himself, after a few years, a free man, and in Ireland again, and as Ireland means hunting, he profited by his early initiation, and put together a strong stud during the summer months in which all were working bees, and no drones were allowed to stay long. After a couple of years' experience, and much wandering about in quest of horses and sport, the conclusion he came to was that, while Limerick, Galway, and Roscommon were charming counties to ride over, the best school of all was to be found in that wide area where Meath, Dublin, and Kildare unite their frontiers, and that on the occasions of the best meets with the Meath and Kildare foxhounds, and the Ward Union staghounds, perhaps the brightest examples of fine riding and hard riding were to be seen, for the fields with these packs were recruited from cosmopolitan sources, and knew nothing of the bigotry which occasionally marks local or provincial packs. He was delighted to find that Britons, Northern and Southern, quite held their own in the hunting fields of Midland and Eastern Ireland, where they were warmly welcomed. That if Major Malone and Messrs. Meldon and Chapman were hard to beat in a flat country, their seventeen stone notwithstanding, Captain Hartopp and Mr. Harper were not easy to shake off. That if Mr. Harry Croker was *primus inter pares* in Limerick, Mr. J. O. Trotter saw, perhaps, more of the working of hounds in a season than any man that could be named, and withal so quietly and unostentatiously that the performance seemed the simplest thing in life. That if Johnny Walsh's flight into the Duhallow country was like that of a bird, Will Matthews and Frank Goodall were seldom far from their hounds when running their hardest, while it was generally recognised that Stephen Goodall had been the best man recollected in Kildare, while in Meath and Dublin it was generally conceded that certainly among their best performers was a young Englishman whose hunting experiences were but of a few seasons, and an American Pole, who proved himself in his first month or two 'a rum 'one to follow, a hard one to beat.'

He found out, too, that good as Irish hunters generally proved in England, the converse was occasionally (though more rarely) illustrated in Ireland, and when asked his opinion about the relative difficulties in the path of pursuit in the two countries, he candidly admitted that, awesome as Irish fences appeared, and were, very often, there was nothing in Ireland so terribly appalling as the combination of timber and plough recurring constantly.

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## NOTES FROM THE STAG-HUNTING COUNTRY.

IN my last I made an end of the doings with Baron Rothschild's Staghounds, as far as their initiatory proceedings were concerned, and showed what they can do in early autumn on the hills, as well as in some sort what the pack was like, and the manner of men who hunt with them. Now a more serious theme awaits me, and I hasten to redeem my promise of giving a brief outline of some of

their sport in the Vale, where, as the days lengthen, the sun loses its influence, and November rains and fogs descend, you soon find that, unless your horse is made of the very best stuff, and you have taken care to have him in condition fit to go for the Liverpool, that he will object to gallop on across the tenacious pastures, but not, perchance, to fall into the ditches that always bound them. Did not the notes in my diary assure me of the fact, I could scarcely believe that I did not meet the Baron's between November the 1st, when we had the good run from Tring Park, recorded in my last article, and December the 6th, when the meet was at Wingbury. Even then the leaf was not quite so much off though as we should have liked to have seen it in the Vale, so that it was quite early enough to essay going across that somewhat intricate country. Amongst those present at the meet were Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower, Colonel and Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Wroughton, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. W. Drake, Mr. and Miss Cazenove, Mr. Redfern, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Willie Fitt, Mr. Smith, Mr. Pain, Mr. Williams, Mr. James, Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Cook, Mr. Wollhead, Mr. King, &c., &c.

The deer was turned in a meadow in front of the house, but it was a long time before he could make up his mind to go, and in fact he seemed more inclined to fraternize with the carriage company and foot people for a time, than to set his head over the open. At length he did make for the hill, when he was chased by a cur dog, which did not improve matters, although he was not turned from his course, and finally went away to Ledburn. When the hounds were laid on we had a pretty piece of hunting in the meadows, which the occupants of Mr. Pain's house must have had a capital view of, and then they settled down to work with a will as soon as they were clear of the stain of the dog which had chased the deer, and rattled away right merrily to the left of Ledburn. The ground was deep, and even thus early falls had commenced, and horses could be had for the trouble of catching them. There looked like danger as the hounds crossed the line, for a pilot engine was seen advancing, but luckily it was stopped in time, and no harm done. On they went to Grove Mill at a right merry pace, where the canal was safely crossed, and a ford took us over the brook, by the way, though, nearly letting one man in for a ducking, and then they ran along the meadows, where, as the waters were rather out, the drains and watercourses were by no means pleasant to get over, as it was impossible to tell exactly where they were situated. Thus Leighton Locks were reached, where our stag had waited for us. He now took the tow-path, and, as the Devonshire men would say, 'backed it' to Grove Mill once more, and there stood at bay like Fitzjames in the 'Lady of the Lake,' and looked as if he was mentally saying

'Come on, come all, this mill shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.'



Of course we all thought he was going to be taken, and that our fun was over, but, as Red Rube said of a stag, 'tis a creatur three parts con-trariness, and only a quarter venison. Why, even I can't always tell ye where to find 'un nor which road he'll think well to travel, nor how fur he'll go.' This deer carried out his maxim to the letter, for just as we thought he was about to be taken, he changed his mind, and thought it would be more advisable to run a bit farther. Indeed, from this point, the fun may be said to have begun, for he first set his head for Slapton, and then bending rightwards, selected a country that was quite deep enough and stiff enough to please most of us, to Horton. Still, the canal always seemed to run in his mind, and he would not leave it until it brought him up to the 'Brownlow Arms,' about a mile's distance from the village of Ivinghoe, where he took refuge, and was at length safely secured. A very fair run, as the condition of the horses testified, for he had brought us along sharp for an hour and ten minntes, and I fancy very few wanted much more of it. Not of course equal, by any means, to some we have since had, and which I shall presently relate, but still a very enjoyable affair, and one by no means to be looked down upon or despised.

I now come to a day long to be remembered, and, as Horace would have said, marked with a white stone. This was Monday, December 13th, when the Baron's met at Cublington. The morning gave little promise, for it was rough in the extreme, and threatened rain; but sport does not depend on the weather so much as many people imagine, and I have seen hounds run equally well at times amidst wind, rain, snow, clouds of dust, or bright sunshine. Neither did the evil looks of the morning prevent a large field getting together. Cublington is a rather curious little village, situated somewhere about half-way between Leighton and Aylesbury, and in consequence in some of the very best of the country hunted by these hounds, that is if you reckon the goodness of a country by the size of its fences and the security with which the gates are fastened up, for here they, as a rule, either locked them or else nailed a stout pole across from post to post on the top, no doubt a capital invention for keeping in cattle, but by no means conducive to the comfort of those who want to see hounds, and at the same time are not particularly anxious to ride. Such men have no business in the Vale, you will say, kind reader, and you are right. They had better take their diversion in a different style of country. Nevertheless, the view from the field in which the deer was uncarterd would charm any man here, even if he knew that he could not ride a yard over it. Such an expanse of green spread out before him, such a succession of extensive pastures, field upon field, meets the eye, until you cannot distinguish the boundaries and their fences; they look nothing until you come at them. I must admit that a close acquaintanceship, however, is not so pleasant.

Let us suppose our deer gone, the pack laid, and that we are charging hot foot after them across the undulating pastures towards

the Creslow, that is, many of us ; but why are the rest sheering off at a tangent, and not riding straight on the line of hounds ? We shall see that they have a good and sufficient reason anon. Aye, there it comes, the hounds are evidently leaping something in what appears a level plain ; the man nearest them leaps also, and goes on his way rejoicing, so does another, and another ; a fourth disappears with a splash. Ah ! by Jove, it's the brook, and those fellows have sheered off to a bridge. 'I wish I had known it,' is the thought, but it is too late to retreat now. Is it ? The nag says No, as he comes round a point and all but unships us, just putting another man out of his stride, and causing him to slither into it. How he must have cursed us could we have stayed to hear it ! Some lead over, or try to, and only find themselves out of the frying-pan into the fire ; one horse looks very much like being drowned, and in the meantime the bounds, the choice few who got over, and the cunning division, are sailing away on the right side, while the rest of us are on the wrong. Luckily we discover that there is a ford in the next field ; make an almost simultaneous rush through a gap to reach it, wade through, and once more have faint hopes of catching them. Chance favours us, for when the hounds had run by Creslow Green, and back to Littlecot South Farm, they checked, and, as Nimrod said, 'head and tail got together once more.' I think we who had been thrown out were rather inclined to push to the front then, just to show that we were there, and, as it were, insinuate that we *had been there*. When Cox had hit off his deer he ran on to Stewkley, and then turned back once more for Cublington. Luckily for many of us he did not have a second turn at the brook, but made his way to Littlecot South Farm, and there subsided in one of the blackest ditches I ever saw in my life. I do not think there were many volunteers to help get him out and take him, and I am too thankful that it did not fall to my share to do so. I shall never forget his appearance, or that of the hounds either. As this run had not occupied more than three-quarters of an hour, of course it was much too early to think of going home, especially as there was a second deer in the cart all handy. For the two-horse men this was, of course, all very well, they could undertake another journey with impunity, but those with only one were scarcely wise, as the event proved, to stay. Nevertheless, most of them did so, very few, I believe, turning their backs on the hounds. In fact, the first run was scarcely enough to satisfy a voracious appetite, and yet just a little too much if there was a second course to come. But it is seldom we get things exactly to our minds in this world.

Fortunately for us, our second deer had altogether different views as to the most eligible line of country to be traversed, from the first altogether ; and although there was the brook which, like the Circumbendibus in 'Ask Mama,' seems to pervade the whole country, there was a bridge also close at hand, and when he was across it, ignoring the line toward Whitchurch which he first of all seemed inclined to patronise, he came round towards Weadon, and lo ! there

was the brook again. Most had, however, experienced quite enough of its welcome by this time, although a few did essay the venture, and I think for the most part got in; while the rest found a ford, and so steered clear of death by drowning. Hounds ran on the Lillies, where they checked for a second or two, but hit it off again across the road, and getting their noses down we had slow hunting to Quarrendon; there scent and pace improved, and they took a good bit of living with as far as Aylesbury, for the country was as big a one as any man need wish to ride over. Having just skirted Aylesbury, and let us in for some timber-jumping at the railway, to be followed by a stiff fence and what a friend of mine would call a young brook on the other side, which it took a pretty good stride and swing to get over, for the brook was not so very young after all when you got a good look at it, they led us on in the direction of Hartwell. Then he turned back for the town of ducks and butter once more, but still never going right into it, the deer turned his head for Stoke; and as the scent was now by no means breast-high, those who are really fond of seeing hounds hunt had a real treat, as they chimed along and stuck to the line like flies to sugar. On over the railway, which until a little gate-smashing had been done formed some impediment to our onward progress, to Stoke Farm they went. And there our deer altered his line, and thinking he might as well give us a little more big jumping, made away to Turwick and Nash Lee, where the scent had been almost trodden out by a lot of foot people from some neighbouring buildings running over it, and our nags were in consequence allowed a few minutes to turn their wind. This check was much needed, for there was hot work yet in store for us when the line was made good, and any dallying with circumstances after this was altogether out of the question. There was no crowd now to give you an excuse for not going, as to being shut out, crossed, or jostled; room enough for all that were left, my masters, for most had declined at Aylesbury, and those few becoming fewer every minute. What a country it was up to World's End, and how hounds raced over it, and how those who still had powder enough to be there enjoyed it, albeit with fear and trembling, for they did not know how soon the end may come, not of the run, but of their horses. A glance round showed something under a dozen still left in front, including Fred and Mark Howcott, two or three more just within hail, and the rest nowhere. Wendover was no doubt our stag's point, but a man turned him from it and he turned for Halton Reservoir, bringing some of the biggest fences we had seen all day into the line at last, and in the reservoir he soiled, sheltering himself in some reeds, and by that time the field was reduced to eight. Two of them had ridden the same horses through both runs, one had joined the chase half-way, and the remainder were on second horses, or, for all I know, third. A few more came in afterwards, but not more than a dozen, all told, I think, could claim to have seen anything of the finish. What a finish it was, as the hounds roused their stag once more from his shelter and forced him to swim out into the

reservoir while they swam around and after him, throwing their tongues now and again, while the fierce wind swept great waves over both pursuers and pursued. Two boats were soon out to take him, manned by a couple of men each, but it was so rough that they could make no headway, and had to put back and place all hands in one boat to enable her to contend with it. Once the deer left the water and ran a short circle, but luckily for all he was so beaten that he had to return to it again; for had he broken away the hounds must have gone alone, as I don't think there was a horse there that had another ten minutes left in him, not even after the respite they had. At length the boats took him and towed him in, and thus ended a very fine run of two hours up to the time he soiled in the reservoir, much of it beautiful hunting, and parts quite as fast as either man or horse wanted to go. The few who were at the end were well taken care of at Mr. Cyril Flowers' lodge ere they set out on their homeward journey, and I need not add that the good things provided were amply appreciated after such a day as this, both by man and horse, the more especially as a few of us had to do somewhat more than a Sabbath-day's journey ere our horses could enjoy their comforts of their own boxes and we could be by our own firesides. They have had better runs since even than this, but we must have been the most discontented of mortals if we had not gone home satisfied after such a day. Monday, December 20th, at Dunton, was no go, for the ground was so bad that they dare not turn out; and so I had a chat with Fred Cox at Ascot, and then turned my horse's head homeward again.

Monday, December 27th, the Baron's met at Wingrave, where Mr. Stewart Freeman, so well known on the Brighton road, and who has for so many years hunted in the Vale, now resides, having since last season left bachelorhood and the snug quarters of the Hunt Hotel for the charms of married life and an establishment of his own. I need not say what sort of a welcome was extended to one and all when the hounds met at his place, for all who know him will imagine that better than I can describe it, so that I may as well pass on at once to the doings of the day. The morning was anything but a hunting one in appearance, for the ground lay thick with snow. Although there could be no doubt that it was thawing, yet as I rode on to the meet the farther northward I went the better it got, until at last it had disappeared altogether. Yet there was still a heavy fog hanging over head to militate against hunting, and who could say whether or no the frost was out of the ground on the north sides of the fences? However black things may look, it did not prevent a fair number getting together at Wingrave, and amongst those present were Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Cyril Flower, Mr. and Miss Cazenove, Mr. H. J. Chinnery, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Sands, Mr. Arthur Lucas, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Pettit, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Cook, &c., &c. After some little delay the deer was uncartered, and then we found that it was not so much

hard ground as deep that we had to fear, and it was very evident that between fog and mud, if hounds did run at all, it would take the very best of blood and condition under the lightest weights, and most scientific handling to live near them, and that there was very little fear indeed of any one overriding them. When the hounds were laid on they ran, luckily for us, at a good steady pace and nothing beyond it to Crafton and away on the left of Mentmore to the railway, where a great many, thinking the deer had gone on over it, it rattled away as hard as they could go to an archway in the corner of a meadow, thus hoping to take time by the forelock and secure a good start on the other side. Unfortunately for them, however, the deer did not cross, but having run the side of the line for some distance, turned up towards Mentmore. No one could blame them, however, for being in a hurry to get away, for in the state of country there was no such thing as catching hounds if you let them slip ever so little away from you. Jumping was almost out of the question, not because the ground was hard from frost, but because it was so deep that horses, after they had been going a little time, really could not rise from it; a few tried it certainly, but they were soon fain to give it up and come back into the ruck. The worst of it was, that even if you did not jump, the gateways were so deep that it was almost impossible to get through them, and I saw a man literally bogged some yards before he had reached one of them. Exmoor in its heaviest state could scarcely have been more trying to get over than the Vale was this day. How any one managed even to keep within hail of the hounds puzzled me then, and when I look back upon it in the past it puzzles me still more now. Having run up to Mentmore the hounds were stopped to give the deer a little more chance to get ahead, and sadly he must have needed it, poor fellow, for the deep ground tells on them as well as on the horses; not to the same extent, certainly, as they are not so heavy and, moreover, have nothing to carry but themselves; but still it does tell on them. When the hounds were let go again and a loose was given to their pent-up energies, what a pace they went to be sure. If it was difficult to live with them before it was doubly so now, and had not the railway come to our assistance, on which we got, and thus had firm ground to gallop on while they toiled along in the deep, I don't think many of us would have seen much more of them. This served us well as far as Marston Gate, but when that was reached and the hounds turned away for Hullcott we had to leave the friendly track and plunge into the sea of mud once more. Then what a change there was in the order of our going! How the gallop came back to a canter, the canter to a trot, and finally the trot to a walk, or in some cases a regular stop altogether! Instances of this kind of thing might have been seen in every field, and there was a long line of men posted, as it were, like sentinels, in the line of march we had taken, so that any one might have mapped out the run by the rank of beaten horses alone. Some also came nigh to the kennel boiler on that day; at least, one good-looking little bay who had been going

well in front, went near to realise that position. The pack had by this time almost disappeared from view and he had been struggling gamely on to keep with them; in fact, his rider averred that he had them all to himself for eight minutes, but how that may be I cannot answer for, as I was not near enough to see. However, he had not enough left in him to face the fence out of a field, but turned to an awfully deep gateway, through the mud of which he plunged nearly up to his girths, and that settled him. Half-way across the next field he struggled gallantly on, and then went down as if he had been shot, without another move left in him. It was useless to ask his rider which way the hounds were gone; he seemed so dazed that no coherent answer could be got out of him beyond the fact that he had been all alone with the pack, and so there we were forced to leave him to make the best of matters that he could; but I was very pleased to hear afterwards that the good little horse did not die in the field, but so far recovered as to be able to be moved, whatever his after-fate may have been. Holding on as best we may, we found that the deer had circled round again to Wingrave, and taken soil in a very deep pond not two hundred yards from the place where he was turned out. Poor fellow! the pace and deep ground had so beaten him that he sank at once as soon as he entered the water, and was drowned. A most unheard-of thing in stag-hunting as far as my experience goes, for, as a rule, if a deer can do nothing else he can swim, and oftentimes when they are apparently dead beaten they will soil and then come out again and go on quite fresh for a little way. This run was only an hour, but it seemed a lifetime to those who had to struggle through it; and I really think no one who was out would ever wish to hunt again with the ground in such a state as it then was. There were few, if any, falls, because scarcely any one was mad enough to attempt to jump, or at least only those who were on very powerful horses, just at first. And as I said, they soon gave it up. One man certainly bore marks of having been down, but it was quite as likely to have happened at a gateway as a fence, for when horses are in mud up to their shoulders one minute and their quarters the next, it is not a very easy thing for them to keep their legs. Altogether it was a day to be much remembered, but certainly not one of unalloyed pleasure.

I now come to what I think is the run of the season with these hounds, and although I was unfortunate enough not to see it myself, as I had my description of it from an eye-witness, one who was there, and, moreover, amongst the lucky few who saw the end, perchance I shall be excused if I give a brief outline of it, as I am convinced what was told to me can be thoroughly depended on. It happened on Thursday, December 23rd, and the meet was at Eythorpe. Of the best-known faces out, I may mention Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, Lord and Lady Clarendon, the Hon. Robert Grimston, the Hon. Kenelm Bouverie, Mr. Cyril Flower, Mr. John Foy, Mr. and Miss Cazenove, Mr. Green, Mr. Redfern, Mr. Arthur Lucas, Mr. Sands, Mr. Stewart Freeman, Mr. James, &c.

The turn-out took place near the house, and the deer at once led them away by the decoy pond at Gipsy Bottom, leaving it to the left hand, as well as Ham Green, and then took them over a magnificent country divided by fences that wanted a tremendous deal of jumping, to Edgocot Village. From here he ran to the left of the Claydon Woods, and on straight as a line to Twyford. Going between Chetwood and Gawcote, the former being on his left and the latter place on his right, he ran on to Finmore, beyond which my informant was out of his country and could say little as to the names of the places they ran by or through, save that he held on his course with scarcely a twist or turn to Billesdon Park, where they took him after a run of two hours and thirty-five minutes, and one of the very best ever seen in this or any other country. Only three reached the actual end of it, but many others went well as long as their powder lasted. As might well be imagined in a run of this length and over such a line, there was plenty of tumbling about, and I fear one or two got rather badly shaken, although no very serious damage was done as far as I was able to learn. The distance as measured on the map from point to point, must have been at least eighteen miles, and I think a little over. It was a pouring wet day, and of course every one was regularly soaked. Concerning this I heard a capital joke. A gentleman well known in the hunting-field, finding the plight he was in and knowing he had a very long ride before him, pulled up in Buckingham at a house with the owner of which he had sufficient acquaintance to excuse him in asking for a change of raiment, so that he might start home for the rest of his journey in dry things. If I heard aright the master was from home, and when the servant delivered his message there seemed a chance of the required loan being accorded by the lady of the house, but on second thoughts a message was sent that they had nothing that would fit him; so he was fain to ride on wet as he was. They had taken him for some one calling with nefarious intentions, and that was the cause of his being sent empty away. I suppose when the master returned things were explained, for a very ample letter of apology came the next day. However, it caused a good laugh, and I hope he was none the worse for his long ride in wet things. Thus ends the account of sport with the Baron's for 1880, and all must say that it ended brilliantly, and that throughout the record is a good one. Their fun, however, by no means ended with the old year, for although frost and snow have stopped many meets, when it has been open we have kept the ball rolling right merrily, as I hope to show my readers, if the Editor will allow me space for another article in a future paper, but at present I have run to the utmost limit allowable, and so must cry 'Hold, enough!' with the close of the year that is past. Still I may say that each week keeps adding something to the record of good runs, and whatever may be the case when this meets the eye of my readers, we are like Oliver, still hoping, if not asking, for more as good.

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE effect produced by Vanduara's triumphant career all round the coast last season shows itself in the quantity of work now going on at the northern yacht-building yards, which judging from the quantity of vessels now on the stocks should produce amongst the number something capable of lowering the colours of the mighty cutter, even as the Prince of Wales's beautiful *Formosa*, the heroine of 1879, fell a victim to the superior merits of last year's champion. Amongst the Isle of Wight contingent and south-country builders generally *Samœna* will of course be claimed to have rivalled the Scotch-built Vanduara, whose record at the greatest meetings of the season, those which take place in the Solent, was anything but a series of triumphs, though the year's calendar as a whole must, we think, be decided in favour of the northerner's claim.

Professional rowing as far as England is concerned appears in a state of coma, the unusual series of excitements provided towards the close of last year, and culminating in Hanlan's defeat of the gallant Laycock on the 14th of February, having it seemed demonstrated so utterly the present inferiority of the British Isles in matters aquatic, that watermen, or rather rowers for money, who nowadays are more frequently not apprenticed watermen, make no sign. On the Thames, Henry Thomas is probably the best man available just at present, anyhow he cannot get anyone to make a match, most decisive if unsatisfactory evidence of the estimation in which brother oarsmen hold him. Hanlan in the meantime is back home again in Toronto after a series of *fêtings* and entertainments in his honour at sundry points *en route*, and is not likely to be challenged by any of the English rowers at present discovered, however anxious Canadian or American professionals may show themselves to try conclusions with him. After the remarkable exhibition of pace and style exhibited by the wiry little Canuck it is worse than foolish to revive the notion, which if not entirely exploded should be promptly blown to pieces, that mechanical contrivances are a mistake in boat-pulling, and that a really good man does not require such adventitious aids. Granted that some of the best men of their time, a past one, have beaten all comers, in spite of faults in style which placed them at a marked disadvantage, this shows not the virtues of clumsiness, but how much they had in hand physically, to be able to win *malgré* such drawbacks; in the same way should nowadays a man whose trainer devotes little or no attention to perfect adjustment of work and utilising to the utmost modern ideas, beat a competitor equipped with mathematical accuracy, the result proves not necessarily the futility of modern ideas, but the natural superiority of the first-named performer, who may indeed by the way be incapable of adapting himself to the alteration in style which should accompany the new form of work. In addition to time-honoured prejudice, another factor which acts powerfully in maintaining stubborn conservatism, is that while availing themselves of modern appliances, such as swivels and slides, the men who honestly devote their energies to the adoption of these novelties, supposed by many qualified judges to be improvements of an important character, too often pay but the most superficial attention to adequately adapting the newly found mechanisms, and without careful adjustment either swivel-rowlock or sliding-seat cannot fail to be anything but sources of annoyance



to oarsmen. Nothing is easier or of more common occurrence than to abuse things of which a really exhaustive trial has not been made, and those who have tried inadequately are more often than not the men disposed to condemn recklessly.

During the somnolence of British rowing talent amateurs are active, and some of the principal associations on the Thames have already commenced their season. The fine body of oarsmen who derive their club's name from the river on which they principally exhibit, the Thames Rowing Club, are presumably now in full swing, their rowing year having commenced on the 19th ultimo with an eight-oared race and subsequent festivities. Mr. James Hastie, winner of numberless aquatic trophies, some more than once—the Grand, Stewards, and Pairs at Henley, to wit—again takes the post of Captain, and hopes to provide for his men another satisfactory season. The Twickenham Club opened the ball on the same day. They have elected a new captain, Mr. T. Cass, who succeeds Frank Eady, a man small in weight physically, but one whose earnestness of character and singleness of purpose in club interests made his behests obeyed by fellows twice his weight. Should the representative crews get the requisite amount of skilled tuition, there is no doubt that the Twickenham men should render a good account of themselves during the approaching summer. The London Club has again fortunately secured the services of Mr. Ben Horton as captain, though during the early spring there was some doubt as to his consenting to resume duties so arduous. The club is fortunate in his decision to continue the work, and may look forward hopefully to a successful season. At Kingston, where success has for some time been an affair *d'estime*, a new leaf has been opened on, and in Mr. Gurdon, the champion big good man of the C.U.B.C. for an unknown number of years, they have secured a man, perhaps the best to be dreamt of, as likely to wake up the K.R.C. Apart from physical qualifications for the post, his popularity must attract many desirable past-<sup>1</sup>Varsity oarsmen to the Surbiton red-and-white banner, so that their team at Henley should be indeed a powerful one. It only remains to be seen if the magnates collected will be able to adopt anything at all approaching uniform style. The Leander, too, are possible competitors for the Grand Challenge, though in their case the time of entry and the commencement of practice are generally almost simultaneous, so nothing can be known just at present, and the captain probably does not himself know.

*Apropos* of Henley, there are rumours of foreign invasion from all quarters of the globe, and we trust the report may prove correct, as nothing tends more to promote energy in all branches of sport than a prospect of international competition. There will, however, we hope be no cause for doubting the social status of our visitors, it being most undesirable to have anything like an encore of the disputes which occurred on the occasion of the 'Shoes' and G. W. Lee rowing at Henley, a point which was, in the case of the sculler at least, promptly settled in favour of the protestants by his very soon coming out as a full-blown professional on returning to America. The action of the regatta authorities is not always to be commended, but any steps which may be taken by them to prevent similar unpleasantness will, we are sure, have the cordial approval of the English rowing world.

The rival University crews have thus far not been seen together, and will indeed remain more than usually apart up to the end of their training, the Cantabs having forsaken Kingston, where for the last two years they practised for a week or so before settling at Putney, and this year taken up

their quarters since the 20th ult. at Fairfax House, Mortlake, an old-fashioned mansion close to the Ship Tavern. Their boats are kindly taken in by the Grove Park Club, whose boathouse, being just above the winning-post on the Middlesex shore, is most conveniently situated for the purpose. Under the surveillance of Mr. Benson, an old Blue winner in 1872 and 1873, they have been doing regular and steady work, and already show marked improvement, though faults of style are still very conspicuous, and thus far these individual errors show but the slightest signs of abatement, though the crew with increased practice has developed greater pace and certainly row better together. Feathering under water is a very general failing throughout the boat, as is a tendency to slide too soon and irregularly. It was the superiority in sliding which secured for Oxford so marked a success last year, a success which would have been even more marked but for the accident of a postponement from Saturday to Monday, which gave the Cantabs fifty hours' rest, an element of great importance to their chance, as they were decidedly overdone. This time they have at present erred, if at all—which we would not imply—on the side of lassiness, having scarcely done one severe day's work since their arrival at Mortlake. With young men who have yet to attain maturity these tactics are undoubtedly the correct ones, and if pursued to the end will result in Cambridge winning the race of 1881. Personally, however, there is much room for improvement. Bow, like most of his fellows, feathers under water, and the action of his arms is very ungainly. No. 2's body was described somewhat rudely, though correctly enough, as all of a heap, but we must not deny that in Sandford the boat has an undoubted hard-worker. Nos. 3 and 7 may compete for the distinction of being the best man in the boat, though stroke, whose action early in the practice was bad in tumbling over his oar at the finish, has now vastly improved in this respect, and should the advance continue must show very excellent form on the day. No. 4's time is bad—generally late; while No. 5 fails to row the oar fully home and clips the finish. No. 6 rows with bent arms, slides too soon, and gets unduly far back, so that, though a strong man, he cannot use his power adequately and must become prematurely exhausted. The steering at present is very inferior; this is partly owing to lack of practice, and partly also, we suspect, to the new Cambridge boat, built by Swaddle and Winship, being a very difficult one to steer, being unusually high fore and aft, and catching the wind on the slightest provocation.

The Oxonians have followed pretty closely their last year's precedent in practising on the upper Thames midway between Oxford and Putney. Owing to the lamented death of Miss Grenfell, sister of the ex-president, they could not be entertained at Taplow Court, but found a hospitable reception at Mr. Hammersley's newly-acquired residence, Abney House, above Cookham. Here they were able to train between Marlow and Cookham, and, coached by Mr. T. C. Edwardes-Moss, a winner of 1875 and 1878, and one of the victims of the so-called dead-heat of 1877, they have been working, perhaps, if anything, rather overworking. Like the Cantabs, they have an inclination to feather under water and to slide too soon, but in this latter respect they are certainly better than the light-blue oarsmen. Bow is awkward and screws his body at the finish, which is rather clipped. No. 2 pulls in good form, but lacks power. No. 4, a good worker, swings too far back, a failing which was, however, much more conspicuous when he rowed in the trial eights. No. 5, the president, was decidedly in poor form at the commencement of practice, but, like the other after oars, has gradually

improved, and being an exceptionally powerful man will probably be up to the mark by the day of the race. In his case this is saying a great deal, as Kindersley is considered by some the best big Oxonian since Tinnè, though remembering the merits of Mitchison, Grenfell, and J. Edwardes-Moss, it is difficult to place him on so lofty a pedestal. Anyhow, he is a splendid man for the middle of an eight. No. 6, besides winning last spring, proved his quality by securing the Stewards' Cup at Henley the following June, so that there need be no doubt as to his powers, though he has acquired a style rather different to the rest of the crew. No. 7, a hard worker, swings badly, screwing conspicuously; and stroke, whose form, like No. 5's, was rather 'off colour' at the commencement of training, has now returned to his best shape and is going admirably. Still the boat thus far does not equal Cambridge, and we expect to see last year's verdict reversed, though it is premature to express an opinion.

The first inter-University race having taken place in 1829, just over half a century since, some old blues mooted the idea of a jubilee dinner in London to celebrate the event in the manner beloved of Englishmen.

Owing to so many clergymen being amongst the number, Saturday was voted an impossible day, and the Friday before the race tentatively arranged for the meeting. This year's oarsmen naturally wished to be present, and hoped to attain their object by shifting the race to Friday morning, but the Old Boys' Committee, after mature consideration, decided that the dinner must take place the night before the boat-race, so that country visitors may attend both without necessarily being more than one night away from home. This, though disappointing to the competitors, is reasonable enough; the Past Blues' dinner will accordingly take place on Thursday, the 7th of April, at the Freemasons' Tavern, and the usual annual gathering on the following night after the race, which was kept at Friday from so many athletic fixtures having been made on the basis of that day.

We annex the names and latest weights of the crews now in training.

## CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
1. R. C. Gridley, Third Trinity . . . . .	10	12
2. H. Sandford, L.M.B.C. . . . .	11	11½
3. J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalene . . . . .	12	4½
4. P. W. Atkins, Jesus . . . . .	12	0½
5. E. Lambert, Pembroke . . . . .	12	7
6. M. Hutchinson, Jesus . . . . .	12	0½
7. C. W. Moore, Christ's . . . . .	11	10½
E. C. Brooksbank, Trinity Hall (stroke) . . . . .	11	9½
H. Woodhouse, Trinity Hall (coxswain) . . . . .	7	4

## OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
1. R. H. J. Poole, Brasenose . . . . .	10	9
2. R. A. Pinckney, Exeter . . . . .	11	1
3. A. R. Paterson, Trinity . . . . .	12	1
4. E. Buck, Hertford . . . . .	11	8
5. R. S. Kindersley, Exeter . . . . .	13	0
6. D. E. Brown, Hertford . . . . .	12	4½
7. J. H. T. Wharton, Magdalen . . . . .	11	8
R. L. West, New Inn Hall (stroke) . . . . .	11	0
E. Lyon, Hertford (coxswain) . . . . .	7	4

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—A March Medley.

THE monthly curtain rises on Sandown slopes; the occasion the Grand Military and Household Brigade Steeplechase, where 'The Diversions of Purley' were much enjoyed by the nobility and gentry who were spectators of the same, and apparently by the actors as well. March, true to tradition, made a bad beginning in point of weather, and the brave women and fair men (we are much afraid this is old) who stood the pelting of the bitter blast on the first day must have remembered it to their cost. But our best and fairest, luxurious lives though they lead, are, we verily believe, if they will forgive us the expression, 'as hard as nails'—a great deal harder than some of the fine young gentlemen who rode and tumbled off in the various races. We could not help thinking that many of the brave young women in their Portland coats (some idiotic men, we perceive, call them Chesterfields), who were looking on, would have ridden just as well, and given them as good a lead as 'Bay' gives the Empress. It was not that the men did not ride, in one sense of the term, but it was their lack of condition that told and caused some of the ludicrous exhibitions we witnessed in the Household Brigade Cup and other races. They thought to ride a steeplechase as easily as they enjoy a gallop with hounds. Of course such craftsmen as Mr. Lee Barber, Mr. Brocklehurst, and others knew better, and the two gentlemen we have just named showed us what good riding, combined with thorough fitness, can do. Captain Middleton is always in the saddle; Mr. D'Albiac too and the Hon. Luke White know that you can't ride unless the muzzle is on—a bit of practical experience apparently yet to be learned by the younger generation.

It was a merry gathering, however, despite the bitterly cold weather on the first day. The women came down in shoals. Sweet country faces with the bloom thereof on them, faces some of which we fancied we had encountered at Rugby last year; but at all events, they were military faces, only seen out of their respective nooks and haunts on the occasion of this festival. They held their own. It is true the 'professionals' were not there, but we would have laid odds on the country faces if they had been. How the 'pretty souls' stood the bitter wind we can hardly say, but they did. They were well defended externally, in every sort of coat of the period, and their respective escorts saw that they were well taken care of internally, from the best luncheons of the Club to the *al fresco* feeds at the various coaches. But still it was curious to look at the shivering throng, and to know they were enduring all this for—well, we really can't quite say what it was for—unless, as was darkly hinted by a weekly journal, they were obeying the mandates of that mysterious body or thing we call 'society.' We think, however, our contemporary (if he will allow us to call him what he is not) is wrong. We really believe they came because they liked it, and that, gentle reader, is curious, but it is true!

At this lapse of time, however, we must not dwell on the Grand Military. The sport gave us amusement when it came off, and some of us won a little money; not much, but by a diligent sticking to those very 'kittle cattle,' Sandown favourites, on the first day managed to pay ex.'s. The worst of it was that the old hands, with a wholesome remembrance of Sandown as a

rule, and a still wholesomer dread of military races in a general way, punted in a very mild fashion, and the extremely short prices laid by Tattersall's Ring rather stopped the gushing young plunger of the period; so we don't think the bookmakers took much harm, though they howled, of course. Mr. Lee Barber won two events on the first day, so did Mr. Brocklehurst. The former rode a fine race for the Gold Cup on Lobelia, and he also steered Mickey to a very easy victory in the Hunt Cup. Mr. Brocklehurst showed us a clever-looking horse in Muscatoon, a son of Musket, who won the Household Brigade Cup by a distance. But still the form behind him was so moderate that we should not like to 'crack up' Muscatoon too highly. He is well bred enough, however, to do something better than this. Mr. Lee Barber, who three years ago, over this course, took the Light-weight Grand Military with his own horse Jupiter Tonans, repeated his win on his brother officer's (Major Murray) horse Beaufort, though we think that if Mr. Doyne's saddle had not slipped at the last fence (he was riding Hawkeye) there would have been a very close thing, and perhaps the judge's verdict might have been reversed. But what matters all this now? We have buried it long ago under a pile of Croydon Grands, Nationals, and Lincoln Handicaps, and are waiting for the City and Sub. to add to the melancholy cairn. As Mr. Mantalini would have said, the Grand Military 'be demned.'

Croydon, with its big race, was an awful affair. We did not go down ourselves, but happening to be near Victoria Station when an early Croydon 'return' was disgorging itself, the number of people we met who had fully intended backing Lord Clive if they had not been 'put off,' was astonishing. Most of them, we think, had listened to voices from the distressful country, and had trusted to Venise. Of course they were all on Thornfield, with the exception of those who had been staunch to that staunchest of horses, Charles 1st. The curious part of the business was that the owner of Lord Clive did not, by all accounts, profit much by his win. Rumours there had been during the previous day that Lord Clive would not run, though his trial was pretty well known, and that he was the best of the stable there was little doubt. We believe it was a doubt of the horse acting in the heavy ground that prevented Sir George Chetwynd from backing him. On the flat Lord Clive never ran well in dirt, here in the Croydon mud he seemed at home, a curious and provoking contradiction. Charles 1st proved himself a wonderfully good and game horse, and the finish was a sight those who were present will not forget. The excuse of heavy ground was made for Thornfield's bad running, and Stockmar, &c., &c., are, we fancy, but 'small potatoes.'

Of making racecourses there is no end, and too many racing clubs is a wearying of the flesh. So we were inclined to think when we heard of High Gosforth and Four Oaks Parks, the newest supply to what enthusiastic sportsmen say is a demand for. The success of Sandown and Kempton would, we felt convinced, be sure to beget imitators, and our great fear was that the supply would exceed the demand. We have always preached against the overdoing of racing, the crowding of the calendar with extra days, the clashings and jealousies, the extinction of old-fashioned meetings, overwhelmed by richer rivals, who offered thousands where the former could with difficulty scrape together a few hundreds; all this has appeared, and does still appear to us, bad. But there is no kicking against the pricks. A populous and sporting neighbourhood demands a racecourse of its own; an enterprising citizen, clever at feeling the pulse of his neigh-

hours, and who has long had his eye on one particular spot where a racecourse could be, is the *deus ex machina* who, with assistance from country gentlemen and local magnates of every degree, supplies the 'want.' There is really nothing to be said against it. If Newcastle thinks it can maintain two racecourses, surely Birmingham may have one? 'The hardware metropolis' has long been a sporting centre; its industrious sons, when they relax from the arduous toil of money-making, find their amusement in laying or taking the odds, and other innocent recreations of a like nature. What more natural than that, with its annually increasing wealth, it should demand that what Manchester and Liverpool has got, Birmingham should have too?

And the man and the place were ready to hand. Mr. John Sheldon, a name identified with Birmingham racing, had long had his eye on Four Oaks Park, the then seat of the Hartopps, a beautifully situated spot in the heart of what was once Sutton Chase, with grand turf, exquisite sylvan scenery, and all means and appliances for the making of a racecourse out of its broad acres. To make Four Oaks Park a racing centre for the Midlands, to elevate Birmingham racing into a much higher rank than it had yet aspired to, this was Mr. Sheldon's dream, and we verily believe he will see it realised. He has done very much towards the attainment of his idea. A company has been formed, Four Oaks Park has been purchased from Sir John Hartopp for a good round sum, and an equally good one has been spent upon the purchase. Stands have been erected, ground has been levelled, trees have been cut down. A good steeplechase course has been laid out parallel with the flat one; moreover a club, the newest thing in racing, has been formed. The old racing clubs, as we know, have died, or are dying, out. The Bibury is the sole relic of other times and manners, but we almost dread to think of what the next ten or twenty years will see of the new school. Clubs will spring up, we believe, everywhere. The success of Sandown has shown us that there can be a luxury in racing, which will find many imitators, and we can imagine the fine young racing gentlemen of the year 1900 being able to exhibit as many 'medals' (badges of club membership) as a Prussian general. But sufficient unto the day, &c.—we wish here only to state that Four Oaks has a club, and a good club, too, not to mention its stand, its refreshment contractors (which their names are Bertram and Roberts, if you please), and above all its manager, Lord Berkeley Paget, and if ever the saying about 'the right man, &c.' was true, it may be said with truth in this instance. Lord Berkeley entered warmly into the scheme when it was first mooted, and from the very first has worked at it with a will. His presence and energy have stimulated others, and so, despite all the drawbacks and hindrances arising from an inclement and protracted winter, Four Oaks Park, towards the close of last month, on the occasion of its inaugural meeting, was, if not quite as ship-shape in all respects as its executive could have wished, still in sufficient good order to show us what a charming place it was, and how well adapted for the uses to which it has been placed. The sport we need not, at this lapse of time, dwell on, but we hope to have other occasions of seeing Four Oaks Park (there will be a good meeting there in Whitsun week), and bearing testimony to its charms.

We should have begun our racing a week earlier, before the return of the Siberian weather, which, in the phrase of poor 'Argus,' rendered the Carholme fitter for a pewit or a plover than for a rational being in search of amusement. Of the first day of the season there is little to be said, except that the promising Greaves took the first race with Usurper, and Archer the second with Tower and Sword; and that Fordham won a Welter Scurry on

Fetterless for Mr. Rothschild, a victory which would have repeated itself the next morning in the Brocklesby Trial if the great jockey had not been twice disappointed in getting through. Kaleidoscope was made a great favourite for the Blankney Mile Welter Handicap, which he would have had no trouble in securing if he had 'forgotten his cunning.' As it was, Schiller beat him by several lengths. Only eleven sported silk for the Brocklesby, the field for which, however, was quite up to the average in point of quality. On the strength of what she had done at home with Fetterless, whom it was said she could beat at a stone, 'the talent' accepted 5 to 2 about Mr. Rothschild's good-looking filly Isabel by Plebeian out of Parma, Tunis's dam, but she was 'out of it' at the distance, where Sir George Chetwynd's charming filly Belle Lurette, by Pero Gomez out of La Belle Héloée—*musique d'Offenbach*—passed her more fancied stable-companion Corky (a big, backward colt by Adventurer out of Atonement, who, we need hardly say, belongs to Sir John Astley), and won as she liked from the well-named Convert by Wild Oats out of Afterthought, a rough-and-ready customer, who hails from Findon. Everyone was glad to see Sir George follow up his Croydon successes with such a nice filly, who, if her size were equal to her quality and gameness, would be a veritable gem. Time will undoubtedly do much for Isabel, and for another young Plebeian called Patrician, who was a long way from 'Cherry ripe.' There were three French animals in the field—Count La Grange's Lady May and M. Lefevre's Lilette and his Bras de Fer, who will gain more laurels in 'the World' than on the turf. Neither was seriously backed, but they both ran pretty well, quite well enough, indeed, to tell their owner that he possesses at least one 'clinker' at home. The last race of the day, the Full Cry Steeplechase for Hunters, produced a scandal, and but for the watchfulness of the police would probably have led to bloodshed. There were only three runners—to wit, the old hurdle-racer Barton, Goodbye, and Testerton, the two latter belonging to Mr. Melbourne. The betting opened at 6 to 4 on Testerton, but closed at 2 to 1 on Barton, and 20 to 1 against Testerton (offered). The result naturally was that Barton won by half a dozen lengths, and that Testerton 'never came anigh,' and finished a bad third. Mr. L. Nicholson, the rider of Testerton, found considerable difficulty in entering the weighing-room after his 'performance,' and he may thank his stars the police were in such force. He was then brought before the Stewards, who, after hearing the evidence, issued the following notice:—'That we consider Mr. Nicholson did not ride Testerton to the best of his ability in order to win the race, and we therefore suspend him from riding again at the meeting, and shall report him and Mr. Melbourne, the owner of the horse, to the Stewards of the Grand National Hunt Committee;' signed, Earl of Westmoreland (for Lord Hartington), Sir G. Chetwynd (for Sir J. D. Astley), and Mr. W. G. Craven (for Mr. H. Chaplin). A very proper decision, which might, we venture to think, have been borne in mind by the Liverpool Stewards, of whom, curiously enough, Sir George Chetwynd was one, when they were sitting in judgment on Mr. Henry Beasley for his riding of Fair Wind in the Walton Hurdle Handicap the day after the Grand National. Without, like some of our contemporaries, going back to his riding of Controller at Croydon last November, it would gratify us exceedingly to be informed whether the Stewards of Liverpool considered him guilty or not guilty. If guilty, why was he not punished? If not guilty, why was he cautioned?

But to return to Lincoln. The proceedings on the 'big' day opened with the Lincoln Cup, for which the respectable running of Bras de Fer in the Brocklesby caused him to be as strong a favourite as anything; but after

a good race he was defeated rather cleverly by the filly by Macaroni out of Mahonia, a beginning of good omen for Lord Rosebery and his new trainer, Joe Cannon, though they had very little on her. Then came a Selling Plate, in which the winner, Mr. Allen, by Strathconan, and two others out of seven starters, as the superstitious noted, were grays, and then the Lincolnshire Handicap, with its thirty-six runners. The story of the chief event is soon told. Post Obit jumped off with the lead, which he held to the old course, soon after getting on which Buchanan went to the front and, having his field completely settled, sailed in an extremely easy winner by ten lengths. Mistake was permitted to finish second, but was certainly not second best, it being a moot point whether Valour or Post Obit would have won, if Mr. Crawford's gallant gray had remained in his stable. In spite of his manifest unfitness, and the extraordinary 'forward policy' pursued with regard to him, we are inclined to think Post Obit could have been second if everything had been ridden out, and we shall be much surprised if he doesn't land a good handicap before many months are over. Henry George, who started favourite, though the very handsome price of 10 to 1 was laid against him, did fairly well, but performed no better than when he ran half trained in last year's City and Suburban. Douranee, whose trial with Kaleidoscope had raised Robert Peck's hopes of winning his third Lincoln Handicap, was beaten in the first two hundred yards, owing to the state of the ground and the furious pace at which Post Obit came along. Elf King looked very big, and, as we observed last month, will be more at home at Epsom. Invader, whose running at the end of the week showed he was no 'flyer,' was the great tip, but never flattered his admirers for a moment. Buxton is not a wonder, but still less is he a 'boy's horse,' and we are astonished that so good a judge as Cannon should have fancied him with 6st. 6lbs. Kuhleborn will doubtless see a better day, for Matt Dawson never believes in a horse without reason; and so will Peter, when he loses some of his superfluous flesh, which it will take Sherrard all his time to get off before Epsom Spring. Belfry was dead amiss or she would have started at considerably less than 100 to 1, and played a far more prominent part. The winner, who was at one time highly thought of for the Cambridgeshire, is a wiry, clever horse, and unquestionably a fair one, though he had a great pull in condition over most of his competitors. We do not anticipate his success in the City and Suburban, for which, to all but Bend Or, his stable is bound to be very dangerous, containing as it does Elf King, Out of Bounds, Fernandez and Prestonpans. Mr. Crawford and the Duchess, wisely preferring Cannes to the Carholme, were not present to witness his success, by which it is reported they did not profit very largely.

We have had many bitter experiences of Liverpool, both as to its city and its racecourse at Grand National times, but we do not think the cup of our racing discontent was ever so full as it was on this occasion. The elements had so smiled upon us at Four Oaks that Lincoln and Liverpool were distinct revelations of evil, and what was bad on Carholme was worse on Aintree. When shall we ever come to a Grand National with the sun above so brightly shining, and all the rest of it? Some dim memories of fine Liverpool Springs are evoked, but they are so very dim that we do not like to commit ourselves by quoting them. And the worst of it is that while the bitter wind revels on Aintree's blasted heath, penetrating to the marrow of our bones, it is rarely tempered to the shorn lamb by any accumulation of this world's dross. Perhaps we are speaking personally here. Of course some people never feel the cold, or are annoyed by the driving sleet and the pools of water here and there in the ring. These are the people who for the last



three years have shouted 'hurroo' when the winner passed the post and came back to the paddock, who have tossed hats in the air and drank enough whisky the same night in their various locations to float a boat. What is the weather to *them*? But the poor outside Saxon feels it bitterly, and wishes the fates would be kinder to him than they have been lately. And yet who would in reality grudge their good fortune to our Irish friends? They have now a rubber that will make them proud, for despite a good deal that has been written and said about the moderate quality of our steeplechasers, we do not believe in the assertion. It was a small field for the Liverpool this year, but unless we greatly err it was a good one. There were well-bred horses showing undeniable quality, and who had also shown their breeding on this very course. There was a high class of hunter, brilliant fencers, able to hold their own into the course, but then failing in pace when the pinch came. There was nothing very 'moderate,' we take leave to think, in the half-dozen or more horses who jumped on to the flat at Aintree on the 25th of last month.

But we are at an old fault of ours, for which we apologise—overriding the hounds. We had finished the Grand National in our own mind before we had begun. The Messrs. Topham extended their meeting to three days on this occasion, but Saturday racing is, unless within half an hour of the metropolis, not a popular institution, and we do not think they much profited by the extension. The weather, as our readers well know, was terribly against them, and the Grand National over and done, there was a fitting back into England from the horrors of a Lancashire Siberia. The Thursday's racing was not particularly interesting. Sutler ran but badly in the Prince of Wales's Cup, and no one save his noble owner greatly fancied Strathblane, who came out at the distance and won in a canter. The defeat of Angeline by Eos in the Union Jack Stakes was a terrible upset, and ought to show us how unwise it is to depend on the running of last year until we know something of the form of this. The once speedy Angeline could not raise a gallop, and was settled at the start, running, perhaps, too bad to be true; but that we shall know farther on. Mr. Linde had a promising young one, Eyrefield, a favourite for the Sefton Steeplechase, but he jumped green, and Gipsy scored an easy victory. Beauchamp II. had given us a taste of his quality at Four Oaks, and now in the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap proved himself a very good horse indeed, for he carried his 14 lbs. penalty as if it was the merest trifle, and won even easier than he did at Four Oaks. It was in this race that the backers of Fair Wind for the Grand National received a shock. The Irish division declared the event 'a moral' for him, and he was done with apparently on entering the straight. However, some people thought that Mr. H. Beasley did not persevere with him when he found Beauchamp II. going so well, but be that as it may, 20 to 1 was an offer about Fair Wind for the Grand National after the race. There was a fairly good-looking lot for the Molyneux Stakes, for which Belle Lurette was the favourite, but well though she looked within a hundred yards of the chair, she could not struggle when Fordham brought Bulbul with a rush, and the colt, who was inferior to Isabel, the filly that disappointed her stable so much at Lincoln, won cleverly. The speculation on the Grand National showed Liberator very firm, and he and Cross Question, about which latter there was a perfect *furor*, absorbed the most attention. The Irish division, and by that we mean the followers of The Hall stables, declared that Liberator could not lose, and the heavier the ground got, the more they said he would like it. Mr. Linde's stable made no sign.

Of all the days of this late winter and so-called spring, perhaps the Grand

National day was the most abominable. Aintree is never a very pleasant place at the best of times, but that Friday was, as the gushing young women say, something 'quite too-too,' and we don't think Buchanan could have been more highly tried. But we won't dwell on this. If the Empress of Austria, and many of the salt of the earth, stood it like so many lambs, why should we complain? What we did complain of was being told, when we were wedged in tightly at the top of the stand, about ten minutes before the race, without the slightest possibility of getting near any bookmaker, that Woodbrook was first favourite. Probably we should have found the bookmaker 'full,' but let that pass. If we could have raised our hands we believe we should have torn our hair, little though Providence has left us to tear. When we had quitted the ring about a quarter of an hour previously 10 to 1 might have been had about Woodbrook, and some dunderheaded acquaintance from the other side of St. George's Channel persisted in telling us that either Liberator or Fair Wind would win. We had no occasion to ask, 'Where's 'the cat?' It was out of the bag now, and there was quite a chorus of sighs and groans, as the horses were parading, from people who had fully intended (you never met a racing man who had *not* fully intended, &c.) to back Woodbrook, but had been 'put off.' 'Bedad, sir, they told me Fair Wind 'was the best of the two.' He was a compatriot who spoke, and there followed a blessing of so peculiarly strong a character, that feeling sure Messrs. Clowes's compositors would refuse to set it up we won't give it. But it was hard on the compatriot, we must say. It does not much matter spoiling the degenerate Saxon, but to put a fellow-countryman in the hole is cruel. How could they have made such a mistake? There is no doubt, joking apart, that the stable thought Fair Wind could win, and if there was a trial, and he got the best of his stable companion, why then Woodbrook must in private be as big a rogue as—as—we really are at a loss for a comparison. Let our readers supply it with the biggest rogue, biped or quadruped, they know.

We had all seen Woodbrook go the course so well last year—he is a splendid jumper—that when Empress went wrong we naturally turned to the horse as the winner. We were met, however, by the assertion, which the market confirmed, that Fair Wind was the trusted one of the stable, and that he would win the Grand National. Many fine judges shook their heads and doubted if he was good enough, but still one can't go against the money or the market. That is a fundamental article of the Turf faith, we believe, and we mention it here as a justification of our conduct. How Woodbrook won we need not tell, except to add that he won like the good horse he is, and his victory has administered a knock-down blow to that silly assertion before referred to by us—that our steeplechasers are 'moderate.' A horse who took up the running by the time they had gone a mile, and who fenced so well and courageously as did Woodbrook, beating, too, the field behind him in such hollow fashion, is not very far removed, we take it, if at all, from the undoubted good horses on the Grand National roll of winners. We do not grudge our Irish friends their win, but how they could have made such a mistake as they did with Fair Wind we cannot imagine. There was another 'mistake,' which we have referred to a page or two back in our account of Lincoln, a regrettable one, and that was the riding of Mr. H. Beasley on the last day of the meeting, when it was obvious Fair Wind could have won if he had been 'wanted.' We are sorry for this and other things. They prevent us from congratulating the winners as we should like to do. They take something from the lustre of victory, though 'the jingling of the guinea' may, to them, make amends.

*East Essex Hunt.*—When not stopped by frost, Colonel Jelf-Sharp has had some famous sport with his pack. December 18th; the first time old Joe Sorrell put in his appearance since his severe accident at Goldhanger. Found a cub in Lofts, and killed in Mr. Townsend's garden, little Ready seizing her fox like an old dog-hound. In Duke's Wood Major Tufnell Tyrell has always one of the right sort, but he beat us, running from there through Toppingoe Hall, and we lost him at Terling. Tidbeach held a long wiry customer that had baffled us more than once; but scent was improving, and hounds would not be denied, and in exactly one hour they ran into him in Witham Springs.—December 21st. Finchingfield Park held a good fox, but, hounds dividing, we did very little with him, but from Rumilong a grand fellow, who was away in a moment, gave us a rare dusting (if such a thing is possible in deep ground), for one hour and thirty minutes to Coleman's. He was just sinking before the hounds, in fact was crawling along a ditch in the same field with them, with a scent fast failing, when some silly idiots working in a field, about a quarter of a mile off, gave a false halloo, and robbed the pack of the blood they had so richly earned.—December 24th. Very fast thirty-five minutes, from Upney Wood, by Storey's, to Blackwater Street; then slow hunting by Pattiswick and Stisted, and lost.—February 5th. Raced for twenty minutes from Ivy Wood to ground in a culvert at Terling Hall, from which three hounds were with much difficulty extricated.—February 12th. Found a brace of foxes in Bushy Common; ran at good pace through Hazleton, Fairsted Groves, and Sandy, where we changed; on through Lyons Hall to ground in Man Wood.—February 19th. This was a most excellent day's sport; two fast runs of just over fifty minutes each, with kills, the second run being as near straight as possible, and the pace just as fast as hounds could drive. The first fox found itself in Eastlands, away through Captain and South Woods, swinging to the left through Spicketts, leaving Mountains to the right, through Cutheath, Westall, and Lee Lane, being run into in Elm Springs. Our afternoon upwind dog-fox flew from Mr. J. Wright's small covert Lightly, the moment hounds were thrown in, over the valley by Maypole and Champion Lodge, through South Wood, by Sains Farm, over little Totham meadows, by Falcon Hill, up to the gate of Mr. Page's chase, on the Tolleshunt D'Arcy road; thirty-eight minutes up to now. A woman having headed the fox, there was a check of about three minutes, which was most welcome to many who either had got away badly or who could not go the pace. Hitting off the line a bit higher up the road, on towards and over the marshes and sea-wall, pug took to the water at Goldhanger, swimming across a horseshoe-shaped bay towards the decoy; but, a seaman heading him, he squatted on a small salting in the centre, about 100 yards from the wall. The master having a bad attack of rheumatism, Sir Claude de Crespigny swam out with the hounds after him, the leading ones, Boxer and Finder, drowning the varmint in two fathoms of water. However, a successful dive on the part of the baronet enabled him to recover the carcass, and break it up on the salting.—February 22nd. Fine hunting run of one hour and fifty minutes, from Rumilong by Grassels, and killed outside Gosfield Place.—February 26th. Fast upwind from Lofts to Duke's Wood, but the fox, turning sharp by Ash Grove to Toppingoe, we could not hunt a yard. A merry spin, later in the day, from Sandy through Lyons Hall and Scarletts, and lost by Hazleton. It will be seen by this that with half a scent good sport may be shown over our cold-scenting ploughs by so keen a sportsman as Colonel Jelf-Sharp. Old Joe Sorrell retires at the end of the season, owing to failing sight and the effects of numerous accidents. He commenced his

career in the saddle by serving seven years as second horseman to the late Sir John Tyrrell. He was then thirty-nine years a hunt servant, only two of which were out of Essex. It is to be hoped that the country will, in a substantial manner, recognise the services of one who has so faithfully endeavoured to show sport for so long a period, and who, it must be borne in mind, was too old to join the 'Hunt Servants Benefit Society' when it was first formed. A hunt and military meeting will wind up the season.

On the 14th of March the Bramham Moor Hounds had a very good run that is worthy to be handed down in 'Baily.' The meet, Buttersike Bar. Hounds trotted away to Almscliff Whin, a small cover well placed under that fine old rock Almscliff, which is seen from a long distance, raising its head in a very picturesque and sporting-looking country. The dog pack were for some time in the cover without any sign of a find, but, to the delight of a large field, a cheer from Smith told us the fox was away, and there was a frantic rush. Most fortunately, a large wall or two and a small gate gave hounds the chance to get together, and away we went, heading for Stainburn, then down the hill as if for Riffa Wood; but leaving it on the left, made for Stainburn Gill, left the cover on the right, and bearing down the hill for Leathley, went over the Washburn into Farnley Park, the pretty residence of Ascough Fawkes, Esq., and skirting the Lake Plantation, ran hard across the grass below the house into the bottom of Otley Plantation, forward over the road, leaving the Otley workhouse on the left, put his head straight over the delightful country for Weston, left the old house on the left, and passing the village of Askwith, ran him to Denton Park; left the house on the left, hunted him along the belt of trees on the high ground, rattled along a line of grass for a couple of miles, when this gallant fox, hearing the cry of the Bramham Moor hounds coming nearer and nearer, gave up his bold plan of running away from them. He was beat; he made a bend to the left, crossed Bog Wood Gill, boldly facing the open, and before the leading horsemen could get over the Gill, they saw the hounds kill their fox in the middle of a large pasture. One hour and twenty-five minutes; nine miles and three-quarters in a direct line; fourteen miles the way hounds ran, carefully measured. We rather think that Mr. Lane Fox and his huntsman, Tom Smith, went home proud of the manner in which the dog pack hunted and chased this gallant old fox to death. From find to kill hounds worked hard, and no assistance was given or required. The field was large, and many strangers, one or two Lancashire men, who having had the advantage of a hare-hunting education, watch hounds in their work. They will never forget that good foxhounds, well and quietly handled, can hunt. Amongst the regular Bramham Moorites we saw to the front George Wickham (Royal Horse Guards), Colonel the Hon. Caryl Molyneux, James Lane Fox, F. Greenwood, Mrs. W. Wickham, Miss Mildmay, Miss Lamb, Miss Spence, R. C. Moorsom, Lord Lascelles, the Hon. F. Lascelles, F. Darwin, Colonel Gunter, W. W. Wickham, A. Walker, and Lamplugh Wickham, who was full of ride, and neither he or any of the old members of the hunt recollect hounds running this grand line. The fox was killed on the estate of William Middleton, Esq., a mile from Middleton Lodge, far away from the kennels, a district that has never been regularly hunted. March 25th, Bickerton Bar. Found in Hag wood near Cowthorpe. Away, pointing for the River Nidd, at first dry fallows seemed to make it impossible for hounds to get on, but as they came on to low, wet ground, with now and then a bit of grass, the dog pack streamed away and, leaving Tockwith to the right, cleverly keeping the line over a few dry fields into Wilstrip Wood, ran on through the wood, and away, heading for

Marston Station, bearing to the right through Hutton Thorns, the well-known and favourite cover, the property of Edward York, Esq., of Hutton Hall, skirting Rufforth village, left Harewood's Whin on his left, pointing for Knapton, then for Acomb, and ran to ground on Mr. Jolly's farm in the old earths within sight of the York and Ainsty kennels. This was a very good hunting run, one hour and thirty minutes, and from point to point between eight and nine miles. A very large field enjoyed the fun. The ground was in good order for riding, and the occasional half-speed gave all a chance. York sent out the veteran Bateman to throw his eye over the Bramham Moor Hounds, and he will report favourably.

The Old Berkeley country is to be divided into two districts, each hunted two days a week by a separate pack, but still under the old title, and the servants in yellow plush uniform, the London and Aylesbury road, which passes through Uxbridge, Chaffont, Amersham, Missenden, and Wendover, to be the boundary. Mr. Longman, the present master, will continue to hunt the eastern district without any alteration save a slight reduction in his staff and establishment, while Mr. Austin Mackenzie, second son of the late Mr. Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Taplow, comes forward to hunt the eastern district. Lord Carington, late master of the Cottesmore, who has this season been hunting deer in this country with the pack of bloodhounds lent him by Lord Wolverton, finding them unsuitable to the flinty ploughs (sportsmen will remember what grand gallops they had over the grass in the Blackmore Vale, but their open feet cannot stand flints), will give them up, and has not only joined the committee of the O.B.H., but will place his kennels at Daws Hill, High Wycombe, at the disposal of the master, who will find the benefit and value of his Lordship's experience as M.F.H. The monetary question has been settled to the satisfaction of both masters, a sum having been guaranteed to the Old Berkeley Hunt per annum, and any further subscriptions collected by the joint secretaries, for there will be one to each pack, will be equally divided. By this arrangement, which gives general satisfaction, the country will be hunted four days a week instead of three, and there seems no fear of sport falling short in this old-established country.

Paying a visit to S. Hubert's Lodge, 41, Priory Road, Abbey Road, N.W., we inspected a large picture which will be presented to the late master of the Dumfriesshire foxhounds (John Johnstone, Esq., of Holleaths) by the gentlemen of the hunt on the 6th April next at Dumfries, when there will be a dinner at which all the subscribers and their friends will meet. The painting, which is by the hands of Mr. W. H. Hopkins and E. Havell, who together painted the well-known picture of Her Majesty's Staghounds and Lord Hardwicke some four years ago, is on the half life-size scale, and depicts the worthy ex-master of 'The Dumfriesshire' holding his cap high in air to tell his field that he has viewed his fox *away* from one of the Hartwood covers, and with a smile on his jovial face, which indicates that the fox has taken a good line, seems to add: 'My friends, I'll give you 'leave to ride! Now catch them if you can.' His grand old horse, 'The 'Black Friar,' all muscle and eagerness, bends to the master's hand and waits, while Tomboy and Doncaster take up the line with an earnestness in which Dangerous, Foiler, Doubtful, &c., who are pouring out of cover over the rail and bank will soon join. Annandale and the Bruces Castle Lock lie before them in the valley below, and ere the blue hills of Moffat, seen dimly in the distance, are reached, there will be a tale to be told. We also saw a picture which Mr. W. H. H. purposes sending to the Royal Academy, in which, through the glow of the evening, a pack of hounds jog home, the

master, or some enthusiastic lover of hounds and hunting, chats pleasantly with the huntsman, no doubt discussing the merits of the young 'entry,' which have been disclosed by the good run they have had. Mr. Hopkins has built an animal studio in which horses can be painted in perfect comfort at any time of the year, even in the depth of winter. It is proposed to reproduce a print of Mr. Johnstone's portrait in a similar style to that by Messrs. Hopkins and Havell of Lord Hardwicke and the staghounds, and which has no equal in method as to correctness, quickness, and economy, and deserves the consideration of all who are about to have a picture of the kind reproduced, as instead of waiting two or three years for an engraving, the prints can be in the subscribers' hands in three or four months, and a better result at less money.

The proposed Hound Show at the Agricultural Hall, London, which takes place during the London season is likely to be a great success. The list of patrons, headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, comprises the names of over one hundred M.F.H.'s. The proceeds of the Show are to be devoted to the aid of the Hunt Servants Benefit Society, and we hope a large attendance will swell the proceeds for this most excellent institution. Further particulars as to date will appear in our next number.

We hear that subscriptions are being raised as testimonials for two hunt servants well known in the Midland Counties, who are both thoroughly entitled to a marked recognition of their services and their civility from all who have hunted with them. We allude to William Wheatley, the huntsman of the North Warwickshire, who has been with that pack since 1874, and is now in want of a fresh situation, and to Sam Hayes, who has been first whip to the Atherstone since 1872, when, with Castleman, he left the Rufford, to which country he will return as huntsman. There must be a very great number of ladies and gentlemen who have hunted with the North Warwickshire, from Leamington and elsewhere, who know Wheatley, and almost as many who have known Sam Hayes with the Atherstone, and we hope they will one and all send them each at the very least a sovereign. Mr. F. L. Wedge, of Stretton-on-Dunsmoor, near Rugby, will receive donations for Wheatley, and Captain H. Townshend, of Netherseal, and Mr. Dyson Moore, of Sketchley Hall, near Hinckley, will do the same for Sam.

During the early part of the past month the Curraghmore had not quite such good sport as usual, having come across a good many vixens, which of course makes things look rosy for next season; and again on one or two occasions they were prevented hunting by fog; but on Tuesday, the 8th, they had a very good day from Kilmachthomas, killing in the open after a capital run of one hour and ten minutes, and then a smart evening gallop from Ballyneil. On the 11th, from Ballydene Cross Roads, after a fast ten minutes to ground, they had a capital thirty-five minutes from Cregg.

We are glad to hear that the New Forest have had a capital season. Up to March 15th they had killed thirty-two brace, and run sixteen brace to ground, which is more than have been killed in the Forest for a long time, and they moreover have had some first-rate gallops, scarcely a day without a run.

As usual at this period of the year there is a long list of hunt servants in want of fresh places at the end of the season, several of whom have seen good service and been some time in their present situations. Masters of hounds wanting servants can obtain a list by applying to Mr. Cartledge at Tattersall's, but all questions as to character must be referred to their late or present masters.

Lovers of the picturesque will be charmed to hear that the projected railway through Epping Forest has, at least for the present, been abandoned.

Fairmead will remain as beautiful as ever, without an embankment through it; the lovely glade near The Woodman will not be destroyed by a cutting; the young oaks and thorns and hollies will be allowed to flourish for another season. Our respected friend, Sir Jacob Jellybelly, can scarcely contain himself for joy, and gives vent to his feelings by snatches of song, 'All nature's face was gay,' and the like, as he presses upon us his hospitality at the Forest Hotel. The worthy knight assures us that the Court of Common Council never seriously contemplated removing the Griffin from Temple Bar to High Beach, as a sort of City mark.

'The Sportsman's Year-Book for 1881,' London: Cassell & Co.—In glancing over the contents-list of this excellent year-book, we are surprised at the wide range of subjects which it exhibits, as well as the completeness of its information. Among the sports and pastimes treated of in this book may be mentioned coaching, hunting, shooting, coursing, angling, yachting, rowing, and swimming, cricket, football, and bicycling, &c. The kennel monopolises a long and interesting chapter, which is written with care, and contains many useful hints, whilst much amusement may be derived from the chapter on the past and present history of British sports. We recommend it to our readers.

'Lent,' said a well-known London manager to us one night last month, as we gazed round on an audience at one of his houses, rather suggestive of 'paper,' 'Lent is a bad time for theatres.' We were on the point of saying that we were very glad to hear it, but checked our uncivil tongue just in time. We really did not know that there were sufficiently decent-behaved people in this Babylon to regard a season that all Christendom observes, and we are pleased to be cognizant of the fact. We fear, however, that the kind of theatrical luxuries provided have much to do with the abstinence or non-abstinence of the public from their favourite food. At the house in question, for instance, the fare was like the season, Lenten, i.e. poor. There were no rich viands or sparkling wines, and we yawned in our stalls. Where the *menu* is artistic and well served, there flock, Lent or no Lent, an eager and hungry throng. At least, that is our experience of the business now being done at half-a-dozen of the leading London theatres. The Lyceum, the Haymarket, the St. James's, the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, the Criterion, and the Strand are all having an exceptionally good time. Those worthy men, the Bond Street Librarians, will tell you this if you ask them, and they are people who know, not to say profit, by the fashion, for that fashion to some extent, it is, we verily believe. However perfect the actors, however clever the play, Society would not crowd the stalls nightly unless it were the correct thing to do. We will give Society the benefit of our belief that they do appreciate, in a certain way, the high artistic representations of drama, comedy, and farce that can be now seen at certain theatres, the very highest and most artistic which old playgoers can remember. But yet that hardly accounts for the steady run on theatres which has now been going on for some time—the constant reply at the box-office of 'not a seat to be had,' the kind proffer, as a sort of favour, of an extemporised chair near the big drum, which Messrs. Bubb and Lacon own is 'the best they can do for you.' We know of one instance where a friend of ours, who cannot pledge his time beyond twenty-four hours certain, has made three attempts to see 'Olivette,' and has not yet succeeded. We believe he has given it up.

So the Lenten rule holds not good everywhere, my Manager, which probably you know very well without being told. There has not been much change during the past month, except in Adelphi fortunes, to be told further on. Mrs. J. P. Burnett (bright Jennie Lee) has been giving us some last looks of a 'Jo,' the like of which we shall never see again. The delicate

pathos of the performance is unsurpassed, and though we hear much of an 'Old Curiosity Shop' adaptation, in which Miss Lee has won fame in the provinces, we should doubt if it will beat 'Jo.' By the way, we forgot to mention last month the wonderfully clever bit of acting of her sister, Miss Kate Lee, in that very deplorable failure 'La Belle Normande.' Her sketch of the, alas, *not* 'maiden all forlorn,' was very clever; indeed, the only clever thing in the piece. Mostly in dumb show, Miss Kate Lee gave us the picture of a stolid as well as an outraged virtue, which was only spoilt when she opened her mouth. That, however, was the author's fault, and not Miss Lee's. The part, as she played it, was, in its pantomime, very clever and suggestive, and if the author, or adapter, had been half as clever as Miss Lee, he would have kept it to pantomime. However, 'La Belle Normande' is dead and gone now, and will be only remembered for Miss Kate Lee's acting.

'Naval Cadets' has replaced the injured young woman from Normandy at the Globe, as a stop-gap until Easter brings us the most recent Parisian success. The piece had a sort of run a few months ago, and its success now has been mainly due to its pretty music, Mr. Celli's rendering of some charming ballads, especially the 'For Ever and For Ever,' in the last act, and its brilliant mounting. The Globe management spares no expense in that line. It gets together many shapely figures and a few pretty faces, and clothes them well. We confess we did not quite understand the plot of 'Naval Cadets,' and felt half inclined to endorse the sentiments of the gentleman in the gallery, who on the first night of 'La Belle Normande,' and in the midst of the second act, inquired of his pal, 'What's it all about, 'Bill?' 'Naval Cadets' is certainly puzzling as to its libretto. The 'cadets,' we need scarcely say, are more or less excellent young women, but there is a most improper, and we are sorry to add, which is worse, a most uninteresting Queen of Portugal, who has the First Lord of the Admiralty for her lover, and occasionally follows him about in the shortest of tunics and the tightest of tights. We thought of remonstrating with Mr. Henderson on his allowing such liberties to be taken with royalty in these dangerous days, but concluded not to do so after studying an advertisement in the 'bill of the play.' There the Director of the Globe has been fiendish enough to admit a notice of that terrible Zoedone, in which the frequenters of the theatre are directed to 'ask for it at the bar between each act, and find in its 'wondrous effects,' &c., &c. This is too cruel.

What is to be said of 'Michael Strogoff,' that specimen of the fire-and-flame drama of our youth, a type, we thought, that had almost disappeared from the boards even of a transpontine theatre? To be sure there is 'The World' to contradict us, that sensational play being again in full swing at Drury Lane, while we may smell the gunpowder in 'Michael Strogoff' as we walk down the Strand. In fact, gunpowder is the strong part in the Russian drama. Mr. Beverley has done much—very much—his picture of a battle-field after the fight being wonderfully realistic; but still the powder prevails. We cannot call to mind anything similar to it since the assault on Harfleur in the late Charles Kean's production of 'Henry V.' at the old Princess's. Playgoers will remember that the stage then was darkened, and the ears deafened by the smoke and noise, and something very like it occurs in 'Michael Strogoff.' Not that it is quite all smoke, battle, and sudden death. There are processions, a glow of colour, gipsy dances, and a panorama, until the eye is well-nigh surfeited. The characters, save the hero and two comic journalists, or, to speak by the card, special correspondents, do little for the piece, and even Mrs. Herman Vezin's fine acting as the mother, in the

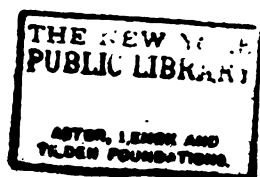


picturesque attitudes and costume of Mrs. Bernard Beere, a gipsy, failed to awaken much interest. Mr. Byron, in his adaptation, has made a part for himself, that of John Blunt, special correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, which he fills, in a certain sense, to perfection. He cuts jokes and makes puns on the most solemn subjects and occasions, chaffs Eastern potentates and Russian grandees with the greatest coolness, and has for his butt a French journalist, whom he makes his victim and triumphs over all through the piece. But if the witty correspondent was not played by Mr. Byron, we should get terribly tired of him, and as it is we consider the fun is overdone. Mr. Byron, however, raises a hearty laugh, and acts in his own peculiar style, so we condone a good deal that is very *mal apropos*. Mr. Charles Warner, in the title *rôle*, has a part that suits him well, and once or twice he rises above the melodramatic level. Mr. F. W. Irish, as the French correspondent, ably assists Mr. Byron in his drolleries, and as for the rest, they are lay figures, artistically grouped before the efforts of the scene-painter and the machinist. But 'Michael Strogoff' will draw.

We had fondly hoped that in the many adaptations of Dickens' novels that the stage has seen, and probably has yet to see, we should have been spared a representation of that charming, but yet, as we conceive, wholly unrepresentable character, Tom Pinch. We have all pictured him to ourselves, but the painting is a cabinet one, not to be exposed to the garish eye of day, much less to the fierce light that beats upon the stage. We read 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and linger long over the sweet, simple unselfish nature of Tom. We are with him as he pours out his thoughts and feelings at the organ, and sympathise with him on a love that we know can never be requited; but we do not expect or want to see all this. We know Tom well enough in our mind's eye, but it jars us to see him before the footlights. At least, that was what we felt when we saw the adaptation from 'Martin Chuzzlewit' lately produced at the Vaudeville. Ably as Mr. Thorne played the title *rôle*—and he looked Tom Pinch certainly—still he was not our Tom, simply because the lights and shades of the character are so delicate that it would be impossible, we think, for any actor to reproduce them on the stage. Pecksniff, however, can be easily grasped, and Mr. Farren was very successful in his delineation of the arch hypocrite. So much of old Martin Chuzzlewit as the adapters permit to appear, Mr. Maclean succeeds in embodying, and the female characters have every justice done them, Miss Kate Bishop looking charming as Mary Graham, in the costume of the period.

If proof were wanting of the widespread knowledge that even a younger generation possess of Dickens' writings, it would be shown in the acceptance by the public of such a sketch as 'Tom Pinch.' Taken by itself, and seen by a person who had never read 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' it would be wholly unintelligible. But the audiences at the Vaudeville can amend its imperfections and supply its omissions; their memories are fresh, and if they are not, they love to have them revived. So adaptations from Dickens will always have a popularity that their own merits could not command.

The welcome that Mrs. Kendal received on her reappearance at the St. James's, after her severe accident, must have been highly gratifying to her, and yet, warm as it was, it was no more than her due. Her absence from the stage only made us painfully aware that her place could not be well supplied. The 'Money Spinner' has entered on a fresh lease of prosperity.





*A. L. Maynard -*

THE MIND

THE MIND



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. ANTHONY L. MAYNARD. :

THE subject of our present sketch is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Charles Maynard, of Harlsey Hall, Yorkshire, the representative of a very old family in the county of many acres, where there is a saying that there never was a bad Maynard. There were those of the name who fought at Agincourt, about which time they were the owners of property on the banks of the Tees that is now in the possession of their descendants. Mr. Maynard, who is Master of the North Durham hounds, has hunted that country for the last ten years, and has been able to show excellent sport over the old Lambton country, so famous in Ralph Lambton's days. He pays particular attention to the breeding of his hounds, by judiciously using blood from Lord Eglinton's, the Fitzwilliam, the Brocklesby, the Tynedale, and the Bramham Moor. He is well served by his huntsman, Henry Haverson, his men are well mounted, and the North Durham foxes go straight, and can stay. Mr. Maynard is an excellent judge of horses, hounds, and shorthorns, and is frequently in office at the Royal and other of the large agricultural shows in this country. His grandfather, Mr. John Maynard, was one of the first landowners in the North who brought the shorthorns into notice ; so that taste and judgment are here hereditary.

In his younger days Mr. Maynard hunted with the late Duke of Cleveland, the Bedale, Hurworth, &c., and went very straight, preferring, as he does now, horses with some blood in them—quality in a hunter being an essential with him. Before that time he had entered early, for, after leaving the Royal Military College at Edinburgh, he came to live at Harlsey Hall, and kept a pack of harriers well able to account for an outlying fox in the low country about Northallerton to the Cleveland hills. Exceedingly popular in the hunting-field—where Mr. Maynard has a cheery word for everybody—he is also much liked and respected in social life, performing the duties of an English country gentleman in the same generous spirit as his ancestors have done before him.

## THE HORSE-BREEDERS' HANDBOOK.\*

WE have lately perused, in the columns of the sporting press, so many high-flown and flaming reviews of the work now submitted to us for review, that it might be taken for granted that nothing in the way of panegyric was left to be bestowed on what professes to be a work of reference of the highest utility and comprehensiveness. But we really cannot but think that those kindly critics who have so loudly sounded the praises of the *brochure* in question, have rather suffered their usually clear and acute sense of vision to be dazzled and deluded by the very pretentious binding and general get-up of the volume now before us; and that eyes, accustomed to the sober law calf of 'Racing Calendars' and to the official buff of publications issuing from the *bureau* in Burlington Street, have been fairly 'obfuscated' by the garb of brilliant blue and garish gold assumed by 'Beacon' and Co.'s latest contribution to the archives of breeding lore. We give the aforesaid critics all credit for discernment and industry in research, though we cannot but think that for once they have been led astray by a cursory glance into the material contained between such attractive boards, and have taken too much for granted the profession of the authors to have issued to the public a work complete in detail with reference to its contents. They seem to have stopped short at the fearfully and wonderfully made animal which confronts their gaze on the cover of the book, and of which we have in vain attempted to discover the sex, and whether it be horse, mare or gelding; though we might not be far wrong in assigning it to the neuter gender, having regard to the generally emasculated contents of the volume, and the total lack of power and vigour which pervades it. Be this as it may, it is worth while to consider how far external appearances are justified by the pith and marrow of the subject-matter within, and what solid claims the work possesses to a title in respect of which completeness and comprehensiveness should form the leading features and characteristics. Gorgeous binding and clear type must certainly be held responsible for the lion's share of the modest half-guinea demanded from subscribers to the 'Horse-breeders' Handbook;' and we write this advisedly, because from the merest casual inspection of its contents it is evident that owners of brood mares, like Japhet, 'in search of a 'father,' would find it far simpler and cheaper to obtain from some source or another a copy of the Sheet Calendar, which we shall be bold enough to assert, without the slightest fear of contradiction, contains a far larger bulk of general information in respect of stallions than that furnished by the book wearing the racing livery of the house of Rothschild. However rich and rare may be its colours, the poverty within is in marked contrast to the glare and glitter without; for the bulk of the work is merely a compilation of fossilized pedigrees dug

\* The Horse-breeders' Handbook. Edited by J. Osborne ('Beacon'). London: B. Clegg (for C. J. Hare).

from the primeval rocks of effete sporting literature, garnished here and there with a chip from the old block of the Blarney stone, and served up in the well-known *réchauffé* style peculiar to those who consider perhaps that

‘A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in it.’

But the principal exception we shall take to the ‘Horse-breeders’ Handbook’ is its singular deficiency in what we are entitled to regard as the very first principle and essence of a handbook of reference, namely, completeness and comprehensiveness; and this is all the more unaccountable when we come to analyse the object and aim of the work, which can only be that of laying before breeders all the available material at their command, together with such facts illustrative of doings at the post and in the paddock as may reasonably be deemed worthy of being held in remembrance. A ‘hand-book’ is not deserving of the name unless its compiler is at least so far impartial and unprejudiced as to set before his readers all the information at his command, not attempting to influence their judgment by a side wind, as it were, but, having laid before them the recommendations possessed by each candidate, to leave them to pursue their own course of selection. We are perfectly well aware of the difficulties likely to beset the path of him who attempts to frame a complete list of stallions now at the public service in Great Britain and Ireland; but at least there is the ‘Calendar’ to refer to, as well as the columns of journals devoted to sport, in which the necessary material may reasonably be expected to be found, and beyond which at any rate it were almost needless to look for information of the kind required. Putting our objection, then, on the broadest grounds to start with, and dealing rather with generalities than with details, we may state that whereas the advertisements of about 115 sires are to be found in the ‘Racing Calendar,’ only 75 of these have been considered worthy of a niche in that Walhalla of stud worthies enshrined in the Assyrian magnificence of purple and gold. There can be no possible objection to ‘Beacon’ or any other enthusiast in the occult science of breeding, expending any number of firkins of the best Irish butter in making as attractive as possible the wares required to be pushed for sale; but it is a different thing altogether to make-believe to furnish a ‘correct card,’ leaving out certain of the leading performers in the races, and in fact only giving publicity to the names of those convenient or expedient to be thus set forth, after some secret process of elimination on the part of the author or compiler, into the mysteries of which we now propose to inquire. The lamentable incompleteness, as a trustworthy work of reference, of the ‘Horse-breeders’ Handbook’ must be owing either to ignorance, carelessness, or manifest unfairness and partiality on the part of its author; and we will leave our readers to judge to which of the above causes the shortcomings of the work may be attributed, when we state that the responsible editor has made genealogies and pedigrees of the thoroughbred his *spécialité* for



many years past, being quite the 'Old Mortality' of the 'Stud Book,' and other repositories of dusty lore in connection with the origin and derivation of the British racehorse. It is impossible to conceive that so learned a pundit as 'Beacon' could have forgotten the existence of sires boasting at least an average degree of distinction, the claims of which to notice he has quietly ignored, and carefully excluded from the list put forward as containing '*full particulars of the principal sires advertised to cover during the season of 1881.*' Can it be possible that kissing has really gone by favour, and that those owners the 'favour of taking a copy' from whom it has been found impracticable to extort, or inadvisable to approach with that idea, should have been purposely, deliberately and advisedly left out in the cold to punish their lack of sympathy with and interest in 'Beacon's' handbook, and to furnish another example of the shortsightedness of human nature? We can hardly recognise the imputation of carelessness or ignorance with the idea of such a laboriously minute and experienced writer as 'Beacon,' who may be supposed to have all information relative to the various equine families at his fingers' ends, and to be a perfect expert in all that appertains to the derivation of the high-mettled racer. There is absolutely no excuse whatever for the sins of omission and commission scattered broadcast through the work; for not only are stallions of credit and repute consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness, but their places are occasionally usurped by pretenders, unearthed from what sources heaven only knows, and paraded in company far beyond their merits either on the score of blood or performances. Prominent candidates have been contemptuously ignored, apparently without any rhyme or reason, and purely from caprice; while more than one previously 'great unknown' has awoke to find his light taken from under a bushel and shining in the pages of the 'Handbook' among stars of the first magnitude.

Descending now from the region of generalities to that of detail, we proceed to prove our case of indictment against the 'Horse-breeders' Handbook,' on the score of its title being altogether a misnomer, and generally of the false pretences under which it has been attempted to be foisted on the public. We are not about to inquire into the principle of selection adopted in the description of this or that sire; for the very good reason that no principle whatever is apparent, save, perhaps, that of expediency, which consideration should be the very last to influence those 'guides, philosophers, and 'friends' of the breeder who profess to put him on the high road to success in his calling. For the life of us we cannot perceive why some candidates should be left out altogether in the cold, while others of equal, nay, of inferior calibre find ready admission to the select circle revolving round 'Beacon,' that 'light of other days,' who disperses his radiance with such marked partiality. What has Rosicrucian—the third or fourth in last year's list of 'winning stallions'—done, that he should be altogether ignored by the chronicler of very much smaller beer? What causes have operated

against Albert Victor, Cathedral, Cymbal, King of the Forest, Macgregor, Thunderbolt, and Victorious (all boasting highly creditable returns for 1880), receiving honourable mention in the 'Blue Book' before us, which also omits all allusion to such notabilities as Barefoot, The Duke, Lecturer, and Lord Lyon, to say nothing of novices like Avontes, Altyre, Cæruleus, Glendale, Hampton, and Landmark? Could no space be found for Ethus and Van Amburgh, Onslow, Pell Mell, Rosebery, and the Sheffield Lane and Newbridge Hill contingents of stallions in this *vade mecum* for breeders—a compilation, be it specially noted, in which others of the same caste, stamp, and character have received as full a measure of notice as the leading fathers of the English stud? Will it be believed that while those, the names of which we have just cited, are unceremoniously ignored for reasons best known to the editor, that versatile functionary can have the assurance to give precedence to a long string of nonentities, with a goodly sprinkling of roarers among them, and not a few totally unknown to fame. That mighty grampus, Prince Charlie, may perhaps be said in some measure to have lived down the reproach of 'bellows to mend,' and Tibthorpe has given us Lucetta; but surely 'Beacon' does not mean to advocate the use of those musical instruments Sir Bevy, Clanronald and Couronne de Fer by breeders in preference to those left out of consideration, or to give the precedence over these to such as Hollywood and Normanby (a pair of Irish obscurities), Controversy, Mask, Wild Dayrell II., Hopbloom, Skylark, and—save the mark—Kaiser, long since exiled to the fair land of Poland! Yet the last-mentioned rather 'mixed' lot are ostentatiously paraded as superior in respect of promise or merit to—we quote the list once more—Albert Victor, Cathedral, Cymbal, King of the Forest, Macgregor, Rosicrucian, Thunderbolt, and Victorious; and this with the title-page of the book bearing upon it the statement that it embraces 'full particulars of the principal sires advertised to cover during the season 1881.' The force of impudence—to use the mildest expression—surely could no farther go, and, further, the patience of readers will be sorely tried by the numerous blunders perpetrated throughout the entire work, errors of orthography, ludicrous misstatements, perversions of facts, and offences galore against the laws and ordinances of Lindley Murray. Nearly every page is full of what are conveniently termed 'printer's errors,' due to original bad spelling or a lack of proper correction; while, as a leading case in support of our assertion that misstatements abound, we need only refer our readers to the article on Blair Athol, wherein it is stated that 'for the Grand Prix at Longchamps, 'owing to a bad passage (!), he (Blair Athol) was beaten by 'Vermout, which terminated his racing career, Mr. Jackson 'having resolved that he should go to the stud with an unimpaired 'constitution.' Can anything be more ridiculously absurd than this in a work purporting to be edited by an individual clothed and in his right mind; and what has that worthy to say about

Camballo's stock running for the first time in 1881, when there was a three-year-old winner by him at Newcastle last week? We are also informed that Jolly Friar 'is the only Beadsman sire covering 'at the low fee of 20 guineas,' whereas Cæruleus will oblige at 15 guineas, and Acorn can be had for a modest 'tenner'—also that Wild Dayrell II. 'was never trained, consequently his constitution is unimpaired'—also that Distin 'at once became a 'fashionable sire, but nevertheless failed to attain the extended 'patronage he was entitled to'—also that Silvio is 'put together like 'a piece of machinery'—also that *Heartsease* by Optimist ran third to Petrarch and Madeira for the Middle Park Plate of 1876—also that Normanby was sent to the stud *the year before he was foaled*—also that Little Lady is dam of The Slave—also that Pero Gomez was purchased by Lady Alice Peel. If it be urged against us that we are captiously criticising, and going out of our way to find fault, all we can say is that we have cited but a few of the legion of mistakes, blunders, and inaccuracies which disfigure, and quite inexcusably, the book under review. Orthography is set utterly at defiance, as witness the various 'readings' of poor Vanderdecken's name; while the veriest household words and names in racing lore are so twisted and distorted as to present the idea of some printer's devil having been deputed to supervise the work of correction and punctuation.

In alluding to the preface of the book last in order instead of first, we may appear to be perpetrating an unmitigated Hibernianism; but a national flavour of this description seems to pervade the entire work, which we may characterise as a combination of blarney and blunder throughout. There is a vast deal too much of brag, and of the *ego et rex meus* business about the preface, which, starting with grandiose pretensions to put people on the high road to success in breeding, glides off at first into a disquisition on the pedigree-tree of the author himself, which it is a wonder he has not tabulated and set out at length in the page opposite to that in which he claims relationship with the ducal house of Leeds. We might then have learnt something concerning 'in-and-in' or 'out-and-out' breeding, in connection with the human as well as the equine race, concerning which latter subject the preface promises to enlighten us so greatly, but so signally fails in the performance thereof. The instances quoted tend only still further to confuse instead of to elucidate theories already sufficiently wild and vague; and 'Beacon' has signally failed in the attempt, frequently made in vain before, to show that any mortal owns the exclusive patent for producing high-class racehorses 'to order.' The anecdotes introduced may be credible, vivacious, and interesting, but they prove nothing more than that the *arcana* of breeding are still as far removed beyond the certainty of human grasp as ever, and that the chapter of accidents is responsible for as many successes as failures. This much, at any rate, is clear, that notwithstanding all the talent and experience brought to bear on the theory of breeding by our Irish neighbours, results of late years

have been singularly bare and unprofitable with respect to the merits of flat racers produced in the Emerald Isle, however well its cross-country champions may have succeeded in holding their own.

In case it should be asked by friends, apologists, or advocates of or for the 'Horse-breeders' Handbook,' why so much powder and shot has been expended in demolishing a work only outwardly formidable; we answer that our main object has been to dispossess casual readers of the apprehension that so important an operation as the production of the thoroughbred is any way likely to be prejudicially affected by what has been pretentiously put forward as a text-book for breeders. Our aim has been also to expose the shortcomings of a publication calculated to bring reproach upon sporting literature, and the more so because issued under the supervision of one whose name we have been accustomed in days gone by to regard as quite a sufficient guarantee for the genuineness and thoroughness of anything proceeding from his pen. But in the present case we regret to see the credit of that once powerful and reliable instrument so far compromised as to suffer from connection with what we cannot truthfully describe otherwise than as a snare, a delusion, and a sham, and as reflecting more the frothy splutter of a cheap jack than the solid labour of an accurate and impartial critic. For the reason, too, that the book has received extravagant praise at the hands of those whose opinions could only have been founded upon a most superficial perusal of its contents—we are anxious that it should not go forth to the world with the *imprimatur* of the entire sporting press; otherwise it would seem as if contemporary critics in that line of business had themselves taken a leaf out of the 'Horse-breeders' Handbook,' and had been content to praise indiscriminately what they could not have taken the trouble to read. Above all, there is palpable evidence that the shortcomings of the book are due either to inconceivable carelessness or unaccountable partiality—both glaring faults in any work of similar pretensions—and we leave the public to judge to which of these sinister influences an egregious failure is to be attributed.

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### HABITED HABITUÉES OF IRISH HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS.

HE was a momentarily maddened misogynist, who in the frenzy of blighted affection delivered himself of those famous lines to which the Laureate introduces us in 'Locksley Hall':—

'Woman is the lesser man, and thy passions match'd with mine,  
Are as sunlight unto moonlight, and as water unto wine.'

The energy with which woman has scaled those empyrean heights which were supposed to be the peculiar prerogative of the lords of the creation, shows that the lesser man is by no means always the

weaker vessel; she has invaded the realms of sport, and if she has not absolutely annexed them, she has made some brilliant conquests in this special domain of the greater man. Who can throw a salmon or trout fly more luringly than lovely woman, who has probably conceived and accomplished the telling bait with her own deft fingers and eyes experienced in the harmonies of colour? If the loch knows her prowess, so does the moor and the deer forest too. Cricket is about the most anti-petticoat game imaginable, yet willow and wicket have seen instances of female prowess, and there is a Gloucestershire tradition, I believe, that the mother of the Graces—like the mother of the Gracchi—was their earliest Mentor in the game which knew no better champions or exponents. But it would be tedious, and a work of supererogation to box the compass of sports, for in almost every department woman has achieved greatness, and the fine perceptions and quick instincts of the lesser man have mastered almost by intuition what the sterner-sexed student often only acquired by much painful perseverance and patient practice; because, like a second Dogberry, who fancied reading and writing came by nature, he conceived that sport of every kind was an appanage of man, and never set his brain and being to work to thoroughly master some of its niceties and intricacies, till all sorts of faulty methods and incorrect habits had been acquired, to be unlearned slowly and toilsomely by-and-by.

It is in the hunting-field, however, that emancipated woman has perhaps achieved her most solid and enduring victories. Here her beauty and grace, unaided by costly and doubtful ancillary arts, are at once recognised and worshipped; while the delicate fingering which plays with her hunter's mouth as with a musical instrument, and the high courage, true eye, and quick perception command homage of quite a different kind. It is not very many generations since Walter Scott painted Di Vernon as the exceptional woman whose delight in field sports, but more especially in hunting, had somewhat isolated her from the social circle of cotemporary spinsterhood. Thomson, in his 'Seasons,' hurled anathematic malisons in blank verse on the hard-riding women of his day: *elles ont changé tout cela*. The hunting-field is now almost as much a woman's province as the ball-room or a box at Her Majesty's Theatre, always premising that she has learnt to ride thoroughly, and has, as most women have by nature, the tact and instinct to give *suum cuique* to the component units of the field—to trespass on no one's department, and yet hold her own; has acquired, in fact, 'the etiquette of the hunting-field,' a subject which I think has already been touched upon in masterly style in your bygone pages. These preliminary observations are very general, and apply to the shires and provinces of England as well as those of the Green Isle. Let us endeavour to localise them somewhat, though before I do so let me quote a passage from the work of Colonel Cook, an authority on matters pertaining to the chase, whose date is the remote one of 1826. 'We read in history that young ladies of the highest quality and

'greatest beauty spent much of their time in the chase, so strong and universal was the passion for hunting among our ancestors, and I was gratified when you told me that in your part of England the fair sex still sanction hunting, and *occasionally* grace the field with their presence, although I confess they appear more in their element in the drawing-room, or in Kensington Gardens, than in the kennel or the field; still, I must say, it looks well, and shows a disposition to promote their brothers' and husbands' amusement, and in consequence contributes much to domestic happiness.' These observations sound very *rococo* now-a-days, when every hunting corporation has its local Diana, or perhaps half a score of them, with the necessary accompaniment of dryads and oreads, and attendant sylphs and nymphs. When the Empress of Austria visited the hunting grounds of Ireland some three seasons ago (*cheu fugaces!* how fast Time's pace is) she learnt ere many days had lapsed that riding is by no means a lost art among the inhabitants of the first gem of the sea, or likely to grow obsolete and antiquated from lack of modern and miscellaneous cultivation! It may be said, What has the Empress of Austria to do with Irish hunting ladies? Much, every way, I would reply. The Kaiserin had the misfortune to be born out of Ireland, but her affections cling to its grasseries as the shamrock does to its native and kindred soil; she is Irish in heart, and the feeling is well reciprocated in the land of her adoption, so that in reviewing The Ladies' Hunting League in Ireland it would be a crime *de lèse-majesté* to omit their august leader and pioneer, who is certainly if not absolutely the best horsewoman, the most consummate and graceful mistress of the difficult art of crossing a big country, has certainly very few rivals or equals, and is probably quite unsurpassed in one or two branches of the art. The empress made her *début* with the Ward Union staghounds, and had the good fortune to come in for perhaps the best run of that season. The story of that day has been told before now with the curious episode of a finish in Maynooth's quadrangles, and the reversal of the legend of St. Senanus. Very few have ever been carried for some twelve or thirteen miles of sustained pace over a very strongly fenced line as her Majesty was carried that day by Domino, whose picture, admirably painted by Richter, of Vienna, and true in lineament and action, has recently been presented to Mr. Morrogh, the master of the Ward Union staghounds, by the empress, who appears on his back equally truly limned, and as young and graceful as she always showed, for though the Almanach de Gotha may give dates, the Kaiserin seems to have abolished the *anno Domini* in her case, and it would seem that, like her prototype,

Time shall not wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

The empress was the only lady who rode through that great run, and the performance was quite first-class, and put her at once on the highest pinnacle of riding fame.

Coming somewhat late in the season the empress had very chequered sport with fox-hounds in her first year, but she saw a good sharp gallop from Laragh Gorse in Kildare, in which she was well in front, and admirably piloted by Captain Middleton. While in Meath she thoroughly enjoyed a good eight-mile run from the Bull Ring Gorse to Ryndville, towards the close of which she jumped one of the biggest and most repulsive barriers in Meath—the Ryndville Double, a great straight-cut embankment margined by wide *dry* ditches, which to a tired hunter are sore temptations to baulk or run into. In this exemplary run the empress, though in the first flight all throughout, was not the first wing (to adopt the analogy), an honour reserved for Mrs. S. Garnett, piloted by Mr. Trotter with his usual good judgment and quiet determination. The empress commenced her second season in Ireland auspiciously enough, again mounted on Domino, and with the Ward Union hounds, she came in, on her first day, for about the *best, straightest, and longest* run this pack ever perhaps had, nearly twenty miles, and most linearly direct. Of this the empress saw some ten or eleven miles, when her horse was interfered with and fell. Her Majesty had one or two more tolerable rides, notably on Hard Times, a new purchase; but this season was *manqué*, so far as sport went, owing to some slackness in her stud, whose members proved either recalcitrant or inferior to her ambitions. The Kaiserin, however, never lost nerve or heart, and still to her, as to Gundrada of Saxon fame,

Prospera terror erant—Aspera risus erant.

If the empress was unlucky in her mounts, we may be certain that neither nerve nor hands were at fault. She knew almost intuitively (the result of experience and generalisation) how every horse should be ridden over a country, and how bitted. Mistress of her subject, she expected the animals she rode to be fit and capable. But hunting has its inevitable disappointments as well as its raptures and its triumphs.

I began with the Ward Union staghounds. To ride satisfactorily with this pack, whose lines are cast in a glorious grassy vale very largely obstructed, a good, bold, free hunter is simply indispensable, because, though pace may not be as fast and spry as with foxhounds favoured with good scent, it is necessarily more sustained and less interrupted, so that mistakes and refusals are fatal to progress here. Hence the number of ladies who 'follow' is limited. Mrs. Morrogh, who used to go brilliantly with this pack, has since her arm was broken by a cannoning countryman not been seen in the field very often. Whyte-Melville's lines about this pack were dedicated to her, and part of the last stanza recalls her straight-riding to recollection.

‘Then success to the master! more power! and long life!  
 Success to his horses, his hounds, and his men!  
 And the brightest of days to his fair lady wife,  
 May she lead us and beat us again and again.’

Among the straightest goers in the Ward Union country now, I may name Miss Hussey, Mrs. W. Jameson, Mrs. Stewart-Moore, Mrs. Steeds, Mrs. Davis, Miss Sheil, and whilst in Ireland, Miss Coleridge, while among transient visitors who have gone well with these hounds, I may write down Lady Georgina Churchill, Mrs. Stewart Duckett, Lady Clarendon, Mrs. Butler, Miss S. Persse.

Meath, like Dublin, is a country where a bold fencer is essential to a lady's comfort and happy progress. The ladies who honour the Ward Warblers generally give a day or two per week to this county pack, as far as meets and opportunities are available. Among the many who go well in this—the Leicestershire of Ireland—the following names will readily suggest themselves, the Ladies Plunkett, Miss Waller, Mrs. Kearny, the Hon. Mrs. Donaldson, Miss Tisdall, Lady A. Taylour, Miss Smith, Miss Fowler, Mrs. Preston, Miss Preston, Mrs. Dyas, Miss Donovan, Miss Tiernan; but for perfection of seat and a happy combination of strength and lightness of hand few in or out of Meath could compare with Mrs. S. Garnett, some of whose hunters such as Cameo, Chatterbox, Mercury, &c., attained an almost European celebrity, which I think was as much due to their rider's talent, as to their own intrinsic excellencies; her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Garnett, rides in capital style also, but she seldom comes out with these hounds; Mrs. Potterton can send a young one over a country fearlessly and faultlessly, while Mrs. Cornwallis-West sailed over this country once or twice very well last season.

In Kildare hunting is a fashion as well as a passion. A small field of ladies at a fashionable meet may number nearly or possibly more than thirty *en amazone*, and among them many ride to perfection over a country and know how to pick their way to the front, no matter how severe the pace and fences may be.

Mrs. Tynte, of Tynte Park, has perhaps forgotten more about hunting and riding than many know, and the lore has descended to her daughters. The Ladies Bourke have the family gift of fine riding, and so have the Misses Beauman, Miss Brooke, the Hon. Mrs. Blacker and Miss Blacker. Miss Kilbee rides to hounds as few can, and the Hon. Mrs. Forbes and her sister, Mrs. Wiseman, a few seasons ago rode splendidly. The Misses Watson go well. Mrs. Hume seldom rides now over a country, but when she did her style was faultless. Miss O'Kelly rides straight and well; so does Mrs. Falconer and the Misses Kennedy. From the Curragh come a few good riders occasionally, but none of late equal to Mrs. Schawbe.

Louth numbers among its best riders Mrs. de Salis Filgate, the master's wife, the Misses Gradwell, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Komiski.

In West Meath horsemanship naturally associates itself with the Hon. Mrs. Vere-Hope (who, when Mrs. Greville Nugent, and mounted on the incomparable Eden, was simply unapproachable in style and performance), and the Hon. Mrs. Malone, who, admirably mounted, knows how to call forth all the best qualities



and resources of her hunter. Miss FetherstonH, of Rockview, rides beautifully, as do the Misses Reynell, the Misses Chapman, and Mrs. Battersby; Mrs. Coffey and Miss Hall know their way over any country, and Miss Cooper, of Dunboden, promises to ride very well to hounds.

In Roscommon, among several good riders, I believe there is no more finished artist than Miss Nolan.

In Galway the Persse family always furnishes a galaxy of riding grace and talent, and among the very best lady performers there are Miss Persse, Miss S. Persse, the Hon. Mrs. Pollok, the Hon. Mrs. Brassey, the Hon. Miss Bingham, Miss Lambert, and Miss Tully, the last-named being at home over walls on almost any horse.

In the Queen's County the county pack lost its best and brightest ornament in Lady Richard Grosvenor, who, as Miss Ella Stubbes, crossed this difficult country very well. Miss Casan is also very good over its banks, ditches, and walls, while the Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Patrick is remarkable for her good hands, an inherited gift, in the neighbouring county of Kilkenny. Lady Ormonde goes very well, though not out very often. Lady Power, Miss Langrishe, and Miss Keatinge, are very good performers, while in Tipperary Mrs. Macnaughten, the master's wife, rides quite perfectly, and Miss Quin rides with nerve and aplomb that many a centaur, 'encorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast,' might envy.

The Curraghmore Hunt is naturally much favoured by ladies, for Lady Waterford, who hunts a great deal, is as much at home among the walls and narrow backs of Wexford, Kilkenny, and Waterford, as she was with the fences of the Berkeley and Sodbury Vale, and the walls and hedges round Tetbury and Malmesbury. The Dowager Lady Waterford rides very well, too, when in this part of the world, and Mrs. Bookey and Mrs. Gandy go remarkably straight and well.

In the King's County Lady Huntingdon, the master's wife, knows how to cross any country, and so does Miss Biddulph.

In Carlow the Hon. Mrs. Bunbury rides to hounds as one who knows all about it, and so does Mrs. Stewart Duckett; and in Wexford Miss Lee sees most of the good things in her neighbourhood, while among southern stars Mrs. Bruce, Miss Massey, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, and the Hon. Miss Roche, naturally occur to one's memory.

The list of good riders I have made is by no means an exhaustive one, or with any pretensions to completeness, but it is long enough to show how thoroughly hunting has entered into the heart of Irish life and society. Tommy Moore, the natural lyrist, talks of the wild sweet-briary fence that round the flowers of Erin grows. That is, I believe, about the only fence that the wild Irish girl and the friskiest matron absolutely refuses.

## THE FOX HUNT ON BEN LOMOND.

## II. THE HUNT.

IN the moonlight I can see the huntsman is about the middle height, and possesses a very spare figure. Son and grandson of foxhunters, from his very earliest youth he has learned to track the 'tod'; indeed the instincts of the foxhunter are bred in him. And what an extent of country he has hunted! From Ben More down the sides of Loch Voil by the Braes of Balquhiddy, from Vennachar to Glen Gyle in Loch Katrine, and Aberfoyle to Glenfalloch. Every cairn and pass are familiar; and, though now over three-score, the youngest of the gamekeepers or shepherds find that they are not a match for him in a long day on the hills. A Balmoral bonnet and tunic fully describes his attire; a short whip or pelt with deer-horn handle, and a double-barrelled muzzle-loading gun his equipments.

'He does not carry a horn,' I observed to Blackyowes.

'He doesh not need a horn: he can whistle on his fingers,' is the reply. His pack consists of a brace of modern English foxhounds, one of which he is very proud of, from the Pytchley, and which he says he will rely upon for the day, and are presents no doubt from some huntsman to whom he has consigned some captured vixen, or a master of hounds whom he may have met on the moors in August.

The old Scotch foxhound or 'streaker' has now almost disappeared (the modern foxhound, indeed, entirely superseding it). Besides the hounds, there are about half a dozen terriers, the real old Scotch terriers, long backed, hard haired, strong-jawed animals, very fierce, more especially when underground. These plucky little dogs will follow a fox through the holes into the rocky cairns for hundreds of yards, but it is curious will not readily attack him in the open. They have of late been mated with the English fox-terrier, but the result has not been found to be an improvement, as the crossbred dog will not follow the fox so far underground. Many of the little animals are lost through their gameness, as they pursue foxes across narrow ledges into deep cavities, where they kill their quarry only to find themselves buried alive. Nothing, indeed, can be more pitiful than the stories keepers tell of their little favourites so imprisoned, answering their call morning after morning till their faint whine ceases with death.

The huntsman and hounds are maintained by the farmers according to the size of their holdings or rather the number of sheep which their farms carry, the rate being so much per score. The huntsman is generally billeted at one or other of the farmhouses, and porridge and milk is supplied without stint for his hounds and terriers.

As we lie by the loch side we can remark how little these men

know of the outer world and how much of that which lies around them. An owl skimming along the ground in search of mice gives an extra flutter over our heads and disappears in the gloom, while a big gamekeeper, who knows, or thinks he ought to know, every bird and beast in his beat, withdraws his pipe from his mouth, and says, 'She has a nest up by the Blairvockie.'

That we are waiting for some expected one of the party is evident, as no movement is made towards the hill.

'That will be Dugald, noo,' said the M.F.H.

'Ay, I think that will be Dugald. He said he would likely come 'by the glen,' said another.

But where Dugald was I could not well make out, unless they were judging from the wild startled scream of a curlew.

'He's a queer body, Dugald,' said Blackyowe. 'He's all the way 'from Aberfoyle rather than pay the train to Balloch and take the 'boat.'

'Is he aye on strike against the new railway company?' said a man from the Tarbert side.

'To be sure, to be sure; he and three more have been two year 'bringing the company to their terms. They walk all the way to 'Clasco, and drink the passitch money on the road.'

'Yes, and a coot way too; a man's feet were made for walkin', 'and whusky was made for drinkin', and——'

'Hoo are ye, Dugald?' was the interrupted remark of a shepherd, as he rose to greet the new arrival.

We were soon moving towards the Ben; the keepers arranging the passes we were to take for the night, as we climbed De Holdern and myself looking back with rapturous gaze on the beautiful scenery below. My young friend was, however, more moved by the spirit than the scenic beauties of the place, and at once burst into a song which was, like a good many Scotch songs, all in praise of the virtues of whisky. A verse of it is sufficient:

'Let the mist gather thick on the mountain,  
Let the linns rage as loud as the main,  
Let the blast howl aloud through the forest,  
What care we for wind or for rain?  
Let the folds of our plaid blow to tatters—  
With a drap of the real barley bree,  
With a glass of the real Benvoirlich,  
We'd let kilt, aye, and sporran go free—  
With a drap of good old Benvoirlich  
We'd let kilt, aye, and sporran go free.'

'You will go with Donald to the Balloch something or other,' said the leader of the party after we had gone some distance; 'he's 'a good man, Donald, and knows the fox—but you will not give 'him too much of a dram. He iss ferra fond of a dram.'

It was with a feeling of relief that I saw my companion handed over to a genuine specimen of a young West Highland keeper—one with lots of Gaelic and some beautifully broken English. Donald

soon afterwards took me in charge; a queer body, undoubtedly; a regular Dugald Cratur, 'fond of a dram and knows the fox.'

'It's a fine mountain, Ben Lomond, Donald,' I said, by way of starting a conversation.

'Ah, Ben Lomon' is a fine hill. Ben Neevish iss a higher hill; 'but Ben Lomon' is more respectapler.'

'You mean he looks better?'

'Ay, and he's just, too, as high as you would want. If he wass any 'higher he would be no use whateffer, as you could not make more 'than two trip to the top with the pownies.'

This was certainly an original and genuine Scotch view of the hill not included in the photographic collection to be found on the steamer's bookstall.

'You make a little as mountain guide, I suppose!'

'Oh, aye, a little in the summer time.'

'And you pull a boat, I suppose, and go out fishing?'

'Aye! aye! to be sure!'

'Fine sport, fishing, Donald!'

'Fine sport, fishin'—*when they rise.*'

'And grouse shootin' is a fine sport too, Donald. You carry a bag, I suppose, sometimes?'

'To pe sure; grouse shootin' iss a fine sport—*when they sit.*'

'Yes, when they sit, Donald,' I said, amused at his cautious rejoinders to my half-mechanical utterances. 'But after all, there's 'no sport like foxhunting.'

'To pe sure. *No.* More especially if you can shoot an old *she* 'fox heavy with whelps, and you get ten shillin's from the landlord 'and a bottle of whisky from the farmer.'

I was heartily glad that De Holdem was not with me to hear this genuine expression of a Highlander on foxhunting, as something serious might have happened. Donald, however, did not allow me much time for reflection. I had awakened within him grand ideas of the pleasures of the chase.

'I wass wunderin' offen what we wad do at all if it was not for 'the fox,' he said. 'He always gives us a coot spree (carousal) once 'in a year. Now we wad never have a spree at all except when 'the laird was burried or the laird was marrit.'

'You would have a good spree, I suppose, when the young laird 'got married, I suppose, Donald?'

'Spree! I should think we did have a spree. We burned ten 'cairts of coals, and drank fourteen gallon of whussky. Spree! 'Py Gracious I should think it wass a spree!'

At the recollection of this grand spree (true picture of a Scotch home-coming) Donald got very dry. The glorious time he had had over the fourteen gallons caused a burning sensation in his throat, and I produced the black bottle which Blackyowes had advised me to take, not that 'I would need the drink for mysel' 'a thegither,' he said; 'but that I wad find plenty of friends who 'would be looking for it,' and I gave him a dram.

We were soon at the pass, however, and crouching under the rocks awaiting the morning. Donald managed somehow not to return the bottle, and as I felt that for the time being I was in his power, I did not care to ask him for it. His gun, which I had not thought of noticing previously, I had leisure to examine in the faint glimmer of the waning moon. It was, indeed, a curiosity. There was as much iron-work about the stock, which had been broken, as would have made another new set of barrels, and the right hammer was amissing.

'She's in my pocket,' said Donald. 'I just slip her on when I need her, for I have lost the screw-nail.'

'Been a good gun in her day, Donald?'

'A coot gun, a very coot gun—no petter; but she is old now, and she requires a lot of poother. Guns are just like bodies, when they gets old and stiff they needs more ammunition to do their work.' As Donald said this he brought the black bottle to his mouth and swallowed as much ammunition as would have burst a 32-pounder.

Slowly the lone hours passed in the darkness, for the moon had disappeared behind the hill; the solace of a cigar, though a distinct infringement of the Highland laws of venery, helping, as in a thousand other similar situations, to lighten the tedium.

Cold blew the east wind over the top of the hills, and it was in vain that I flapped my arms across my chest to keep myself warm. How I would have liked to take a stroll through the pass! The rules of foxhunting in the Highlands, however, forbade a single movement. How I envied Donald in 'full snore,' with the black bottle—empty, no doubt—dreaming happy dreams of lairds' marriages, and home-comings, and the coal bonfires and gallons of whisky. 'To be sure,' I said to myself, 'it was a fine sport, fox-hunting; though, as I shivered under the grey trap rocks, I could not well make myself believe it. An early rise in a harvest morning for cub-hunting unpleasant?—Ugh! try a May morning on the side of Ben Lomond in the regular Highland season.'

Half chilled, half asleep, I start up suddenly. Have I been dozing? Donald is still snoring away with the bottle in one hand and the gun without the hammer in the other. The grey light is breaking above the mountain and the white mist creeps serpent-like, as if to back from a night's hunting, slowly through Glen Douglas and along the sombre face of Ben Dubh. Streaks of sunlight in the eastward now broaden into daylight, and all at once the sun bursts like from the sea. Gilding the edge of Ben Ledi, its rays glance on the Lake of Menteith, and Loch Ard, away to the foot of the slope, is shining like a mirror. Soon Loch Lomond brightens up till the dark pines in the islands show their shadows on the silvery waters, and all nature awakes. From the dark beds of heather fringed with the freshening green of the early bracken in the glens, the grouse cock sends up his chuckling crow, while from above comes the amorous morning 'ruff-eroo' salutation of the ptarmigan. How sweet, too, is

the clear note of the mountain ouzel, which springs from the slope below.

But hark ! what music is that 'midst these hills ? The war song of the Macgregor ? No. How the notes swell full and mellow, then echoing die away through the mountain passes ! Glen Douglas catches it up ; then it comes again as it sounds away through Glencroe to the Rest and be Thankful. Again it comes, and with a thousand echoes, as if there were a thousand tongues at play on the hills. How well that hound plays the Pytchley pibroch on the mountain side !

It was no Highland romance, then, what the huntsman told me of one of his sick hounds breaking its leash in the morning when it heard the old music ring, and swim the loch, three miles wide, to join in the sport. As I crouch upon the rock the music breaks upon my ear as if the hound is approaching, and I try to awaken Donald, but he resists all my efforts. Giving him a good shake, I have just managed to plant him against the edge of the rock, when a big dog-fox, his brown mountain coat and beautiful black legs shining in the early morning sun, canters through the pass ten yards off. No view holloa could be louder than the yell from Donald as he fumbles in his waistcoat pocket for the missing hammer. Snap goes the right without even the cap exploding, and as the fox disappears round a corner a hundred yards off, the charge from the left barrel cuts up a track in the ground about ten yards in front. A fresh yell, and Donald is away in pursuit, but not before picking up and scanning the bottle. Fervently I rejoice to think that the fox has escaped the gun and given us the prospect of a run ; but my rejoicings are of short duration ; for as the hound wriggles along the line at our feet, the M.F.H. dashes up and fires volleys of oaths in broken English and Gaelic, while Donald, steadying himself as best he can, tries to make explanations. The hound's course is tell-tale to his carelessness, but he rattles the lies out as only a Highland man can.

' I struck him sure just on the fore-leg ; he will be dead soon — ' he cannot live long.'

Explanations are of no use. Poor Donald unfortunately set on the right hammer in the hurry, a set too far back on the screw, and when he pulled the trigger it only got the length of half-cock.

' And what iss the use o' you whateffer on the side of a hill ? ' was the commencement of the attack upon me. ' I suppose you ' are one o' those useless red-coats that hunt the tame fox in ' England, and does not know no petter. Why did you not shoot ' the fox ? '

' Me shoot the fox ! I would not commit vulpecide for the whole ' o' your Highland hills.'

This was only making matters worse : his Highland blood boiled up in an instant ; and Blackyowes, with De Holdem, appearing on the scene, came in for a share of his wrath.

' Just to think of this now : you and your two Englishmen ; one ' lichtin' his stegar wi' stinkin' Wesooovian matches, and yellin' like ' a railway-whistle on a steam railroad when the fox passes ; and the

'other fills Donald fou', and when I ask him why he did not shoot 'the fox himsel' he swears he would not do it whateffer. Iss this 'the way to hunt the Blackyownes? I will not heff it. A 'Master of Houands is a Master of Houands.'

But while we are disputing, the Pytchley pibroch sounds on the hill again, and with a yell the huntsman is off in pursuit. De Holdem and I breast the rock together, with a rush, in spite of the easterly breeze which blows cold from the hills above Loch Katrine. But we have no chance with the old veteran, who, heel and toe, springs from cliff to cliff, and as a good hunter seems to gain ground at his fences, rather draws ahead in crossing the high-banked glens which intercept him. Round the east side of the Ben we half run, half scramble, sometimes tumbling down the declivities on our faces fully twenty feet. Hard blown, we seem to catch our second wind as the melodious music comes back to our ear, carried by the mist-driving breeze. Soon we lose all idea as to our whereabouts, but we manage to keep the old huntsman in view, and his hounds within hearing. A welcome check gives us breathing time, and time to have a pull at flasks. The fox has disappeared in a cairn of rocks fully half an acre broad. 'Soon the terriers are at work, searching and winding every hole. Disappearing at the bottom of the slope, they reappear at the tops of rocks, half way up, and then disappear underground again. A terrible chorus comes from midst the mass of huge stones, and over the top of the hill, out of range of the huntsman's gun, our fox disappears again.

So off we go, we do not know where, sometimes up to the knees in the treacherous moss, at other times almost strangled by scrub and heather, as we dash down the mountain gorges and swing ourselves to the opposite banks again by the aid of friendly rowan or alder bushes. So confused were we getting that we did not know where we were.

Still we struggled on, keeping our huntsman in view. His second hound had been slipped by this time at some fresh pass, by one who had been lying with it in waiting. Keeping up hill as well as we could, a matter of difficulty, as one is always inclined to come down, more especially if he is tired, we found suddenly that we had made a lucky 'nick,' for the fox smelling powder ahead had doubled and passed round a spur of the hill in the direction of the loch.

'Well, this is foxhunting and no mistake,' said the young one as he pulled a flask out of his pocket; 'but I must say I would prefer a good fifty minutes over the grass country.'

'Yes, grass to heather any day, your forty fast minutes you had with the Vale is nothing to this.'

'Some excuse for the gun, eh?'

'Well, no,' said the young one, 'I must confess I would like to 'see him killed in the open and no infernal powder, but how he is 'to do it with a single hound I can't see; that first hound has got 'on to a fresh fox, has got thrown out or something, for I can only 'see the second one.'

As we lay with our breasts on a green bank we watched admiringly the single hound winding round each little hillock, and barked to the music it was making in the hills. The fox had doubled somewhere or passed through some hole well known to it and come out again lower down the glen, so the noble animal was at fault. That the highland foxhound is heavily handicapped, we could gather from the conversation we subsequently had with the huntsman, who told us of some good hounds he had lost by the side of Loch Katrine through running right over the edge of a precipice when in full cry, the fox disappearing through some hole in the heather just on the edge, leaving his pursuers to dash themselves over the precipice. The best incident related of the Highland fox's cunning is that which happened at Dollar, on the river Devon. Hotly pursued down the bed of the river there he jumped into an eddy in the foaming torrent amongst the rocks, and was carried round three-quarters of the circumference of the seething circle, to a point where he jumped out. This he must have done regularly, for if he had been carried a bit beyond this point he would have been lost, as were all the hounds which jumped in after him. The fact indeed of a fox using this seething eddy as a man would a trapeze to swing from point to point is one of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity recorded. But while we are waiting anxiously to see the huntsman make his cast, the fox jumps up from amongst some long heather just under our nose. A screaming view holloa, which woke the whole welkin, from De Holdem brings up huntsman and hound and we are off again.

We round the Ben till we are on the steep top of the Ptarmigan, and find he has doubled back along the edge of the loch. By this time the sun has crossed the meridian, and the weight of our bodies at every stride drags us downhill. Still we will not be beat by the old huntsman, who seems to tire at nothing. A crack of a gun brings to him the hope that some keeper at watch has finished the day's work, but the only death caused is that of a blue jay magpie, a shot at which the young keeper cannot resist. Now wrestling with the scrub, now swinging by the veriest twig of a sapling; here tumbling into a mountain drain, with as much way on as carries us up the opposite bank, we work along the edge of the loch, for Inversnaid.

With a Gaelic exclamation, which we can readily understand to be of admiration, although we do not know the language, the huntsman suddenly halts in the face of the rising ground, and points to the edge of the loch below.

'The two hounds dead beat!' says De Holdem, sorely pressed for wind.

'The hound and the fox!' shouts the M.F.H., and disappears with a yell through the thin oak scrub.

We cannot follow: not that we are too hard blown, but the fox and the hound struggling on the edge of the lake is too interesting a picture to be lost. Again and again does the hound close upon the



game animal, only to be rolled off. Powerless to do each other harm, they struggle on together, sometimes laving in the some pool, more like happy friends than deadly enemies. How we wish the fox to live that has fought so well for his right to existence ! But our wishes are of no avail, as a puff of blue smoke rises from amongst the alders, followed by a report, and the already half-dead animal stretches itself out in the water, while the hound draws alongside, a seemingly faithful friend. The shot from the barrel of the long gun of the huntsman has done its work, and we burst down the glen in time to see the death rites. Like huntsmen and hounds we are dead beat ; but to us who have enjoyed the glorious sport across country in a sportsmanlike way, there is a look of reproach in the dead glassy eye of the poor fox who lies stretched upon the bank, beside the deadly gun. Indeed it was not fair.

Blackyowes, Donald, and the crowd hurried up at the finish. They had relied on the fox making certain circles of the hills, and so saw none of the hunt. Not that they cared : all the delight they experience in a fox-hunt being that derived from a kill.

How lovely and inviting the whisky looked as it mixed slowly with the water from the mountain streamlet ! How tired we lay in the bottom of the boat, as we pulled home slowly down the lake ! How soundly we slept, together with happy reminiscences of the meet, of Donald and the black bottle, and the crack of the huntsman's gun, all come crowding back when I look up above the mantelpiece, and catch the glistening eyes over the black muzzle of the mountain fox of Ben Lomond.

SENTINEL.

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## HORSES OF ARABIA.

*(From Personal Notes of the Ritter von Vincenti.)*

THE prophet of Mekka said once : ' Surely evil lies in two things : ' in woman and in the horse.' For a man who had married thirteen times this would appear strange indeed, had we not a solution to the remark. Mohammed merely meant, that nothing could so easily entice men to do evil than the wish to possess a beautiful woman or a thoroughbred horse. So it is no doubt he meant, for a far better known, equally just saying of the prophet's is : ' The best possessions ' are a sensible wife and a fruitful mare.' Under the protection of the great friend of woman and horses we place our study of the beautiful horses of the Arabs ! How much there is already written and invented about Arabs. Every traveller in the East, who has been humbugged by a dealer in horses at the At-Bazaar at Stamboul, swears by the seal of the prophet, that he has ridden a thoroughbred of one of the ' five celebrated ' families who descend from Mohammed's five favourite mares. It is difficult to obtain a really good

horse in the desert of Syria—a thoroughbred quite out of the question. Nothing is more deceiving than the swindle which is carried on with ‘Arabs’ on the Euphrates. The craftiest people are the poor devils who are at the bend of the river near Hit, who risk their ears to steal horses; if caught, their ears are shaved off in the desert. The stolen horses are of Anezeh, Rualla, Serhan, Beni-Sochr, Beni-Harb, Weld-Ali, Oteybah tribes, who wander through an enormous desert from Syria to Hedschaz.

Along the lower part of the Euphrates, as far as Basra, we find some breeders of horses, of whom the mighty Montefik and Zobeir are the best known. The Syrian markets seldom produce these horses, for they are mostly bought up by the agents of the Anglo-Indian Government at the Basraer September fair. The Anezeh tribe, rulers of the Syrian desert, are most renowned breeders of horses. Even from Central Arabia, the country of the most beautiful horses, they possess some fair specimens. From them one can acquire the very valuable ‘Original Arab.’ This must either be done at the spring market of Annah, on the Euphrates, or at the periodical halting places, but never through an intermediary person, who may be capable of every kind of devilry, and one might find oneself suddenly in possession of a dyed ‘Nedschedi,’ whose descent is more than doubtful. I have made use of the word ‘Nedschedi’; it means this, a horse from the ‘Nedschd,’ namely, of the central Arabic table-land. There at all times, and even now, is the best breeding of horses in the whole world. These highland horses come very rarely out of the ‘Black Mountains’ which surround the Wahabitan country.

Sometimes the Arabian kings send, for political reasons, some horses as a present to the courts of Stamboul, Teheran, and Cairo; as, for instance, Feissul the ‘fat’ did at the beginning of the reign of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz; otherwise the horse-dealers in the Syrian desert scarcely ever cast their eye on ‘Nedschedi.’ Original Arab races are for us almost always, and notwithstanding all things, synonymous for half-bred, or crossed races. And then there is the best crossing, and at the same time the rarest; Central Arabic stallions with ‘schomeritic’ mares. More often one finds ‘scho-meritic’ blood, whose issue is always valuable, although they all have some fault; and as regards power and speed are as inferior to the ‘Nedschejanik’ crossing as these last are inferior to the pure ‘Nedschd’ blood. At ‘Schomberg,’ where in my time the brave Emir Telal lived, is north of the desert, near the territory of the Wahabites. Telal, as well as his eldest son, have amassed great wealth by horse-dealing. His son Emir Bendar especially, whose large pasture-grounds near Tabe have often been praised by the Bedouins, is the possessor there of a thousand most beautiful mares. The predecessor of Telal’s, the sly Reschid, had carried on a lucrative business with Egyptians, and especially with Abbas Pasha, the great admirer of horses and doves, and made a fortune out of him. Abbas, the Nero of the dynasty along the Nile, valued more the life of a

dove, or of a thoroughbred, than that of some dozen children of his subjects. His favourite doves wore gold necklaces, and his most valuable horses were adorned with the most gorgeous bridles.

The Bedouins themselves prefer the lightly-built 'Hedschaz' breed of 'schomeritic' crossing, and sometimes there are good stallions of this blood in the Upper Euphrates markets, or more often at the first station of the Mekka pilgrim caravan. A thoroughbred Arab should have a small head, broad forehead, pointed ears, almost touching each other at the top, pointed nose, somewhat projecting, fiery eyes; the neck should be long, bent, and as fine as a stag's neck, and not too thick maned, as the last sign is that of common blood; the Bedouin likes the withers to be somewhat sharp, the chest broad, short body, but not fat, the legs sinewy and fine, the hoof small, very round and hard, the tail set up high and only moderately bushy. The head and the legs are the two things which the Arab of the desert sets the most value on. The value of a horse amongst the Arabians lies in the breed. 'A noble horse' has no fault,' I often heard said under the tents.

It is uncommonly difficult to buy really good stallions from the Bedouins, for with a stallion they sell their own blood. The horse-dealer's experience there is, that a foal in physical and moral qualities, in the bones, nerves, and blood-vessels, as also in the character, takes after the sire, while, in the colour of the coat, after its dam. Diseases are almost always inherited from the sire, rarely ever from the dam. If the Bedouins prefer mares, and in general sell them less often than they do stallions, their reason is a good one. The mare is easier to ride, and pleasanter therefore in the desert; a man who rides a mare is very often called effeminate. The stallion is only ridden there in general when war is imminent between tribes. The mare requires less care and can be sent alone to pasture, which cannot be done with the stallion; the mare is far more hardy and can endure hunger and thirst far better than the stallion, who is certainly, on the other hand, swifter, but sooner fatigued. Heat especially the mare endures better; she is almost like the snake, whose strength increases with the increase of heat. A purchaser of either a stallion or mare must always fear being cheated. When English agents boast that they have bought faultless Arab stallions for a moderate price in the deserts of Syria, they do not add that they have been cheated, or that they have paid enormous sums of money. I myself saw a stallion of the 'schomeritic' crossing sold at the horse-market at Annah for a rather high price, and a yearly allowance made to the seller and to his descendants. The man who sold the horse was a Sheik of Anezeh, the buyer a Rualla Bedouin, who only from necessity, and crying bitterly at the time, separated himself from his noble animal.

Horses are often sold by paying a yearly allowance, so that a Bedouin may have lost a valuable horse in war, and may have to pay for years for it afterwards. When English agents say that Bedouins do not sell their mares for the sake of their breed, that is

altogether wrong; the stallion alone is, as I before remarked, responsible for the purity of the blood. Were one to draw a conclusion from all that has been said, the purchaser of a pure Arab would be impossible altogether. I have been only alluding to horses of the first rank. The easiest stallions to get are those of the 'mixed' breed, and they are not dear. I have seen four- or five-year old stallions, about 14½ hands high, sold for about one hundred or one hundred and twenty pounds. The cleverest purchaser was the Italian Guarmani, who was commissioned by Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel to purchase in 'Nedschd' Arab stallions for breeding purposes. I knew the man; he managed to get in exchange for one hundred camels three of the most perfect stallions from the Scheik Sultan-ibn-Rubean. There are several instances in which faultless stallions are parted with for moderate sums of money, thanks to the superstition of the Bedouins. A black mare for the Bedouin, without any spot, is always considered an unlucky animal; the so-called 'Sultan's Star' is also ominous. Less dangerous, though somewhat critical, are white spots on the fetlocks. If a horse have an 'épis' under the forehead, it is considered as an undeniable sign for the rider, meaning 'an open grave.' These 'épis' play a wonderful part in Algiers; the French officers are well aware of them. Mares with 'épis' on the hind-quarters are supposed to be barren, whereas this sign on both sides of the navel is a favourable sign. 'Epis' on the sides of the neck are called the 'prophet's finger,' and point to a peaceable death for the rider, while the same sign on the hocks means destruction. Were there not a grain of truth in this, the Arabs would not, for mere superstition's sake, part with their horses so easily, I imagine. The Bedouin in general does not care whether his mare is of 'Hámdani' descent, whether she have a 'Sáklavi' father or a 'Kohelan' one, or have a prophet's mare among her ancestors; he only asks whether the parents are free from fault, which means that he prefers a faultless mare with an unknown pedigree to a faulty one with a known pedigree. 'Kohelan' is the name one gives in the desert to nearly all horses with very fiery eyes. The Bedouin gives to his wife the same name, which is derived from the word 'Kohl,' or a black powder which the Arabian women colour their eyelids with, to add to the brilliancy of their eyes. Instead of the old family names of 'Hámdani,' Kohlan, Sáklavi, Manáki, Toreyfi, Obeian, &c., the Bedouin distinguishes his horses by the following terms: 'hörr,' quite noble, in which case the parents are free from fault; 'hadschine,' faulty, in which case the dam is underbred; mixed (mekueref), in which case the sire is underbred; and lastly in not noble (berdune), in which case both parents have faults. Abdel-Kader, in his celebrated letter to General Daumas, states that a thoroughbred can go, during three or four months, twenty-five German miles a day. This is certainly no fiction. In the desert I have heard say that a pure high-bred mare could do forty-four German miles a day, which is good going, to say the least of it. Horses are fed a good deal on barley and camel's milk; on the latter

they seem to do very well. A great blessing for the Bedouins is the fall of locusts, for they are real manna for horses. The Bedouins say nothing strengthens the muscles of a horse more, without fattening him. Oats they consider too heating for their horses. They feed their horses in the evening, with saddle and bridle on, but only attach the bit when they are on the march during war. They have a saying, 'Barley with the saddle on, water with the bridle on.' To water their horses at sunrise makes them thin. During the forty days of the great heat horses are only given water every other day. Feissul, king of the 'Wahabites,' has a most perfect arrangement for horses near Riad, his capital in Central Arabia. It is called the 'Garden of Horses,' a large piece of ground where the horses remain during the daytime. In the evening they are taken into the so-called 'Boyes' for protection against the constant fogs, and especially against the north wind. The king possesses upwards of a thousand horses, amongst which are some of the purest blood. Bulletins are daily issued for the information of the king as to their health. No horse is bound with a halter; they are attached by the hind leg above the fetlock with a light chain. A troublesome horse is likewise tied by the fore leg too. The height of a 'Nedschd' horse is 14½ hands, seldom over that height. In the royal stables the predominant colours are white, grey, and chestnut; pure white, which colour the Arabs do not much like, is rarer. Commoner are black and brown, rarely ever grey-white. They have a horrible way of shoeing; they scarcely cut the hoof, then knock six thick nails anyhow into the iron shoe, so that the Nedschejanik blacksmiths have lamed many a fine animal. Luckily, the hoofs of their horses are remarkably hard. This 'art' of horseshoeing comes from Khisir, the brave blacksmith of the Prophet. Besides in Austria-Hungary, the stud of the King of Hanover, the stud of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Weiler stud have had good results from breeding with Arab blood. Up till now the influence has been very small on Russian horses. When one sees a Russian horse move, one cannot help asking oneself how the devil he can go so fast with his bad legs. I know better the result obtained in the royal stud at Weil, or rather Scharnhausen, where all the Arab brood mares are with their foals. The change of coat in the growing animal is striking. The foals are chiefly chestnut; they then change to a spotted grey. They remain with the dam for six months, but are accustomed from the day after their birth to have oats given with their milk, which is a good practice, for they do not feel the sudden change of food so much as they otherwise would do. The Weiler stallion, 'Amurat-Bairacter,' and the stallion from Egypt, 'Mahmud,' are the ancestors of the offsprings we had in the Vienna Exhibition. They are very strong half-breds, nearly sixteen hands high. The Count Dzieduszycki, of Galicia, has imported several 'original arabs'—about twenty-four. In the stud of Count Dzieduszycki the treatment is certainly severe; the horses are never covered in the stables, and foals of three weeks old are fed with oats. The Bedouin is the

best horseman in the world ; he appears stuck, as it were, to the horse. With a small cane he urges on his horse, who never hears a harsh word and never gets a beating. With the dromedary the Bedouin acts harshly ; this animal requires it, but a horse is only to be dealt with by kindness. The stick, which serves as a riding whip, is the sign of honour of the Great Sherifs of Mekka. No sceptre is borne more proudly than this stick of the Bedouin horseman. If you want to see a Bedouin really ride well, you must see him hunt the gazelle. When they place the Syrian Sakr falcon with golden eyes on their fist, and are seated on a good horse, then you see some excellent sport. With these birds of prey they ride far in the country. Highly nervous the falcon fly wildly, quivering all over, with their eyes projecting from their orbits, uttering from time to time a painfully shrill cry. An awful sight it is when they hunt the gazelle with falcons and dogs at the same time. The falcon pounces on the large bright eyes of the gazelle, and its tormentor is often carried some distance, all the riders pursuing. At Mezairib, the first station of pilgrims, two days distant from Damascus, the Rualla give races for the entertainment of the caravans of pilgrims whom they accompany. The riders adorn their horses with the famous ' amulet,' and take care that no toothless woman shall touch their horses on this day, for that would bring bad luck. There is a saying that a Bedouin likes his horse better than his wife ; there must be some truth in this, for a wife has been offered to me in the desert, a horse never has, although I should have preferred the latter, however ungallant this may appear. Whoever has ridden a horse of the desert, and has been face to face with an Arabian woman of the desert, will certainly say I am right in most instances. Of course there are exceptions, but they are as rare as the thoroughbred horses, and are offered to no one. The part which a horse plays in Arabia is well known ; the new moon is supposed to be the silver horseshoe, which the black horse of the night is supposed in crossing the heavens to have left behind. Besides Mohammed's celebrated mare Dükdül, and King Said's Keraja, we find stallions bearing the names of all the great heroes of Arabia, with their individual qualities. Mares are given names like these, ' Subha,' if born in the morning ; ' Leila,' if in the night ; ' Ida,' on a holiday ; ' Hisna,' the most beautiful. Very often the wife and mare of an Arab bear the same name, and are rivals. In favour of the Arab women is a proverb which says, ' Who gives his wife for a mare requires evil for ' good.' If you see an Arab with his favourite mare, calling her by every word and name of endearment, you can scarcely be astonished at his wife's jealousy. A well-known proverb of Arabia says, ' The ' Paradise of this existence is on the back of a horse and in the heart ' of a woman.'

## NOTES FROM THE STAG-HUNTING COUNTRY.

*(Continued.)*

HAVING in my last brought the doings of the Baron's down to the end of 1880, I must resume with an account of them in the present year; and I think it will be found, as I run over the contents of my note-book, that their sport has by no means fallen off, but on the other hand, that the new year's doings will compare favourably with those of the old one.

During the first and second of the earlier months of this year, nothing very worthy of mention was done—or perhaps I had better use the safer term, and say did not come under my notice, although I feel pretty certain that had there been a run of much merit I should have heard of it, even if I did not see it. Indeed, I am indebted to hearsay for the first run I must mention, as on the day it occurred I was with the Bicester, whose meet was very near the Baron's, and this, no doubt, accounted for there being so small a field with the staghounds, as several of the Leighton division, like myself, elected to chase the fox instead of the stag, and thus were out of this very capital gallop. I first heard of it on my road home from hunting at Cheddington station, and being thus induced to make further inquiries, I was able to elicit the following facts:—It was on Thursday, March the 3rd, when they met at Hulcot, and on the deer being uncartered he led them away across the strong line of heavy ground to Mentmore, and beyond that got on to the North Western railway, where some of the hounds were so close at him that they were actually biting at his hocks. However, he shook them off and went away to Leighton, where a good part of the pack were thrown out as a long check occurred, and many of those who were with them, thinking it was all over, left them. So far from that being the case though, it was here that the fun began in earnest, for hitting off the line they ran hard as ever past the tunnel and Linslade and from thence away to Great Brickhill, and finally took him at Little Brickhill, after as fine a run as any man need wish to see and over a great extent of country. I do not know the exact distance, but it must be a great many miles from where they turned out to the place the deer was taken, going as a bird would fly, straight from point to point, and of course as hounds would run it was much farther.

On Monday, March the 14th, they had another red-letter day and one which those who were lucky enough to be in it are not very likely to forget in a hurry. The fixture was Helsthorpe at twelve o'clock, and by the time the clock was on the stroke of noon a large field had come together, amongst them being Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Cyril Flower, Mr. John Williams of Pitsstone and Mrs. Williams, Mr. George Greaves, Mr. Stewart Freeman, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Pratt, Mr. H. J. Chinnery, Mr. Maude,

Mr. Gilliat, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Withers, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, Mrs. Chilton, Mr. Duncombe, Mr. F. Miles, Mr. Spiers, Hon. G. Lambart, Mr. Scrimmage, Mr. F. Butcher, Mr. King, Mr. Eustace, Messrs. Lepper and son, &c., &c. The weather on this occasion was simply delightful, and, after what we had gone through, it was a real treat to be out when the sun shone warm and pleasant, albeit we found afterwards, when the pace warmed up a bit, that it told its tale on the horses. A deer that looked all over like a good one was uncarterd (for a finer I should think is seldom seen), but he proved in some things scarcely up to his looks, for he was not such a bold and brilliant fencer as red deer usually are, but seemed much inclined when he came to a hedge to run along by it instead of going over, as if he wished to find an easier outlet, until the pack convinced him that these tactics would not do, and that if he did not mean business, they did, and he must stand upon no ceremony but just make the most of his opportunities. Once convinced on this point, he went away well and took us at a rattling pace by Wing Park, beyond which the first noticeable incident in the run occurred. Those who know the country will remember that beyond it—that is, when hounds are running northwards—there is a brook, and I think most of them will allow that a very good and sufficient one it is—a brook calculated to satisfy the ambition of the most ‘thrusting scoundrel’ who ever rammed down his hat and caught his horse fast by the head, with a regular ‘in or over’ motto plainly written on his countenance. Fred Cox, remembering the old hunting maxim, that the first at a brook generally has the best of it, lost no time in getting there as quickly as he could, and sending his horse at it, got over, but not without a cropper which lost him his horse and delayed him sadly. ‘I thought I was over,’ he said afterwards, ‘until I found him begin to drop too soon, and then I knew it was a case.’ Not another soul tried it after he fell. No doubt had he achieved the passage in safety, there would have been a dozen of us floundering in the water and throwing it about, as Cowper has said, like wild geese at play; but not so when we had seen him fail. There was a bridge handy, and we, wise men that we were, pocketed our honour and glory for the nonce, and availed ourselves of its friendly aid to reach the other side. I am sorry to say that one or two to whom the veteran appealed for aid in catching his horse were so deaf that they did not hear him, and thus left him to enjoy an exercise to which he is little addicted, as according to his own account, he is no great proficient at running. It is true there was the excuse that the scent was breast high and hounds literally racing, but that should have been all the more inducement to lend a huntsman aid to get to his pack again as quickly as possible; for we all know that a band is of no use without a conductor, and if a huntsman is not needed just at the moment, it is never very long together that his presence can be dispensed with. Luckily he caught the truant at last and was able to get to us by the time his aid was wanted. In the meantime we were literally racing across some of



the very finest and strongest country in the hunt, every hound straining for the lead, and horses already beginning to show the effects of the combined pace and hot weather. The front rank thinned out as fence after fence was passed, and the tail gradually lengthened like that of a comet. Some could not live the pace and some could not tackle the fences, and from one cause and another the party really with the hounds soon became very select indeed. On by Burcott they held their way with no sign of a check, and then having just skirted Liscum, reached Soulby, where I think even those who had held their own well so far were by no means sorry to see the pack stopped for a few minutes. Forty minutes had passed since the turn out, and each second of the time devoted to getting across the country as fast as horses could carry us; and had we been running a red-coat race I don't think the pace could have been much faster. Forty minutes spent in this way finds out the condition of men as well as horses, so it was no wonder if we were glad with a little interval in which to turn our wind, and let our nags get the puff they stood so much in need of. Indeed I could not help thinking of the lines of the old H.H. hunting song, where it says,

‘ Mopping his front with double chin,  
Each weary Blue comes struggling in.’

For if there was more scarlet than blue to be seen, and double chins did not predominate, there was struggling and straggling in enough in all conscience. From this point a change came o'er the aspect of the chase, and the hunt afterwards was altered in character. There was more plough and less grass, and the scent was certainly not so hot. However, if they did not race they hunted, and, instead of riding for our lives to keep with them, we could now look about and enjoy the work of hounds. These hounds certainly do work most beautifully, and in a way that you do not always see with staghounds, but although they kept us moving along still at a fair pace the stag had leisure to revert to his evil ways again and run up and down the fences instead of going over them, which threw hounds out, as they could not tell when they were running heel or the reverse, and gave Mark Howcott more trouble to keep them right than he generally has when there is a good scent and bold deer before them. There was plenty of jumping to amuse us, and one bottom in particular took a deal of doing, as it was bad to get at if you had things all your own way, and much worse in a pushing crowd all eager and anxious to get on. As there was a good deal of cutting in and baulking, it was very fortunate that no one took up his residence in this place; for, unless my eyes deceived me, it was one that would have taken a great deal of getting out of, even if you had not another man and horse on the top of you, as you probably would have done. All who risked the venture got safe over, though it was a very near thing in one or two cases. One division of the field, I think, managed to escape it altogether, and there was a certain section who merely looked at

it and went away contented. Beyond this the ploughs were very deep and holding up to Hollington, beyond which point the pace warmed up again considerably, and we galloped at something like our morning rate by Newton Longville and on towards Bletchley, where no doubt the deer would have taken us had he not turned at the Winslow railway, when he doubled back towards Stoke Hammond, and the hunt finally ended in a cottage at Newton Longville, after as good a run as any man ever need wish to ride. I did not hear that any one timed it, but it was quite as much as most of us wanted, and we were not a little pleased to finish so close to Bletchley as we did, at least those of us who had to come southwards, and press the train into service as a hack to take us to our quarters, for the ride would have been a long one, and a first-class carriage is certainly a pleasanter conveyance than a tired horse for a long journey, any day in the week.

Their next run of importance that has come to my knowledge (although I did not see it) occurred on Thursday, March the 24th, when the meet was at Wing, where a large field had come together. On the deer being uncartered he led them away to Marston Gate, from thence, having turned, he went back to Mentmore on to Leighton and Linslade, where the hounds divided, and Fred Cox had to go on with about five couple, and such a rattling pace did this little lot drive along with a breast high scent, that Mark Howcott could never reach them again with the body of the pack, but had to be content with pursuing a stern chase until the end, and thus the rear-guard were never in it at all. The chase went on without let or hindrance by Woburn Sands, and Apsley Guise to Liddington, where the deer was safely taken after what many of those who saw it considered quite the run of the season; and well they might, for not only was a great extent of ground covered, but the pace was a regular cracker throughout. On Monday the 28th they went to Addington, always a favourite fixture of Fred Cox and one for which he selects his gamest and best deer, as I am told, though as the ground was getting so hard by this time and the dry weather had such a baneful influence on the scent, many doubted whether he would adhere to the old custom. A more beautiful morning than this we had not seen all the season, and it only wanted the ploughs a little moister to make things perfect; but perfect things are not given us very often in this life, and we must be content to take matters as we find them. I was rather surprised that such a beautiful day did not bring together a larger contingent of the Baron's supporters, but many well-known faces were conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps they thought of hard ground and shaky joints; while, on the other hand, several who are oftener to be seen pursuing the fox than the stag now came to have a look at the other branch of sport, as many of them do just towards the close of the season. None of the Rothschild family were present, neither was the Hon. Robert Grimston; and, as I have said, there were several other absentees whose names do not strike me at the moment of writing. Amongst those who were out I

saw Mr. Hubbard, the Hon. G. Lambart, Capt. T. Lowndes, Mr. Williams, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Lambton, Mrs. Lambton, Mr. George Greaves, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Cazenove, Mr. Stewart Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, Mrs. Chilton, Mr. Creeve, Mr. Paxton, Mr. King, &c. Mr. Hubbard had a most sumptuous entertainment ready for us, to which one and all were made most heartily welcome, and while the masters were doing justice to the good things in the house, the hunt servants and second horsemen, instead of waiting about outside, as is very often the case, or being served with bread and cheese and beer, found another capital breakfast spread for them in the house of the stud-groom. So that it may be said of Mr. Hubbard that

‘ While he feasted with the rich  
He ne’er forgot the poor.’

However, even when hospitality is displayed in this generous fashion, eating and drinking cannot last for ever, and in time one and all were ready for the business of the day to commence. The deer was uncartered, and bent his steps in the direction of Adstone, which caused a certain portion of the field to make a move almost as soon as he did, and at the same time the foot people went away like a pack of hounds on his line. Both these movements portended something unusual, and I found afterwards that at the bottom of the hill was a brook which had a very shady reputation indeed, from the fact of its often engulfing men and horses, and keeping them there much against their will. It is true there is a ford handy, but it is by no means easy to find, or very good to cross when you have found it, and those who had been hunting here the greater part of their lives seemed to have a somewhat hazy idea as to where it was situated. I must not get ahead in this fashion, though, for the hounds are not laid on yet, and I was about crossing the brook. When the pack took up the scent it was evident that the numbers of foot people who had gone forward had very much interfered with it, and they did not really set to work to run heartily until they were across the water. It was now become clear that the great mass of infantry had come on here in the hope of seeing the cavalry ducked, if not drowned, and they had not very long to wait for their amusement, as, although the first few got over all right, there was very soon somebody in, and the performance was greeted with as much applause as the antics of a favourite clown at a circus. This was also the signal for the foot people to crowd the bank all along, and thus in a great measure contribute to their own amusement, for the rest who tried it really had no fair chance to ride at such an obstacle without knocking over half-a-dozen people in the effort. Meanwhile, a large number were making most diligent search for the ford; in fact, riding up and down in a somewhat distracted manner, because it was not to be found. At length some one led a charge through a weak place or gap in a fence (whether in a fit of inspiration or from sudden recollection, I cannot say), landed in a

quagmire, and, having floundered through it, hit off the ford at once. He had no need to shout 'Eureka,' for he soon had plenty hard on his heels; and lucky were those who reached the place in the first division, for what it could have been like after having been poached by a number of horses, I cannot imagine, and the would-be brook jumpers, when they found that there was another outlet, swooped down upon it like a flock of rooks on a hawk if he is unfortunate enough to come in their way. Meanwhile the chase sped on, hounds running their hardest in the direction of Padbury, where they checked, and thus brought head and tail together again. From this point the hunting became slower as the line took us on to Bourton, below which place there was more water in the way, and we had to cross a tributary of the river Ouse. Luckily we did not come on it like young Lochinvar, where ford there was none, for chance threw a very good one in our road, and so all things were made happy and comfortable once more. From this point hounds began to run hard again, and crossing the canal and the Ouse itself just below Buckingham, they went away at a rattling pace to Maids Moreton. Luck favoured us again at the Ouse, for we found a very good place to get across. There was some rattling big jumping now as the chase turned towards Stow Park, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, and there it ended, for when the deer went out of the park into the enormous pleasure-grounds which surround the house, we found the gates most unexpectedly closed against us, not even Cox himself being allowed to go in, so that the deer and hounds had it all to themselves to do as they liked there, and Fred galloped from one gate to another in no enviable frame of mind, as he could hear the stag set up at bay, and had the uncomfortable reflection that the deer may be pulled down and killed because he was not allowed to go in and rescue him. There surely must have been some mistake of orders here, for I cannot think that any English nobleman would act in such a dog-in-the-manger manner, as to exclude a huntsman when his deer had run into his domain and was standing a very good chance of being killed there. Such, however, the *janitors* averred were their orders, and, to do them justice, they acted up to them most pertinaciously; although, in spite of them, I believe a couple of people did manage to get in by hook-or-by-crook, how I cannot say, and perhaps under the circumstances would not if I could. At length the deer solved the difficulty in his own way by voluntarily coming out again and seeking shelter in the large fronds that are to be found on the side of the park nearest Buckingham, and there he stayed a long time, all efforts to get him out while I was there being unavailing. Many wished that he would go on again, but I must say, for my own part, that we had done quite enough for pleasure, and, indeed, had a very capital run, for although there was truly some slow hunting in the middle, the first and last part of it was quite fast enough for anything, and the line run over very big, while the next day I found to my cost that there was no doubt about

the ground being hard, for my best hunter came out with one leg almost as big as the other three. So much, thought I, for stag-hunting on hard ground. Luckily it looked a great deal worse than it really was, and soon got all right again.

The next place at which I have anything to say concerning these hounds is at Walton Grange, Aylesbury, on the other side of their country altogether, and I am sorry to add there is little to be told in favour of their sport on Thursday, March 31st, for it may be summed up in this way, that their deer led them without any scent along the heavy meadows to Marston Gate, thence to Puttenham, and that he was finally taken at Marsworth. A disappointing day, as here, if anywhere, the riding would have been good, for it takes a good deal to make it hard in the Vale of Aylesbury.

I now come to what everyone supposed would be the closing scene with the Baron's, and, sad as such days usually are, I much doubt if anyone would have cared to prolong the season in the dreadful weather as we were then experiencing. Indeed, it became a question as to which horse should be called upon to go, and out of the stud whose legs would stand the knocking about best, or which one we cared least as to laming, for the meet was at Brickhill Manor, the seat of Sir Phillip Duncombe, and in the midst of a country where ploughs were quite as numerous as grass, and it was easy to conceive what that meant, for the ploughs this month have been like iron, granite, or any other harder substance you may chance to think of with the view of making a comparison, so it was no wonder that the mount was selected with much care and consideration, whose joints were to be risked over them. A worse hunting morning than this has scarcely been seen all the season, for not only was there a keen wind, scorching sun, and dry, dusty ground to contend with, but there was also a frost near hand hard enough to have stopped hunting altogether had the land not been in such a dry state that it could make little or no impression on it. It was when water was reached that we were enabled to form some sort of estimate of the extent of the frost; and going to covert, where there was any by the sides of the road, we could see a considerable quantity of ice on it; but Mr. Eustace told me at the meet that a brook near his house, which never freezes all over save in the most severe weather, was that morning coated right across. At first I thought the meet would have been a small one, but as the time towards noon wore on, people came in from all directions; and as to the noble army of pedestrians, they looked more like the crowd at a Lord Mayor's Show than anything else, while the contingent who go to the meet and even hunt on wheels was also very well represented. Amongst those who may properly be termed the field, I knew Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Lord Charles Russell, Mr. Duncombe, Mr. William Lowndes, Miss Coote, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. George Greaves, Mr. Baily, Miss Pratt, Mr. Gilliatt, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, Mrs. Chilton, Mr. Maud, Mr. John Foy, Mr. Green, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Stewart Freeman, Mr. Charles

Miles, Miss Maule, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Gebhardt, Mr. Swise, Mr. J. Swise, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Burt, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Siphthorpe, Mr. Lepper, and a whole host of farmers. It was said we hunted the hind that Lord Carrington hunted and left out, and that these hounds afterwards took, and from her peculiar style of running I think that was very likely the case. She was turned out in the meadows below the park, but almost at once turned her head back in that direction, and for the first few fields the biped pack had quite the best of it, running her most gamely, charging the fences with the most noble disregard of consequences, and falling into or through them with the utmost impartiality, and as a matter of course quite obliterating the very feeble scent such dry ground was able to retain. Of course we had the noble army of pioneers, who know every obstacle that is likely to come in the line and take early precautions as to circumventing it, and on this occasion they took up a commanding position on the high road so as to be enabled to achieve a safe passage over both canal and river, should there be any need for getting on the other side. They were only partially correct in their surmise this time, as the hind crossed the river but not the canal, which here is close to the road, and ran between that and the river up to Water Eaton, the hounds being brought across the bridge instead of swimming the river. They then went away to the right and sought a drier line of country, leading us towards the big woods of Bow Brickhill, but hounds could not run a yard, and the ploughs on the farm of that good sportsman Mr. Thomas Osborne Day, at Caldecotte, made things slower still. There was plenty of fencing to have amused us and put a little life into the affair, had we liked to indulge in it, but the 'jump' seemed to have evaporated as far as most of us were concerned, for the season, and discretion most decidedly took the place of valour in most instances. There were a few cases of grief, it is true, and one especially awkward and ugly bottom was responsible for more than one of them. It really was nothing to do if you were on the right animal, and I believe a cart-horse would have walked into and over it without trouble or damage, had he been loose and seen an especially tempting piece of clover on the other side; but we were not on the right horses, and ours cared nought about negotiating a place in that way after being crammed at the raspers in the vale, so in more than one instance they jumped when they should have crept—vaulting ambition o'erreached itself, and a fall was the consequence, one rather awkward one, I fear. So on over the railway by Mr. Day's house we went at about the pace of a man marching to his own funeral, and all Cox's venatic science was of small avail to get his pack on better terms with their quarry. So Simson was passed, and they held on for Wroughton, turned across the canal and on nearly to Denbigh Hall, but turned again at the railway for Bleak Hall Farm, where in the Allotment Gardens they did cheer up on the line a little, but there was not time to get fairly into a gallop ere it

was all over again, and so we went on to Linford Wood, where, or very near it, the deer had to be left out from sheer inability to hunt her any further with such a scent as we had, and so we turned our horses' heads homewards after certainly one of the worst days of the season. But I have been told that, as a rule, they do not expect to do very much at this meet, which, being the last of the season and in a plough country which soon dries when the March winds have come in, is not so much calculated for showing sport with deer hounds as many other portions of their country. I have now traced the fortunes of the Baron's not only from their opening day at Tring Park, on the southern side of their country, to the last meet of the season on the northern side, but also through their cub-hunting, if I may so term it, as well. I think all who have done me the honour to follow what I have written in these articles must admit that a great run of sport has followed these hounds all through the season of 1880-1, whenever the weather was such that they were able to turn out. I should say, before concluding, that Fred Cox has since taken the deer left out in their last public day, after a long but slow hunting run, the direction of which I have not heard. When I commenced these articles I intended to have said something about the other stag-hounds bordering on this district, but for one thing the weather has been so uncertain that it has not been wise to go far afield, and the days one could hunt they were naturally anxious to spend as much as possible in the vale, so that I really have seen but very little of them. Another thing is, that the Baron's have so well filled the space placed at my command by the Editor, that in attempting more than I have, justice could scarcely have been done to all; and now the time has come when records of the chase must perforce disappear from between the green covers for a time, and winter sports make room for summer pastimes, so that, until autumn once more calls us into the pigskin, I must lay down my pen as far as stag-hunting is concerned.

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## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

MANY a time and oft has the Cockney sightseer turned night into day from an unconquerable determination to witness the water-battle between the rival Universities, whom an inexorable tide-table from time to time compels to bring off the annual race at an unreasonable hour. The energetic holiday-maker has frequently proved more than equal to the occasion, and, drawing upon an apparently illimitable reserve of Tapleyan philosophy, disported himself on the river bank, more hydra-headed than ever at what ordinary mortals call times of day (or perhaps night) only suitable for bed and sleep. This year, however, the public were apathetic enough, and both afloat and ashore the gathering showed a marked falling-off, in spite of a geniality of weather surprising all, who naturally dreaded a

continuation of the severity experienced during the end of March and the commencement of last month.

After all there was strictly no necessity for being unusually early, the tide on Saturday the 9th ult., when it was first proposed to row, running late enough to permit of starting about half past-nine, a comparatively reasonable hour. Amongst past competitors, however, an idea has been for some time mooted of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first race, which took place at Henley in June 1839. From one cause and another a couple of years slipped by, and it was not until this spring that the scheme was ripe for being carried out. Eventually nearly all competitors in the past races were communicated with, and sufficient replies received to ensure a gathering of adequate importance. The jubilee banquet was to be held on the night preceding the race, an arrangement commending itself to all but this year's oarsmen, who very naturally wished to be present on the occasion, and, with the view of facilitating this, proposed to row their match a day earlier, viz., on Friday morning. This arrangement being duly announced, the other athletic meetings, which more or less hinge upon it, such as Inter-University sports, Queensberry boxing championships, and some annual fixtures of minor interest, were settled on this basis, and when subsequently the Old Blues decided that their dinner must take place the night before the race, so that visitors from afar might include the banquet overnight and a view of the race the next morning, in one night's stay in town, divers arrangements aforesaid were so far complete that a return to the original race day, Saturday, was very reasonably voted impracticable, and thus the match had to be decided at an inconveniently early hour without any compensating advantage.

The Cantabs were first to arrive on the tideway, but avoiding Putney, which hitherto has monopolised the honour and profit of catering for both sets of oarsmen, they secured quarters at Mortlake, close to the Ship tavern, in an old mansion of great capacity and picturesqueness. The proximity of the Grove Park House, nearly opposite, just across the river, was also an item in their favour, as the racing-boats being hospitably housed by the authorities of that club, the men had only to be ferried over and commence practice at once. In other respects, however, Mortlake proved less desirable headquarters than the old-established ones nearer town, and during unfavourable tides the water between Kew and Barnes was dangerously shallow, and unsuitable for practice, so much so indeed that towards the close of their training it was found advisable on several occasions to leave their boat in the Leander house at Putney and journey homewards by train or on foot, returning to Putney in the morning for their work afloat. All things considered, they will probably not repeat the experiment of quartering themselves at the upper end of the course, and should an interregnum between the sluggish homewater of the Cam, and the rush of a Thames tideway be deemed an absolute necessity, it will be doubtless sought at



Kingston, where for a couple of seasons the Light Blues have made a short stay before settling on the scene of action, and on both occasions the men derived a great deal of benefit from their stay at Surbiton. In 1879 it was on the Kingston water that the ridiculous inadequacy of their new boat became manifest, and the united efforts of Swaddle and Winship had to be exercised to prevent the boat dipping aft. It was only by raising her considerably behind the steerer that the unpleasant drag under water, which interferes fatally with a racing-boat, was got rid of. It argues but little for the skill evinced by the majority of builders that this year's Cambridge boat erred markedly in the opposite direction, both bow and stern being so high out of water as to catch the wind unduly, and render the coxswain's task well-nigh an impossible one, and so noticeably was this the case that she had to be promptly sent to Phelps and Peters of Putney, the well-known builders, with the object of being lowered considerably in the stern, a change which produced the desired effect. In some cases, however, the blame attaches less to builder than designer, who insists on his own ideas being carried out contrary to the boat-builder's judgment.

The Cambridge crew were remarkably fine specimens of humanity, and created a good impression, while the fact of their being nearly all new men was rather in their favour, as last year's lot was not a good sample, and an infusion of new blood seemed to be a decided advantage. During the early part of their training they made fair progress and gave promise of developing into fully an average University crew, the strength and weight being *en évidence*, while faults and shortcomings, of which there were indeed plenty, might, it was hoped, yield to continued practice and judicious coaching. In gauging the form of an University eight the mistake is too often made of judging them by too high a standard and drawing mental comparison between vigorous but rough youngsters and the best representatives of the great London clubs; this error, though a natural and common one, is absurd, as the average undergraduate cannot hope to compare with the best skilled oarsmen. So much adventitious importance is, however, given to the meeting of Oxford and Cambridge rowers that the possible lack of quality in one or both crews is apt to be overlooked. This year both boats, notably the Cantabs, had splendid material; had the race taken place a week or ten days earlier, the Light Blues must have won; but as the time approached they lost weight, in spite of being greatly indulged in their practice, and altogether afforded every sign of being rather prematurely trained, while as to essential points of oarsmanship the hoped-for improvement came not. Some few years ago, overtraining and being ripe too soon was the common failing of Cambridge crews, it was again the case this year, though the Mentors in charge cannot be accused of overworking their men; indeed the general notion on the river-side was that Light Blue was scarcely doing work enough. Being wise after the event is a failing common to many of us, but

in the case of the Inter-university it is not after, but only just before the event that wisdom arrives ; and this is not so much our fault, as the uncertain development of the rivals. Of this year's crews Cambridge was undoubtedly capable at its best of greater things than the Oxford crew would ever attain under the most favourable conditions. As already stated, however, the improvement came not, and the Cambridge boat did worse the last week than ten days earlier. No one was specially to blame, but the progress, or lack of it, added another to the many illustrations of uncertain results of dealing with unseasoned material.

Oxford began hopefully ; they had five of last year's winners, some of whom had also performed at Henley last season, Poole, Wharton, and West being in the Leander team, which won the Grand, and Brown in the Thames four, winners of the Stewards. West at stroke was as good as ever, but there proved to be unusual difficulty in filling the three vacancies adequately, and some of the final selections certainly did not seem to over-exert themselves. Owing to a sad bereavement in the family of Mr. Grenfell, ex-President O.U.B.C., the crew's pleasant sojourn at Taplow Court had to be abandoned. Mr. Hammersley, of Cookham, however, entertained the Oxonians for several days, during which they practised on the Marlow Reach, and seemed to be if anything rather overworking themselves, as the amount of land-water from the upper Thames made the journeys up-stream very severe work. On their arrival at Putney the crew contrasted somewhat unfavourably with their rivals, but while the latter deteriorated, Oxford improved slowly, and their advantage in point of condition was evidenced by their gaining weight towards the end of training in spite of doing more work than Cambridge, and eventually being able to hold them at a slower stroke. West's work was admirably done, and he displayed, in addition to good oarsmanship, admirable judgment, setting the crew a well-defined stroke which was adhered to with unusual uniformity.

Of the race itself there is little to be said. Oxford had all the luck, winning the toss which secured them the Middlesex shore and shelter from the wind for the first half-mile. As if to make matters worse, their starting-boat was moored a trifle higher than the other one, so they had a slight advantage from the first. We are not prepared to say what the relative rates of stroke were during the first minute, but afterwards Oxford, who were never headed, pulled conspicuously steadier than their opponents. Vagaries of steering on both sides interfered with the progress of each in turn, and the race, which was by no means a run-away one, though one-sided throughout, found Oxford with a lead of some three-quarters of a length at Hammersmith bridge. Up to Chiswick they scarcely increased their advantage, but rounding towards Barnes drew rapidly ahead, finally winning easily by about three lengths in 21 min. 52 secs., Cambridge being  $6\frac{1}{2}$  secs. longer.

## OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
1. R. H. J. Poole, Brasenose . . . . .	10	11
2. R. A. Pinckney, Exeter . . . . .	11	3
3. A. R. Paterson, Trinity . . . . .	12	7
4. E. Buck, Hertford . . . . .	11	11
5. R. S. Kindersley, Exeter . . . . .	13	3
6. D. E. Brown, Hertford . . . . .	12	7
7. J. H. T. Wharton, Magdalen . . . . .	11	10
L. R. West, New Inn Hall (stroke) . . . . .	11	0½
E. H. Lyon, Hertford (coxswain) . . . . .	7	0

## CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
1. R. C. Gridley, Third Trinity . . . . .	10	7
2. H. Sandford, St. John's . . . . .	11	10½
3. J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalen . . . . .	12	3½
4. P. W. Atkins, Jesus . . . . .	11	13
5. E. Lambert, Pembroke . . . . .	12	4½
6. A. M. Hutchinson, Jesus . . . . .	11	13
7. C. W. Moore, Christ's . . . . .	11	9
E. C. Brooksbank, Trinity Hall (stroke) . . . . .	11	3
H. Woodhouse, Trinity Hall (coxswain) . . . . .	7	4

Contrary to recent custom a fifth steamer ran up with the match, chartered for the special behoof of the jubilee diners of the previous evening. Whether the banquet in question, coupled with unusually early rising, had a detrimental effect upon their appearance is hard to discriminate; but it was remarked by more than one of the present generation of athletes that these heroes of the past seemed, for the most part, to bear with them but slight traces of their former greatness.

## CRICKET.

WHATEVER significance may be attached to the conclusion, it will generally be accepted as a fact that a large majority of cricketers will welcome the coming season if only for one reason, that there is to be an absence of the sensational elements which have marked some of its immediate predecessors. In the abstract, no doubt, the interchange of visits between the champions of the old country and the colonial places, who have proved themselves pupils so apt to be now quite able to hold their own with the masters from whom they learned the very rudiments of the game, cannot fail to be productive of much good. Politically the inhabitants of both worlds may derive considerable advantage from the improved opportunities for studying each others' character and habits afforded by even such apparently unimportant means as these cricket trips. It was a reflection of this kind that tended no doubt to influence the authorities at the Oval to arrange the meeting between the Australian eleven and England last season, rather than a mere desire for a trial of skill between the two nations. The inference may be doubted, but we should fancy that it was more with a view to heal a sore which might have alienated the

mother-country from her enterprising scions of the Australian continent in more serious ways than a mere rupture on the cricket-field, than a desire to assert the superiority of Englishmen at the national game, which had been in some quarters disputed, that chiefly contributed to the arrangement of the contest. The excellent example shown by these colonial cricketers, chiefly in the thoroughness with which they studied, not only batting, but the two other departments of the game, which are in many cases so much overlooked in England, cannot fail to have taught some of our players a useful lesson. So far their visit was undoubtedly beneficial, but in other respects it may be as safely alleged, and more particularly in the commercial spirit which pervaded the whole of their arrangements, and the anomalous position they took in direct contradiction of the laws made to distinguish the two classes into which English cricketers are divided, that they have to all appearances created a precedent which may tend to the demoralisation of the sport on this side. There was a rumour that an American team was going to pay us a visit during the summer of this year, but as no details have appeared recently to show any signs of preparations, in all probability the scheme has been either postponed or abandoned, and few will be sorry that purely domestic matters will occupy the attention of English legislators during the next four months. The keen easterly winds prevalent during the greater part of the spring have in many cases not benefited the grounds, especially where their position is much exposed; but Lord's is so well preserved, and so much attention is expended on it, that even now it looks in excellent condition, and with the great improvement that has been noticeable in the wickets, except during the memorable wet season of 1879, of late years there is every chance of a run-getting year. The programme issued by the M.C.C. can hardly be subjected to hostile criticism, either on the score of quantity or quality, and we believe that it is the largest ever issued by the club. That to carry it through successfully will require great powers of organisation will be recognised when it is stated that as many as one hundred and nine fixtures are announced for decision; but in favour of the executive it may also be added that ninety-seven were last year completed with every apparent satisfaction, so that there is little reason for doubt. Every one will be pleased to see that the authorities have again refrained from inflicting on Whitsuntide holiday-makers another dose of the North and South mixture, of which cricketers have had such a surfeit lately, and many will applaud the selection of the match between Under Thirty and Over Thirty, for the double reason that they are mindful of the glorious finish which marked the conclusion of the game last year, and also that the proceeds are to be given to a very deserving servant of the club, to wit, Farrands, who has made himself popular at Lord's in a manly and unobtrusive fashion. In these days of excessive cricket it would be useless perhaps to count on much in the way of novelty, and perhaps the only noticeable features in this year's list of the Marylebone Club

are the reintroduction of the match between M.C.C. and Ground and England, and a new fixture between Middlesex and Lancashire, which, with anything like favourable weather, ought to be productive of some really first-class cricket. In addition to the minor counties, Derbyshire, Sussex, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Hampshire, and Kent will all be represented at Lord's, and as Middlesex, in addition, meets Surrey, Gloucestershire, and Notts, it will be seen that every one of the leading shires will be seen at headquarters during the season.

Much interest has been awakened by the reports of the solemn deliberations of the authorities at the Oval anent the formidable question, the improvement of Surrey cricket, and they certainly have the good wishes of all who can appreciate the pluck and good spirit in which they have for years borne the heavy load of long-continued ill-luck. That the system of educating young players which seems to be the groundwork of the policy decided on by the Committee, as proved by their engagement of Jupp at the Oval, will in time bear good fruit is certain; but it is equally true, however hopefully enthusiasts may represent matters, that at the present time cricket, by which of course we mean professional cricket, not only in Surrey, which is always held up as the shire most ill-favoured, but in every part of the South of England, without exception, is sadly in need of regeneration. The institution of the itinerant elevens which 'star' the country has no doubt done an injury in some measure in robbing local cricket of those whose example might have formed the style of many a young player, instead of allowing them to contract bad habits which are rarely if ever afterwards removed; and though it is difficult to devise the best method of counteracting this influence, it is none the less certain that were the chief players of Surrey more closely identified with local sport, there would soon be a sensible improvement in the style of the play, as well as in the interest felt in the game. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. A. P. Lucas, who has very few superiors at the present time as an all-round player, will be willing and able to captain the eleven except during August; and his presence in the field will no doubt produce a material improvement in that department of the game, which was noticeably slack last year, and on several occasions alone proved fatal to the chances of the eleven. Another hopeful intimation is contained in the announcement that Mr. W. W. Read, who has hitherto been unable to take his place in the eleven until quite the end of July, will this year be available for all the matches in the programme, and with three such excellent all-round amateurs as the two gentlemen named, with Mr. John Shuter, one of the keenest cricketers that a county producing such men as Miller, Burbidge, and Dowson, has seen, and Jupp, Humphrey, and M. Read, the successful colt of 1880, there ought to be at least the nucleus of a strong batting and good fielding side. With the exception of a match in aid of the Cricketers' Fund, and the repetition of the stock encounter between North and South, which is to be set apart

for the benefit of that loyal and unequalled Surrey cricketer, Henry Jupp, the match list is much the same as that of last season, which was opened very inauspiciously, it may be remembered, the last day of May, with an unlucky and altogether uninteresting meeting between Daft's American Eleven and a team of England.

The retirement of Richard Daft, who, after opening his career as an amateur, bore himself with such an unblemished name for years as a professional, marks a new career in the history of Nottingham cricket, and in more ways than one he will be missed, especially just at a time when the relations between the players and the management of the county are, to use the mildest term, a little strained. That Daft's resignation of the captaincy should be contemporaneous with the installation of the club as direct tenants of the ground landlord, instead of sub-lessees, is a little singular, and the immediate result of the change should be an improvement in the wickets at the Trent Bridge ground, which have not always received that amount of preparation they require. That the eleven will not suffer by the substitution of William Oscroft in the command we are satisfied, but there are elements of discord which may be a little difficult of reconciliation, and it is to be hoped that there will be the necessary amount of tact and discretion to avoid a rupture which would do far more damage to the game generally than might seem probable to those who are to be regarded as the chief movers in the matter. Last year, Nottinghamshire was, on public form, clearly entitled to be considered the champion of the counties; and should Alfred Shaw and Morley—the latter of whom, by-the-way, was unable, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, to play in the Eastertide Colts match—only contrive to be as destructive as they have been hitherto, it is not likely to have these honours wrested from it without a desperate struggle, as ten of the almost invincible eleven of 1880 will all be available for this season's campaign. Who will be the chosen one to take the eleventh place, now vacant in consequence of Daft's departure, it is at present rather difficult to surmise; as we can hardly believe G. Lane, who has just come home with the blushing honours of an American engagement thick on him, to be the best available candidate at the disposal of the executive, though he was fairly successful on Easter Monday against a by no means formidable lot of colts. A match between Notts and England—an infinite improvement on the original fixture of North and South—will be the chief attraction of the home season, the more because the proceeds will go into the pockets of Oscroft; but there will be no lack of excitement with Middlesex, Gloucestershire, Surrey, Sussex, Lancashire and Yorkshire all on the card. Many will wonder, no doubt, at the absence of any engagement with Derbyshire, especially after the appearance of one fixture at Derby for many weeks in the list of matches to come; but there has always been a difficulty in the arrangement of the date for the Nottingham meeting, and this seems to have produced the withdrawal of the original announcement.

Yorkshiremen cannot have too much cricket, to judge by the

readiness with which the committee of the County Club accept every challenge that is issued, and this year there will be no less than eighteen engagements for the Yorkshire eleven. That the team will be under good guidance with Emmett again in command, goes without saying, and as all the members work well together and know how to play an uphill game, their successes are always popular. The uncertainty that was evident last season in the batting was the more remarkable when it is remembered that there were such tried performers as Ulyett, Lockwood, Bates, Hall, and Emmett to count on; and with Peate, Bates, Hill, Ulyett, and Emmett to share the bowling there is sure to be at least plenty of good change. A promising youngster came out last season in Grimshaw, but a new wicket-keeper will have to be found to fill the place of the veteran George Pinder, whose services—as far as we can gather from official utterances—seem to have been discontinued by the committee. Hampshire, indeed, seems to be the only leading shire with which Yorkshire has not an engagement; and we should fancy its programme to be the longest that has ever been issued by a county club. The Sussex, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire elevens have been chosen as the most attractive to suit the tastes of the Sheffield public; and while Surrey and Middlesex have to visit Huddersfield, Bradford will witness the performances of the Kent and Derbyshire teams, both grounds being admirably adapted for county cricket, both from the excellence of their wickets as well as the amount of the accommodation provided. The addition of the Sussex matches is the only novelty in the programme as compared with that of 1880, and, as then, the match list will be increased by the two fixtures which usually form a part of the September festival at Scarborough, though they are not under the direct control of the executive of the County Club.

The development of Lancashire cricket during the last few years is an undoubted fact, and in accounting for this every possible credit should be given to the committee for the enterprise they have shown in the management of the club as well as for the judgment they have shown in the selection of players. That they have been fully alive to the necessity of a strong professional backbone to their eleven has been proved by their efforts in this direction; and last year they were rewarded by the acquisition of two very useful additions, in the person of Nash, who proved himself to be really a first class left-hand round slow bowler, and Robinson, a discarded Yorkshireman, who at times showed especially good powers of hitting. The institution of a new contest with Middlesex has already been noticed, and in addition to the county matches of last season, which will be repeated, the committee have been able to arrange another and most attractive fixture with Cambridge University, which will be played, as well as the return with Yorkshire, on the new ground at Liverpool, of which great things are expected. William McIntyre, who did good service for his adopted county for several years, is not to be allowed to retire without receiving some mark of gratitude

from the committee, and as there is no match on the Lancashire programme more popular than that with Gloucestershire, the ex-Nottingham bowler will in all likelihood be well rewarded.

A little more batting would work a wonderful improvement in the fortunes of Derbyshire cricket, and just at present things do not seem particularly hopeful for the county which has such powerful neighbours in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire. William Mycroft and Hay are perhaps two quite as destructive bowlers as any of the other shires, only excepting Notts can produce; but increasing years and, in the case of the former, weight, will tell materially on their powers presently, and of late no trundler in any way above the average has come to the front. The weakness of the Derbyshire eleven of late has been their instability, and but for the success which has generally attended the efforts of their only two bowlers they would have made a sorry show. One or two good steady batsmen, to temper the propensity for hitting which characterises the play of some of the most prominent members of the team, would be invaluable just now; and it is somewhat unfortunate that Barlow, the Lancashire 'sticker,' should have found such comfortable quarters outside the county of his birth.

Gloucestershire, which is likely to have exclusive call on the services of Mr. W. G. Grace, has again taken compassion on Somersetshire, which is evidently bent on losing no opportunity that can help to secure it a place among the leading counties, to the extent, this time, of an out-and-home match, but otherwise the match card is the same as that of the previous season. It will be difficult for Mr. W. G. Grace to find a fitting substitute for his younger brother, the late G. F., but as long as the great batsman retains his form alike with bat and ball, the western eleven will be difficult to beat. The movements of Midwinter, who has been wintering in Australia, and with some advantage to his reputation as a cricketer, appear to be a little uncertain, as the colonial papers state that the campaign of 1881 is to be his last in England; but it is officially stated that he will take part in the Gloucestershire match this season, and in addition to the regular members of the team, the executive will have a call on the services of Mr. George Strachan, who has ceased to reside in Surrey, and at the present time is only available for the county of his birth, though it is very doubtful whether much more will be seen of him in first-class cricket.

Mr. I. D. Walker, who has also been hibernating in the colonies, will in all probability have returned in time to take charge of the Middlesex eleven on the occasion of their first fixture with Surrey at Lord's on May 23rd, and as the county is fortunate in the possession of several amateurs with time, means and disposition for cricket, there is always the nucleus of a strong batting side. The eleven, too, were happy last season in the acquisition of what they have long wanted, a professional bowler, in the person of William Clarke, an ex-member of the Notts county team, though his engagement at



Harrow School will in all likelihood prevent his participation in the earlier matches of the year. Professional duties will also rob the eleven of their finest all-round player, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, until the month of August; but with all its old available strength and a very likely colt in Mr. C. F. Leslie, the Rugby Captain of 1880, Middlesex will certainly render a good account of itself in the later matches.

Kent can hardly be said to open its season under the most favourable auspices, losing, as it will, the services of Lord Harris, whose energy alone has produced the recent marked improvement in Kentish cricket, during most of the matches, as well as the entire help of Mr. W. F. Cunliffe, who has been obliged to take a trip to the Antipodes for the benefit of his health, and whose bowling will be much missed. The affairs of the county are to be managed by a triumvirate consisting of Lord Harris, Mr. Herbert Hugessen, and the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and as the last-named yields in no way to Lord Harris in keenness for the game, the management in the field is sure to be as energetic as hitherto. The re-establishment of the fixture between Kent and Notts is welcome, and it is much to the credit of the executive that they have lent a helping hand to a youthful claimant like Somersetshire; though, as is likely to be the case with Surrey, weakness in bowling bids fair to interfere with the prospects of Kent during the season just commencing.

Should Sussex fail speedily to regain her ancient prestige it will not be for the want of influential support, and the munificent patronage of its president, the Earl of Sheffield, should soon make itself felt. On more than one occasion last season, and notably against the Australians in the closing match, the eleven showed the possession of exceptional batting strength, and with such amateurs as Messrs. M. P. Lucas, R. T. Ellis, A. H. Trevor, H. E. Whitfeld always at their disposal, the committee would be able to boast an eleven with very few superiors as run-getters. Still no county is more in need of bowling, and it is consequently a matter for sincere regret that Mr. A. W. Sclater, whose high delivery has been so useful during the last two seasons, should be called abroad just at a time when his loss will be severely felt. That the committee have acted wisely in discarding the policy of playing counties of lesser strength will generally be admitted, and it is to be hoped that the restoration of the fixtures with Notts and Yorkshire may bring with it a corresponding restoration of prestige.

The prospects of the Inter-University match certainly look to be as much in favour of Cambridge as they were at the same period last year, and as far as we can judge from the appearance of affairs now the outlook is anything but cheerful for Oxford. The Cantabs will suffer considerably by the loss of Mr. P. H. Morton's at times very effective fast bowling; and Mr. R. T. Jones will also be missed, though the latter never chose the great match at Lord's for any of his happiest inspirations with the bat. Of last year's team the only

others no longer available are Messrs. Lancashire and Foley, whom it will not be very difficult to replace, so that seven of the old choices, to wit, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Messrs. A. G. Steel, G. B. Studd, C. T. Studd, Ford, Whitfeld, and Wilson, are at the disposal of the captain for this summer. It will be seen, therefore, that the Light Blues will commence with the nucleus of a strong eleven, if deficient at present in fast bowling, and as they have already a very fair wicket-keeper in Mr. J. H. Payne, who was tried last year, in addition to several Seniors of good repute in R. Spencer of Harrow, W. N. Roe of Canterbury, F. C. Rowe, an old Harrow captain, F. D. Gaddum, a slow left-hand bowler, who did great execution for Rugby in 1878, and R. S. Pereira, who played once in 1880, with more than one likely freshman, notably J. E. K. Studd, one of the Middlesex eleven of last year, H. B. Steel of Repton, an enlarged edition of his elder brother A. G., J. Lees, the Uppingham captain, and W. H. Bather of Rossall School, who made some large scores in 1880 against professional bowling, there should be little difficulty in completing the Cambridge eleven.

Of Oxford nothing more can be said at this early stage of the season than that Mr. A. H. Evans, who had succeeded Mr. A. D. Greene in the Captaincy, has hardly on paper the same amount of good material to work upon as the captain of the Light Blues. He will have, it is true, eight of last year's eleven to count on in the formation of his team, but though his seven supporters are Messrs. W. A. Thornton, A. H. Trevor, E. L. Colebrook, W. H. Patterson, F. L. Evelyn, G. C. Harrison and N. McLachlan, they are hardly to be compared with the Cantabs who are still left. There are some good Seniors in residence, among them Mr. T. G. Walker, an old Loretto boy, who made a fine score against the Australians at Glasgow late last season, and who just missed getting his blue in 1880. There are besides two very likely freshmen in Messrs. C. F. Leslie of Rugby and M. C. Kemp the Harrow captain and wicket-keeper; but it must be admitted that a considerable improvement will be needed in the form of last year to give the Oxonians anything like a good chance. In one respect there will be a perceptible advantage for Oxford cricket in the new ground which will in all likelihood be available this season. It is said that there is a bed of gravel less than two feet under the turf, so that it should be very fast, and every one will hope that its inauguration will mark a change in the fortunes of the University.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

Of our dual title the first half is still in a state of coma, though towards the close of the month the big Thames clubs will be providing plenty of sport round about the Mouse.

Rowing items are pretty much bounded by the doings of Trickett the big Australian, who has at last found someone to beat in the person of Kirby of Southampton, a little man, great in short boats (18 feet limit). Owing to

unusually rough weather the match was scarcely a satisfactory one, and both men were nearly swamped, but Trickett, after a long stern-wager, came up in the smooth water and won quite easily. He rowed with a sliding-seat against Kirby on a fixed one, and the coast-man setting down his defeat mainly to this cause, has arranged for a second match in which neither are to use sliders. These salt-water boatraces are usually muddling affairs, no one having powers, similar to those of the Thames Conservancy, to secure a clear course. On the recent occasion steamers running with the match all but ran down Trickett, and this is always likely to happen when nobody has supreme authority over the affair.

More tomfoolery has arrived from America on the subject of Hanlan and the secret mechanism adopted to create unwonted speed. This time a person, who describes himself as a member of the London Rowing Club confides to an interviewing reporter his discovery of a series of wheels by which the Canadian champion assists propulsion. It would probably be found that the person in question is not a member of the club aforesaid, and that the accuracy of the rest of his statement is on a par with that of his claim to membership.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—April Amusements.

WHEN omnibus drivers put bits of blue ribbon on their whips, and Burlington Arcade hosiers break forth in gloves and garters of the same hue; when there is a stir at Lillie Bridge, and a great many young faces at the Criterion; when Lord's begins to brush itself up, and already there is mention made of some promising 'colts' who will be seen on its sward; when Hurlingham has its opening day, and the Orleans and the Ranelagh follow suit; when 'Mr. Walter' takes the Guildford on its first journey, and bundles of asparagus are seen in the shop-windows,—then do we fondly hope that gentle spring is really with us, and the rigours of winter have passed away. Not that these signs and portents are infallible by any means. We have stood on the towing-path at Mortlake in a couple of inches of snow; we have sat by the fire at Hurlingham, and battled with the east wind on Fair Mile Common; but still, if it was not quite spring, we tried to make believe. And a hard time we had of it at the commencement of the last month on Northampton racecourse, at Lillie Bridge, and by the river-side. There was no cheating ourselves into the belief that it was spring, with such a stern reality as we there encountered, and our 'make believe' was of the feeblest kind: But all this has passed away now, and the halcyon days of a latterly 'well-'apparel'd April' have blotted out the evil record.

There are signs and tokens that Londoners do not make such a fuss about the Boat Race as they did a few years since. The early hour at which the race was rowed, and the inclement weather might have had much to do with the limited crowd this year, but for a fortnight before the race there was not that absurd display of the colours of the two Universities, either in shop-windows or on the persons of young women, both of a certain and an uncertain class, that we have been accustomed to see. Even the Bayswater girls of the period, and the Westbourne Grove behind-the-counter young ladies—both great sinners in former years—were mute in their apparel, and

the cabmen and the bus-drivers were entirely failing in any enthusiasm. We need scarcely say that we hail the change with much satisfaction. People made fools of themselves formerly to an extent that we hope they are now ashamed of. The Boat Race day was nearly as great an orgie as the Derby; the preparations for it calculated to excite either laughter or contempt, according to our mental condition. We remember feeling something stronger than contempt a few years ago, when the fever was at its height, by seeing in a bookseller's window in Piccadilly, prayer-books bound in dark and light blue! As long as the complaint was confined to hosiery, we could afford to smile. Conscientious young women did, we believe, carry out their predilections to the minutest details of the toilette, and wore 'dark' or 'light' garters as their tastes dictated; but let us hope all this has passed away, not to return, and that only the healthy interest taken in a plucky contest will survive.

Some foolish things were done, and some hard things said, on the matter of the University Sports at Lillie Bridge. For reasons with which we are not acquainted, the managers of the sports choose to consider them as got up for the amusement of University men and their London friends, the general public having nothing to say to the matter. Something of this sort was once said about the Boat Race, we remember, and it was sought to be maintained that a contest over which London, unfortunately, made holiday, and which was talked and written about all over the kingdom, was nothing but a private match rowed for the gratification of the two Universities. Of course the absurdity of this was confuted by the race itself, and we have heard no more of late years about the privacy that should attach to the aquatic contest. Athletics, we all know, occupy now a great space on the sporting canvas. Especially has it been discovered at our Universities—not without some shutting of their eyes to the fact on the part of the authorities—that the *γυμναστική* and the *μουσική* can go very well hand-in-hand, and athletics are now a recognisable and very important branch of college sports and recreations. The outer world knows all about the men who take part in them; what they were last year, and what they are this. The pretence of privacy hardly holds. The gathering at Lillie Bridge—'the dense gathering,' we saw it described,—is one of the shows of the London season; looked forward to with an interest only inferior to those days in June when Eton and Harrow, and Oxford and Cambridge meet at Lord's. Why, then, do the authorities or managers of these Lillie Bridge pastimes endeavour to throw every difficulty in the way of the press noticing them? What is the quarrel that these gentlemen have with the papers, sporting or otherwise? Why is it that the representatives of only three journals, a daily and two weeklies, had cards of admission sent them? and why were the managers not consistent, and why did they not send to all or none? Are they adverse to any criticism that is not friendly? Are they on such a height of athleticism that they look down on their fellow playmates with scorn? Do they really believe that the contests at Lillie Bridge are as 'private' as they once pretended to think the Boat Race was? If they will believe the word of an old Oxford man who was born before athletics were, and who has seen more boat races than he quite cares to remember, those were not the feelings that actuated an older generation. We were rather amused—perhaps a little proud—when some notice of Bullingdon cricket and racing got into the papers. When there was steeplechasing at Cotsford, or in the vale of Aylesbury, we looked to 'Bell' on the following Sunday anxiously, and felt hurt if we were not noticed. Sometimes, we are sorry to say, 'Bell' did *not* notice us, which was wrong of

'Bell,' and we had serious thoughts, we remember, of ceasing to take him in. But these were the days of mediæval darkness, when there was only one sporting paper, and 'Baily' was not born, so we put up with the slight. What has rubbed up the backs of our young friends in these later years? What mean these allusions to 'the soured abuse of an athletic press, as incompetent 'as it is discontented?' and why does the same writer say in the next paragraph that 'it would be hard to imagine anything more unjust to University 'men, or more unworthy of professional journalism, than the miserable and 'inaccurate reports that have found their way into print'—he speaking of these same Lillie Bridge sports from which the press, with three exceptions, was rigidly excluded? From the passing sneer at 'professional journalism,' we take it the writer is one of the great unpaid. Happy man, we salute you! But why these powerful adjectives against the unhappy beings who are not?

It gives us, we are sorry to say, a rather bad impression of our University athletes, all this snapping and snarling. We should like to respect them for their pluck, and shake the winner and the loser of the three-mile race by the hands. But must it be all *couleur de rose*, my young friends? and if we happen to take a different view from yourselves, will you not give us a ticket for Lillie Bridge? Like Colonel Chollop, must you be always 'cracked up'? and if we venture to put on other glasses than your own, is it 'grossly unfair 'criticism'? As we have hinted above, it was not so in the remote times of that consulate of Plancus to which elderly gentlemen are fond of referring. And yet we thought we knew what was due to ourselves and our own dignity, too—but enough of this. We trust next year we shall not have to notice all this petty feeling on the part of the Universities towards the press, to our idea, as foolish as it is inexplicable.

Northampton Common, with 'the wild north-easter' out 'on the ram-page,' tearing over it in a blast wherein there is no cessation; raising clouds of dust from the parched earth, blinding our eyes and affecting our tempers,—such was the state of things at the metropolis of infidelity and shoemaking at the beginning of the month. The

'Jovial wind of winter'

unpleasant as it had made itself for the last few weeks, was blowing itself out, we are happy to say, on the common, only reserving a blast or two of extra intensity for its last moments. The population was there in great force. The constituents of Messrs. Labouchere and Bradlaugh are presumably not much affected by external forces, and would take an east wind or an earthquake with the same calmness that would doubtless be displayed by their chosen philosophers and guides. We never remember seeing a greater crowd, though probably it has been equalled. There were gaps, though, in the ranks of the upper ten; and well filled as was the County Stand, it was not, as heretofore, by the cream. Lord Spencer was not present; neither did Kimbolton bring a brilliant circle to assist at the sport. Mr. Naylor had no party at Kelmars; there were no pretty Cust faces in the balcony (at least we did not see them), and if it had not been for Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, who came over from Ascott and entertained their friends at luncheon in a private room in the Stand, things would have been dull. The hospitable coach of Mr. J. A. Craven was also a harbour of refuge, well victualled with all appliances needful to defy the 'jovial' one, but still it was rather a flat Northampton. We doubt if we saw in the paddock, among the Althorpe youngsters, any future father (or mother) of our kings to be. The issue of the race was a sort of confirmation of the

Lincoln running, for Isabel and Corkey did no better in the Althorpe than they did in the Brocklesby. Adrastus, the high-priced brother of Favorita, we fear, will not do Mr. Bate much good, though he may improve on his form here. Mr. J. A. Craven's Comedian was a nice shapely colt, and ran well, too, for half a mile; and there was a very racing-like looking daughter of Craig Millar and Gentle Mary, who, however, belied her looks. Comely, by Winslow—Belle of Kars, had been tried, to be some 7 lbs. behind La Belle Lurette, and so of course Sir George Chetwynd did not venture to back her for much. She is small, but has powerful quarters, and she proved herself a stayer in the (we believe) moderate company she found herself. The second to her was Calabressa, a very good-looking daughter of Rosicrucian, that we shall expect to see do better on a future day. Sir George Chetwynd's sudden turn of fortune was very popular, though we are afraid he did not profit much by Comely's win. Still, it is something to have taken Brocklesby and Althorpe—a good beginning, and a promise, we will hope, for the future.

That the same colours should be carried to the front in the Spencer Plate was considered as much a certainty as a five-furlongs spin can be. Cenone had some very smart ones to beat, and Golden Eye was sure to run her hard. We have not looked upon a horse for some years with so much pleasure as we did upon Mr. Alexander's beautiful filly. She was strongly supported, though St. Augustine ran Cenone close for the position of first favourite. Eastern Princess, too, consequent on the easy win of Mawerina in the Buccleuch Cup, was very much fancied by her stable, for she had been tried with the winner, and Mr. Leopold De Rothschild fancied Fetterless; also Robert Peck was said to be fond of Centenary, but though the latter got well off, something happened to him, and he disappeared before the distance was reached. The race from that point was left to Cenone, Golden Eye, and Eastern Princess, Sir George Chetwynd's filly getting the best of it in the last fifty yards, and beating the two others, who made a dead-heat for second place, by half a length. There was a little 'bumping,' we believe, and it was the opinion of many of the onlookers that Golden Eye was unlucky in not winning. Be that as it may, she ran a very good mare indeed, and we hope Mr. Alexander may find her—not exactly a golden mine—the handicappers will, we fear, take care of that,—but that she may justify her name. That arrant rogue, Sun of York, was obliged to win the Northamptonshire Cup, and we feel sure he must have been disgusted when he first passed the post. Crystal took out Cavendish Square at the turn, or else the latter must have won, this mishap leaving Sun of York in command, who having nothing to do but to go the front and stay there, did it. We were nearly forgetting that Kaleidoscope was made a very strong favourite for this race, but the old horse has evidently lost all form, or turned rogue, for Archer could do nothing with him, and he was hopelessly out of it before they came into the straight. Agneta, a well-bred daughter of Macaroni and Fair Agnes, was lucky enough to defeat, in the Achibald Lawn Stakes, what looked like 'a moral' a hundred yards from home, in Early Bird. The latter apparently had the race in hand, but Watts brought Agneta with a tremendous rush, and beat the favourite by three parts of a length, amidst almost universal consternation.

This was a day in which the Rothschild blue took honours, and Sir George Chetwynd added to his winning score; a day also in which Fordham was to the front, and in one instance excited an admiration akin to enthusiasm. In his hands Fetterless did much better than he did in the

Spencer Plate, for when he brought him out at the distance he clearly had the race in hand, though he did only beat Nankin by a head. Bulbul looked so much more like a racehorse than anything else in the Auction Stakes, that odds of 12 to 1 was laid on him, and he won in a canter. Two wins of the dark blue jacket in succession evoked many pretty speeches, and much congratulation at Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's luncheon-table, and wishes that they might be the forerunners of more important successes. The Kelmarsh Selling Plate was an exciting affair. The colt by the Rake out of Troublesome, well bred enough for anything, was the favourite, and he appeared to have his horses safe at the distance, shortly after passing which, however, the outsider of the lot, Susan, who had been lying last, came through and challenged, and gradually getting level with the Troublesome colt, made a dead-heat of a rattling finish. Perhaps the Troublesome colt ought to have won, but be that as it may, he easily settled Susan in the deciding heat, and Sir George let him go to Colonel Owen Williams for 290 guineas. Perhaps he was not too dear.

It was the Northamptonshire Stakes, though—the dim shadow of what has been a shade for some years—that roused the admiration akin to enthusiasm, we have above referred to. It was not the field that excited either of these emotions. There were only three runners, and it was a toss-up which was the best or the worst of the three. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild possessed the favourite in Commandant, a French-bred horse of very moderate performance, and it was considered a match between him and Schoolboy, whose running was familiar to us all. Certainly what we had seen of Mr. Crawford's horse would have made us fancy him more than Commandant. We had seen him make most of the running in the Great Yorkshire at Doncaster; and the scarlet jacket in last year's Cesarewitch raised the hopes of the fielders, as Schoolboy came down the Bushes hill in the centre of the course. There was some doubt expressed whether he would get round the Northampton turns; but these he negotiated successfully. *They* did not lose Mr. Stirling Crawford the Northamptonshire Stakes; what did lose him them was the fact that Fordham rode Commandant. We are not making the slightest aspersion on Gallon, who was on Schoolboy, but he met a giant at whose hands it was no disgrace to suffer defeat. The race was a match, as was anticipated (we take no heed of the slipping of Verax's saddle), and in the straight it looked odds on Schoolboy, for Commandant was in manifest difficulties, and no less was it manifest that Gallon thought he would win. But Fordham was nursing his horse for one final rush—nursing him, too, in the way he only knows,—and so the result was that, after a splendid and exciting finish, Commandant won by a neck; a circumstance on which his backers may be much congratulated. It was not a good thing: far from it. Change the jockeys, and the judge's fiat would have been the other way. It was one of those races in which jockeyship goes for everything—a great treat to on-lookers who like to see a fine example of the same; greatest treat of all to the backers of Commandant. The rest of the sport was nothing very particular. The Messrs. Frail may be congratulated on a financial success which must have been very gratifying. From a racing point of view the success was not so brilliant. Northampton will no doubt always hold its own, in a certain sense. Its traditions will draw the old generation, and appeal to the fancy of the new, but its palmy days, we fear, are gone.

A dull and miserable Craven opened with a gallant fight in the Trial between the favourite Cradle and the three-year-old Bigamy, the only other one backed, to whom the old horse was giving 7 lbs. more than weight for age. The 'plungers' were very lucky on the occasion, as the young one

would indubitably have won if she had not hung so much, and it took Archer all his time to 'do' her by the short head he did. There was a large field for the Visitors' Plate over the Rous Course, but backers again 'threw in,' it being apparent to the veriest tyro that Lincolnshire, who was thought good enough to 'pile it on' for a Stewards' Cup, could hardly lose with 7st. 2lbs. if he were anything like himself. They offered 5 to 1 on the field all the same, down to the fall of the flag, soon after which Mr. Savile's horse went to the front, was never afterwards headed, and won as every one who studies the Book anticipated, with uncommon ease, though the verdict was only 'three-quarters of a length'; an extreme outsider, called Napoleon V., was second, and the winner's stable companion Khabara, third. This mare, who was a smartish two-year-old, performed very creditably in the Spencer Plate the other day, and will, we trust, do Lord March a good turn before the season is over. Bulbul (penalised 5 lbs.) was made a warm favourite in a field of thirteen on the same course for the Double Trial, but never looked dangerous, the race from the Bushes being confined to a colt of Mr. Savile's, by Cremorne, out of White Lady, and the Michel Grove Scotch Whisky. Mr. Savile, whose colours it was a treat to see in a front place, secured the prize by a neck with something to spare, and named his horse Whitechapel, though possibly 'My Fairy' would have been a more appropriate name. The powerful Manton stable took the Bushes Handicap D.M. with Master Waller, who was followed home by Bigamy, but she did not give him anything like the trouble she had given Cradle early in the day. Sir George Chetwynd, who will soon, *quantum mutatus*, be known as 'the lucky baronet,' landed a Two-year-old Selling Plate, with the red-hot Troublesome Colt, by the Rake, but let him go without a name after the race, and then the Biennial, which generally interests or irritates the student of racing, was set for decision. They laid 6 to 4 on Mr. Rothschild's Tunis, who had wintered well, and who had nothing better to beat than the shifty rascalion Montrose and the exceedingly moderate Great Carle, and handsomely he did it, the pair finishing second and third in the order named. The effect of Tunis's victory was to cause a run on Brag, who is said to be considerably his superior at home. Thebais the Charming, remaining at Manton, Lord Falmouth was allowed to walk over for the Riddlesworth, which he did with Best and Bravest, wishing to keep Golden Plover a maiden. On Wednesday, Sir Marmaduke, in the absence of Brag, experienced no difficulty in landing the 6 to 4 laid on him for the Swaffham; St. Augustine's long-suffering friends stood him again in the Bretby Plate B.S.C., and he again deceived them, getting no nearer than third to the jady Silverstreak and the by no means trustworthy Sutler, the last-named winning very cleverly by a length. The odds of 3 to 1 on Dougal for the Sale Stakes were never in jeopardy, and Corky, in receipt of 27 lbs. from Myra, made all the running in the Biennial Plate, and just managed to keep his head in front of her till the goal was reached. Great Carle was equal to the task of beating Galopade, Queen's Message, and two other moderate ones, in the Column, and the day's proceedings were wound up with the Newmarket Handicap, for which ten sported silk. The Blantonites, having ascertained that Lucetta could stay, put it down in earnest, and the great body of backers, who knew how well she liked the course, followed suit. The Austrian Berzencze was next in demand, while the American Mistake, and the French Commandant had friends, though there was a general feeling that Schoolboy would reverse the Northamptonshire Stakes running with the last-named. The story of the race is short and simple, Berzencze jumped off with the lead, was never headed or troubled, and won in a canter by four lengths. The Americans,



who last year beat Fashion with Wallenstein, and the year before Isonomy with Parole, were second with Mistake, Schoolboy being a bad third. The winner, who has shown good form in Austria, ran as a two-year-old third for the Brocklesby to Roscius and Devotee, and won the Lincoln Cup the day after. He belongs to Count Festetics, after whose place he is called, and is a fine, sound, well-bred horse, who will "do the State (of Austria-Hungary) some service" again, when the company is not too good. Thursday began with a Selling Sweepstakes, in which Mowerina, with the worst of the weights made short work of Lincolnshire and old Telescope, and fetched 220 guineas over her entered selling price of a 'thousand.' Lord Rosebery's Goshawk gave 8 lbs. and a beating to Mr. Rothschild's Fetterless in a match; the latter gentleman's hitherto disappointing filly, Isabel, at last found her way to the winning post in a Maiden Plate. His Valentino won a Welter Handicap Dewhurst Plate course, and his Early Bird the Refuse Two-Year Old Plate, after which came the event of the meeting, the Craven Stakes, Ancaster mile. Eleven ran, of whom one was penalised, and nine were maidens able to claim a 5 lbs. allowance. On the strength of what he had done with Apollo and Great Carle before a learned judge, Golden Plover, by Kingcraft out of Wheatear, was made favourite at 2 to 1, but he had 'a brother near the throne' in the shape of Mr. Beddington's Monarch, who was supposed to have pleased his owner in a trial with some of Tom Brown's horses. The only other animal backed was Cameliard, the brother to the New Stakes winner Bellicent, by Cremorne out of Lynette, whom Lord Rosebery had tried to be 10 lbs. before Pelleas. Everything but Golden Plover and Cameliard was done with a long way from home, a severe contest, after which both were extremely tired, resulting in the success of the latter by half a length. The winner is a nice lengthy colt, with plenty of quality, but hardly sufficient substance, and very indifferent forelegs, who will always show to greater advantage on a flat course than up or down hill. Golden Plover is a light, shelly horse, by no means taking to the eye, but time will improve him, and nothing would surprise us less than to see him turn the tables on his conqueror. The pair were so far in front of their competitors that we cannot join in the virulent abuse that has been heaped upon them, but of course after what we have just said we can hardly indulge in the hope that Cameliard will win Lord Rosebery his first 'classic' race, although his name does begin with 'C,' and the 'C's' and 'P's' have won the 'Guineas' alternately ever since 'Johnny came marching home' on Camballo in 1875. The last race, or rather event, of the day, was the Biennial Ditch In, which, as many other events have been and will be, was only an exercise canter for one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle, Robert the Devil, who has thickened and much improved in appearance. Thursday was the day for crack jockeys, four of its eight prizes going to Cannon, three to Fordham, and one to Archer. On Friday Lord Falmouth won the Bennington with Henry the 2nd, by Henry out of Atlantis; the overrated Monarch was beaten by Skipetar for the Rowley Mile Sweepstakes, and Fiddler, who was a very bad third to Golden Plover and Cameliard, took another in a canter; and the veterans Tower and Sword and Saltier ran a dead heat for a handicap over the T.Y.C., but the only affair of any importance was the Newmarket International Handicap, A.F., which brought out a field of eleven, of a truly international character, inasmuch as amongst the owners of the competing nags there were two Americans, a Frenchman, and a Russian. The 'talent' pitched on the generally unfortunate Mistake, who left off favourite at 5 to 2, the weight of French gold entrusted to Poulet causing

the latter to start in almost as good demand. Mistake came away at the Bushes, and won, without being fairly extended, by two lengths from Poulet, to ride whom, at 8 st. 5 lb., Goater had wasted pretty severely. His victory had naturally a favourable effect on Buchanan, who had walked away from him at Lincoln, and on Berzencze, who had served him in the same way at the top of the town.

From the Quorn we have received the following: 'The hunting season is closed, and a most unsatisfactory one it has been; these hounds have had quite their share of sport while the weather permitted, but what with frost and snow, they lost some thirty days' hunting, or one-third of the season. Up to the middle of March the ground was always too deep to ride with pleasure, for when hounds ran hard, it was difficult for horses to live with them; still there have been many days we can look back to with great pleasure. The best part of the country held out well with foxes, although some of the coverts were quickly called upon in March. On the 4th March these hounds had a first-rate run from Barkby Holt; they raced for twenty minutes without a check, and hunted on for as much longer to Hamberstone village, where this gallant fox hid himself in some buildings. The 15th March was a most successful day's sport, finding in Quorn Wood (which has been a sure find all seasons). Hounds hunted well for forty-five minutes, and killed him. Found another directly; had another equally good run, and killed him in Benscliffe: time, one hour. March 26th. Found a rare old stout forest fox at Garendon Park. Hounds raced without sign of a check for fifteen minutes, then slow hunted half an hour longer; hounds had divided, and it was supposed our fox had gone to ground; but while drawing another covert (the Reservoir) a view halloo was heard on the opposite hill which brought Tom Firr and his hounds; this turned out to be the hunted fox, as stiff as a crutch, and he was killed at Gracediew. On the 2nd April the meet was at Thorpe Satchville Hall, where every one is received by Mr. and Mrs. Paget with the warmest hospitality. After finding a vixen in Thorpe Trussells, we soon found one of the other sex at Gartree Hill, and started off pointing for Burrough Hill, over which we went to the Punch Bowl, where the fox was viewed away, and hounds close at him; there was little scent, but they never left him; across the Burton flats, and on towards Stapleford; they pulled him down in about an hour in the open. We had a long jog back into our own country, and found again in Ashby Pastures. Had a nice coursing gallop round Gadesby. Monday, 4th April. Mr. Coupland brought the hounds by train to Melton, to meet at Egerton Lodge, the Earl of Wilton's hunting box. It was a cold east wind, and his lordship was not out, but there was a large and most fashionable meet, including many ladies, some thirty or forty on horseback. All Melton turned out, either on horseback, on wheels, or on foot. The ground was hard and dry, with no scent. The following are some of the ladies who attended the meet: The Countess of Wilton, Viscountess Grey de Wilton, Countess Cadogan, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Mrs. Coupland, Hon. Mrs. Oliphant, Countess of Bradford, Mr. Sloane Stanley, Hon. Mrs. Molineux, Mrs. Adair, Miss Winn, Viscountess Parker, Lady Grace Lowther, Mrs. Mundy, Hon. Mrs. Candy, and many others. Friday, the 8th, we all went to have our last day this season with the Quorn at Brooksby Hall, and it was a beautiful sight. It is a most picturesque spot: the old hall standing back; the church with its new spire in the foreground; hounds and horsemen before the house. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin always welcome the Quorn with proverbial hospitality, and many friends were welcome here to-day. It is impossible to say how

'many horsemen, particularly ladies, turned out to-day; considering the hard state of the ground, with a bright sun, it looked as if we had really come to the end of the season; but I suppose every one came to see their friends. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Coupland to continue the Mastership of the Quorn, which he has done with so much satisfaction for eleven years; and as his health is now restored, it is the wish of all that he may continue many more.'

The Berkhamstead Buckhounds wound up the season on March 30 with a capital hunting run, one after the Master's own heart, spreading his followers over a long tract of country. Wednesday, February 23, when snow and hard frost would have made it impossible to hunt on the high grounds, they enjoyed the run of the season, and some declare it to have been the best ever seen with these hounds. The meet that day was at Mr. Williamson's house at Pitstone, down below the hills, and here the vale was free from frost or snow, which, however, began to fall heavily after the stag went away. Right well were all entertained till Mr. Rawle trotted off with his pack, and they were away with a merry cry over a very stiff country. The big fences, brooks, and locked gates brought frequent grief to their followers as they raced along the grass fields alongside the canal to Grove Hill, near Leighton, then to Slapton, Billington, Northall, and made a great ring to Eddlesborough, over more open plough country to Eaton Bray, and the stiff enclosed grass again to Northall, where they ran up to their stag, and he was taken by Herbert Browne and Jack Rawle after a run of two hours and twenty-five minutes. The country was stiff and heavy then, and of the few who saw the stag taken there were none without either a dirty coat or broken hat to tell the tale of woe. To finish the season, the same stag was enlarged at Mr. Buckmaster's, Grove Farm, Ivinghoe. The ground being hard and dry, little law was allowed, and many who were still enjoying that hospitality always to be found at Grove Farm were warned by the Master's horn that it was time to be off. What a rush there was for horses! Getting to the canal, hounds ran nearly the same line as before, so grief began early. The towing-path seemed a popular resort, while hounds ran alongside, then they turned away over the grass for Billington. Jumping a stile on to a foot-path, the Treasurer, Mr. Charles Miles, had a narrow escape, as the culvert broke under the horse's hind legs on landing, bringing him back into the big ditch. More astonished than hurt, though blood flowed freely, horse and man were soon in their proper place again, as the stag ran along the railway towards Leighton. Now came the Master's turn for grief, as the good black jumped short at a brook. A good cast along the line hit off his stag running towards Clipstone. Away to Eggington, past the Hall, they kept running, and the stag was viewed still full of going. To Hockliffe along big fencing country grief was plentiful again, over plough country to Milton Bryant. Scent failed in the ploughs, so the Master assisted his hounds with some of those scientific casts for which he is famous. Along by the Woburn Park wall they ran again, turned up a covert to Eversholt on to Husbarns Crawley, where the stag turned back and entered the park. It was beautiful to see hounds hunt their stag through other herds of red and fallow deer, and sheep and cattle in Woburn Park, till they roused him up, racing him view down the park to a piece of water; out again, running fairly into him in the open, and he was safely taken in the middle of the park by Jack Rawle and the Treasurer. A select few saw this satisfactory finish—Messrs. Buckmaster, Williamson, Smith, Adey, Dyson, Carlisle, F. Brown, F. Miles and H. Robinson from Surrey, and two or three others who are always there.

Dry weather, hot sun, and searching east wind, making the ground hard as iron, brought the hunting season to a close earlier than usual, especially in plough countries, where scent had been failing for some time past. There were still a few Masters willing to risk men, horses, and hounds over the hard ground, in vain endeavours to show sport, hoping against hope, day by day, for those welcome showers which never came to soften the ground and give a scent. So long as Masters and Hunt servants can be prevailed on to go out, followers will muster at the meet, unwilling to lose the chance of a day's hunting which may be the last of the season, but when hounds find and go away, these can save their horses and precious selves, while Master and men must stick to their hounds, and do this on horses that have done double work all the season, in all weathers, so are much more liable to accident on hard ground, than gentlemen's horses that have been taken more care of. When the state of the weather is such that there is no chance of sport, while risk to hound, horse, and man is increased in proportion, a master of hounds shows his sense by knowing when to stop.

When hunting comes to an end in agricultural countries, sportsmen who wish to prolong the season congregate in the New Forest, where the merry cry of hounds may usually be heard, perhaps too close to be personally welcome to a May fox. With the Foxhounds Mr. Meyrick has had a rare scenting season, bringing to hand between thirty-five and forty brace of foxes, the largest number ever killed during a season in the forest. Hunting a first-rate pack of hounds, he has been ably seconded by Will Hawtin, whose father and brother Charles both did good service with hounds in the forest. Father and son finished their career here, and are buried at Lyndhurst. Lyndhurst is very full of sportsmen. Lord Londesborough has a large party at Notherwood, including the Marquis of Worcester (who has six horses at the Crown stables) and Captain Candy, so a merry party drive on the drag to the meet every day. At the Crown Hotel, the Count and Countess Stockan have taken up their quarters with a select stud. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Karlake, also Messrs. J. D. Wickham, Gregson, Price, Barber, and Rev. — Awdrey are there with their horses, so the stables are full as in the days of old, when every one came to the forest to finish the season. Mr. Walter Long, Master of the Hambledon, Captain Long and another are in quarters with ten horses; Count Lutzen, Mr. Wilder, Major Ward Jackson, Mr. Francis, Captain Timson, Captain Popham, with many others, are quartered at Brockenhurst, Ringwood, Southampton and Lymington. In the spring months it is above all a ladies' country, for nothing can be more enjoyable than riding about these lovely glades. The Misses Meyrick, sisters of the Master, hunt regularly and ride beautiful horses, and the Misses Lovel go very straight. The Misses Standish, Miss Jenkinson, Mrs. Nunn, Miss Smith Wright, Mrs. and Miss Ward Jackson, and Miss Braddon, whose tale of 'Vixen' was written in and about the forest, may often be seen. Of residents hunting regularly, Lord H. Scott of Beaulieu, Major Martin Powell of Forrest Bank, Secretary of the N.F.H., and his son, Mr. Standish, ex-M.F.H., Mons. du Plessis, Mr. Mills, who keeps a pack of harriers, Major Dowman, Captain Aicheson, Major King, Captain Tatchbury, Mr. Goldfinch, Mr. Jenkinson, Captain Foster of Exbury, whose coverts are full of the right animal, and his son knows how to follow hounds on a rare-shaped cob, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Nunn, Mr. Eskdale, who loves hunting for its own sake; Mr. J. Maskew, Mr. Strange, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Smith-Wright of Park Lodge, and many others; while day by day come visitors from the Hambledon, H. H., Vine, Mr. Garth's, Blackmore Vale, South and West Wilts, South Berks, Old Berks, Craven, Isle of Wight, East Dorset,

Southdown, and even more distant countries. Strong big-boned hounds, with plenty of music, are required here, and foxes take a lot of killing.

With the Buckhounds, Captain Lovel and his charming daughters have had capital sport, and sportsmen hunting with them say that he has this year brought together the best pack of hounds that he has ever had to hunt the wild bucks. Bucks are very plentiful, and good runs have been enjoyed by large fields from Boldre Wood, Viney Ridge, and New Park, their favourite meets. Charming sport this in the Forest, on a bright spring day, riding about those beautiful glades, watching hounds work out the line of a buck, and seeing with what thorough knowledge of woodcraft the Master helps them when in difficulties. Keen sportsmen are the natives and foresters, many of whom follow on foot, ready and willing to give any assistance when necessary. Any one fond of hunting in the truest sense of the word, as distinct from mere hard riding to hounds, should take up his quarters at Lyndhurst, from which all meets are within reach, and good accommodation for horse and man will be found at the Crown Hotel, to see this sport, which is quite different from any that can be seen elsewhere.

The Crawley and Horsham have done very well on the whole, although scent has been indifferent and foxes not over plentiful. February 5th. Slinfold. They had two fast gallops, both ending with blood. February 15th. Patching Pond found a good fox in the Fox Covert and ran very pretty for an hour and twenty minutes and killed, nearly all of it in the open. February 26th. Broomers Corner from Sir Robert's copse they had a capital run, two hours and a half over a nice bit of country, the fox fairly beating them and the horses being quite beaten. March 15th. Dial Post; found Perryland, they kept the ball rolling for three hours, completely pumping all the steeds out from the deepness of the country. March 8th.—Buncton Cross Roads, found in Buddington Bottom, and ran very fast for thirty-five minutes without a check, and bowled him over in the open near Applesham. Found in Steep Down Gorse and had a good run, one hour and thirty-five minutes to ground, a good hill day. March 12th. Buck Barn, a large field, enjoyed a first-rate day's sport, found near Knapp Castle, and ran over a stiff country for an hour and five minutes and killed. The Capity responded to a rare tough customer, who gave the pack something to do for two hours and a half, ending by making a meal of him, and only four horsemen to see him eaten, the rest being completely beaten. March 14th. Ockendean Gate, had a long draw before the Anice Woods was reached, it held a good fox, hounds raced for forty minutes and bowled him over in the open near Leonardolee, a good performance in a woodland country. March 15th. Patching Pond; they ran a Clapham Wood fox for fifty minutes with scarcely a check, and killed him near Washington. March 19th. Horsebridge Common, found in Pepper's Wood, the pack completely raced their fox to death in thirty-five minutes, *via* Ashington to Perryland. March 24th. Wickfold Bridge, found an outlying fox near Wiggonholt, ran very pretty for an hour and killed him near Amberley Castle. Found in the Roundabouts, ran very fast for twenty minutes, to ground near Parham Park. March 26th. Ashington Common, a large field and quite a red-letter day, found a brace of foxes lying in a hedgerow near Hookland, the pack immediately settled down to a fine old masculine fellow, without any halloaing they raced away to the Dial Post, where he got headed, ran by Windcaves to the Frenchland Woods, Brownhill, Trickle, Chancton, Rock Common, Washington Bostel, over the hill by Chanctonbury, Findon, Highden Barn, Muntham Beeches, Sullington Down, Chantry Post, for Storrington; being headed turned to Rowdell, by Highden Clump, to Lady

Bath's Park, by Findon training-stables, North Park, Middle-brow, North Farm, Lilly Holt, and bowled him over near Washington, time two hours and ten minutes, over something like twenty-four miles of country. March 28th. Pound Hill, found a good fox in Tilgate Forest, ran him hard for forty-five minutes and killed near Stone Lodge. March 31st. Fay Gate, found in Colgate Forest, and walked after a fox for two hours and forty minutes and bowled him over in the open, with a cold dry N.E. wind. April 14th. Patching Pond, found in Oaken Copse, and had a sporting run of an hour and ten minutes and killed an old dog fox in Sullington Warren, a seven-mile point—this finished a most satisfactory season.

Nothing could be more unfavourable than was the weather during the Ivybridge week. The meeting was only passably well attended, and very different from the olden time of Bulteel and Trelawny, when men from all parts of the country were wont to attend as regularly as the Osmanli, once during his life, to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. The hounds of Mr. W. Coryton, of Pentillie Castle, hunted on the alternate days. Tuesday. Mr. Coryton at Ivybridge, found on the moor; a short sharp run, and lost, and the same fate occurred with a second fox; the wind blowing a gale from the north. Wednesday. The Dartmoor, had scarcely better sport. Thursday. Mr. Coryton at Brent, found on Brent brake, but the fox being headed by the footers in every direction, was driven into the mouth of the hounds. The meet at Brent is generally considered in the light of a holiday; ploughman and artisan leave their work, and the hill-side towards the moor is always alive with pedestrians, who contrive, with the best intentions, to mar their own sport as well as that of others. Found again above Woodholes, running by Dockhill to Shipley, and on to Peter's Cross, but the wind literally blew away the scent, and not a hound could hit on it on some of the best scenting ground of the Moor. Saturday. Dartmoor, at Hanger-down. Found at Pyles, and went away at score to Sharp Tor, bearing to the left by Threebarrows, and ran to earth at Drylake, fifteen minutes at racing pace; bolted and went away, down the hill, crossing the Erme on to Stale Moor, skirting Avons and Dendalls, and straight up the Yealm valley to Yealm Head, crossing without a check the morass, and steaming away by Ben Top to Cholvichtown, over the waste to Birmage Wood. To this point hounds had been running hard without a check for one hour, and the field became thinned; on straight through the wood by the china clay-works, to Crown Hill Down, where he was headed, and turned to the right to Brown's Wood, right through (and racing to) Buttyford, where they rolled him over; one hour and forty-five minutes from the time he was bolted, and with the fifteen minutes to earth, making the run two hours, fast from beginning to end, and the hounds were never cast. Out of a large field only fifteen were up at the finish. The Dartmoor, good as they were last year, have had an accession of strength by their last entry. The Wickstead cross strain, which they have obtained through the Portsmouth Vanquisher, tells its own tale as it always will. The hounds were brought out in the most splendid condition, fitting them both to run and stay. It is an old and true story that a fox is killed in kennel. It is lamentable and grievous to say that there was no Hunt dinner. The spirited master of the London Hotel, who is always desirous of furnishing a repast of first-rate quality, on account of previous and many losses from a deficiency of guests, declined to add to the score unless thirty persons were put down as *convives*, and about a baker's dozen, and hardly that number, appeared on the list. The sport may be still good, and there can be no question that Admiral Parker fulfils his duties

to the very letter, at all cost; but the old spirit is dying out, with its clotted cream and brown bread. It is a tale of the past.

† On April 6th there was a mighty gathering of the Dumfriesshire Hunt at a dinner in Dumfries, when Major Johnstone of Halleaths, the late Master, was presented with his portrait, and his old huntsman, Joe Graham, with a silver horn and a hundred guineas. The chair was taken by Mr. Johnstone-Douglas of Lockerbie, in the absence of the Marquis of Queensberry, who had come to grief the day before while riding a hurdle race at the Hunt races. The Chairman said that, in performing the very pleasant task of presenting to their guest, on behalf of the subscribers, his portrait, he need not remind them that Mr. Johnstone was one of the most popular men in the county; how for ten years he had hunted it in an admirable way; and how his cheery, jovial countenance always dispelled any forebodings of a bad day's sport. The picture presented was painted by Mr. W. H. Hopkins, who did the horse and hounds, and Mr. E. Havell the human face divine. The scene is Hartwood Covert, where Mr. Johnstone is mounted on his favourite horse, The Black Friar, holding his cap up, having just viewed a fox away, with Tom Boy, Doncaster, Dangerous, Foiler, and Doubtful well on his line.

Not having seen any notice in the list of cricket matches for the coming season of that between the Huntsmen and Jockeys, we hope that, for the sake of a little energy, this very pleasant reunion of hunting and racing men on the Saturday after the Derby will not be allowed to die out, but be more than ever firmly established as a regular annual match, whereby the claims of two useful institutions on the sporting public may become better known, and their capital increased. The expenses last year appeared to us unduly high, over ten guineas having been paid for 'Bobbies' to keep the ground. Scorers and money-takers at the gates are strict necessities; but as this match is not like a Kenealy meeting in Hyde Park, 'Bobbies' are luxuries. We hope that those who patronise the match will do so by something more than merely paying the customary shilling at the gate, and that those who have enjoyed a good season with hounds, or had a good Derby week, will (like Lord Londesborough alone did last year) all put down a pound like men; for the question arises, in the event of a wet day, on whom is the loss to fall? Final query: on all benefit days, should not the 'free list' be entirely suspended?

Cottenham seemed once more to be partaking in its old glories on the 5th of last month, when the Cambridge undergraduates held their annual meeting on the old racecourse. A row of policemen at the entrance looked after the gate-money, and horses were being led up and down, probably for the first time in their lives, arrayed in smart hoods and body clothes, and commanding from the *cognoscenti* of the University as much respect as the thoroughbreds in the Birdcage will on the morning of the Two Thousand. The course still remains railed in, but the Grand Stand has departed, and a tent for dressing and weighing has usurped its place. The day was beautifully fine, but the ground, in consequence of the long spell of dry weather was unfortunately as hard as a brickbat. The first item on the card was a flat race down the straight, six furlongs. Six sported silk, and it was won in a canter by the Witch, Eno, who was rather fancied, getting off very badly. The winner was the property of Mr. Waller, of Magdalene. Magdalene is now *the* sporting college of the University, and although, on the whole, very unsuccessful to-day, they certainly furnish the great bulk of hard-riding Cambridge men. Of twenty-eight horses entered, they owned

eleven, Jesus six, Trinity only two, and St. John's, Clare, Caius, Trinity Hall, Corpus, Messrs. Curwain, Holmes, and Brown one each. The Trinity and Trinity Hall men, however, show up much better by the cover side, and in about equal numbers. The next race was the great event of the day, the University Challenge Whip. To become the sole property of the winner, it must be won three years in succession, and then be replaced by one of equal value. It was presented to the University by the Hon. W. H. W. FitzWilliam and Mr. N. M. Rothschild, and is worth eighty guineas. The horses must be the *bona fide* property of undergraduates, and are to be in the town at least three weeks before the race. The choice of the course, and the management of the meeting, rests with the Master of the Drag for the time being. The weights are 11st. 7lbs., winners of a public race to carry 12st. It was won last year by Mr. G. F. le Fleming, of Magdalene, with his Dancing Master, and he was a hot favourite this year. Having entered two horses, he elected to ride Fairy, and put Mr. E. L. Green on Dancing Master, thinking the old horse hardly fast enough. They can certainly both jump, and Mr. le Fleming found no difficulty in pounding the entire FitzWilliam field on Dancing Master, a short while back; no easy task, by-the-way. Mr. Sheriffe's mare, by Lord Cunningham, was also backed to win. The race is twice round the course, and is about three miles; the fences are none of the smallest, the water-jump, as usual, being the most formidable leap. To day, too, it proved disastrous to more than one horse. Mr. G. St. J. Mildmay's Banker, which achieved a great reputation when the property of Messrs. Newman, tumbled into it, and unfortunately gave his rider a nasty fall. Mr. Lange followed suit, and later on in the day Mr. H. St. J. Mildmay met with the same fate. Luckily no one was very seriously hurt. In the race for the Whip, on reaching the water-jump for the second time, a grey mare belonging to Mr. 'G. Francis,' quite an outsider, was seen to be going remarkably well. Mr. le Fleming still leading by a good distance, and Mr. Sheriffe's mare lying second. At the last fence, however, Fairy unfortunately fell, and the race resulted in a match between the grey mare and Mr. Sheriffe, the latter after an exciting finish being beaten. The winner is to be congratulated on the perfect way he handled his mare over her fences, and those who knew her merits before she ran had a rosy time of it, as she started at 8 to 1. Mr. 'G. Francis' carried over two stone of dead weight. The Two Mile Flat resulted in a victory for Eno, a thoroughbred chestnut, belonging to Mr. Graham. He was ridden with great judgment by a very light weight, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, of Trinity, who has been successful in the pigskin in other places. The Witch finished too soon, and thus put a dangerous horse out of the way. The Hon. R. W. FitzWilliam won the Match between his Gracchus and Mr. Green's Harkaway pretty easily, Harkaway, ridden by Mr. Sheriffe, bolting wrong side of the post on getting away. In the once round steeplechase course, Mr. Tryon's Bric-a-Brac had an easy victory, Fairy not running, and Mr. Talbot's mare, Charity, kept refusing. Subsequently, in a match over the same course between the Buck and Charity, the latter ridden by Mr. St. John Mildmay, Fairy won. Mr. Mildmay made a very plucky fight for it, though Charity fell into the water-jump with him, and knocked him about pretty severely. After the racing, as usual, several matches were arranged, in one, which excited a great deal of interest, Lord Esme Gordon, on Mr. Talbot's pony, beat Mr. le Fleming on a pony. In the hurdle race, the three first ponies came in without their jockeys! On the course, beside those named, were Dr. Dennis Adams—the meeting would be very incomplete if we missed his well-known face there—Dr. Perkins, the Hunt Secretary; Lords Carmarthen, Dunwich, Garmoyle, and Richard Nevill, Mr. J. A. Pease, the



Master of the Drag, and a host of undergraduates far too numerous to mention, every vehicle and hack in Cambridge being put into requisition. The fair sex, too, were well represented, the faces of several in dog-carts and cabs, being remarkably familiar to Cambridge men.

There was not so much of novelty in our theatres this year at Easter as we have been accustomed to see. The revival at the Lyceum of the 'Belle's Stratagem,' one of those artificial comedies of the last century that at intervals still keeps possession of the stage, was the chief event, and the production at last of a successful successor to 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' at the Globe, took second place. We candidly confess that but for the particular Doricourt and the special Letitia Hardy of this the latest revival of Mrs. Cowley's play, the presentation would be personally irksome. The minor characters, never very prominent, have been so dwarfed and lopped at the Lyceum, that one is puzzled to account for their existence and as to what they have to do with the action of the piece. Something seems to have been sacrificed to give prominence to an elaborate minuet, that makes almost an act of itself, while Doricourt's feigned madness struck us as too elaborated. There was much tragic force in it also, and we hardly knew whether to smile or be serious, though the spectacle of Mr. Irving skipping about the bedroom in a gorgeous dressing-gown had much of the ludicrous about it. That it was a clever performance goes without saying, but whether Mr. Irving's Doricourt is the Doricourt of Charles Kemble, of which we have heard our fathers and grandfathers talk so much, may be doubted. Miss Terry, as a hoyden, is not in the *rôle* that we shall associate with her name in future years. The stage hoyden of Mrs. Cowley's day was always an extravagant creature, a creation of the stage, in fact, a thing that perhaps never had the slightest foundation of truth for its structure, and to-day is farcical. This is not what we expect from Miss Terry, and we confess her Letitia caused us to think how 'the judicious grieve' over what makes the unheeding and thoughtless laugh. Still the comedy will no doubt draw and please. It is lavishly put on the stage, with all the taste that marks Lyceum productions, be they originals or revivals. The costumes are magnificent pictures of the time, and true apparently, as those we see on the canvasses of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua. The minuet is superb, and Letitia's little song, 'Where are you going to my pretty maid?' brings down the house. Surely there is here every element of success for the latest edition of 'The Belle's Stratagem.'

We are glad to hail, in the latest Offenbachian production at the Globe, 'Le Boulanger,' a prospect of a revival of that prosperity that seemed to have forsaken the little house when 'Les Cloches de Corneville' rang out their last peal. We need not dwell now on the somewhat incomprehensible 'La Belle Normande,' or the not over lively 'Naval Cadets.' They had their little hour, and have quitted the scene, but we will hope that the fair bakeress will make a longer stay in what is now the home of French comic opera, as the Opera Comique is of the native article. The music, sooth to say, is not very original nor striking; here and there a pretty air lingers in the memory, but on the whole we seem to have heard something very like it before. But there is much to please and allure the eye in 'La Boulanger'; costumes artistically designed and carried out with great taste and judgment as to colour. The scene is in Paris, during the minority of that estimable monarch Louis Quinze, and the young king is shown us making love to his subjects at an early age. The plot is light, but what does that matter, so that there is some fun and 'go' in the piece, which, fortunately for the promised success of the last production, there happens to be. For the fun

we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Paulton, whose stolid humour finds full development in the part of a French detective, who, we need scarcely say, never detects anything. Of course in such a part Mr. Paulton 'gags' with the freedom and audacity peculiar to him, and his allusions to our own detective force call forth much laughter. His belief that he has always got a clue, and the persistent way in which he and his assistant always arrest the wrong man, is very funny. Some of Mr. Paulton's (we expect) improvised jokes are rather ghastly, particularly where he mentions Parisian 'licensed vitrioliers,' an allusion to vitriol-throwing in the French capital, a crime hardly suited for jesting. But the audience, especially the gallery, seemed to enjoy it, so perhaps there is something funny in the act. Madame Amadi sang and looked well as the heroine Margot, and Miss Wadman made a very successful first appearance at this house in Tainette, singing with taste and feeling. We must not omit to mention another first appearance, that of Mr. Mansfield, who as Coquebert, the lackey of Margot, gave a very clever imitation of an opera troupe quarrelling, which was loudly applauded. 'La Boulangère' ought to have a run.

A young friend of ours who patronises the Canterbury a good deal, tells us the new spectacle called 'Marmion' is one of those things that none of the fellows should miss. We passed a very agreeable evening there not long ago, when we had reason to speak highly of the performance. We said, we came to the conclusion then that an evening up in town from Aldershot or elsewhere would not be *de rigueur* with our young warriors—and a fair sprinkling of old ones too—if time were not allowed for a look in at the Canterbury. 'Marmion,' the new production, we are told, far outshines either of those imposing spectacles brought out a few years back, and known as Plevna and Trafalgar. The mimic warfare which forms such a striking feature in the present display is exceedingly well carried out, and the drilling of the troops is, we hear, as near perfection as possible. Of course there is any amount of military manœuvring, which with the other exciting scenes incidental to the disastrous day at Flodden Field, should fill the stalls at the Canterbury for weeks and months to come. We intend to pay an early visit to 'Marmion' ourselves, when we will be able to give a more complete account of this elaborate and brilliant piece of historical pageantry.

In the memoir of Mr. Grantley Berkeley in our last number, our printer's devil altered the spelling of *drafts* of hounds into *draughts* of hounds: he was evidently thinking of his beer.

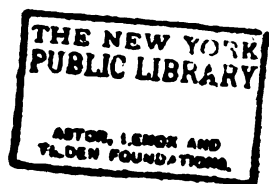
The match for the billiard championship of 200*l.*, which should have taken place at the usual arena, St. James's Hall, between J. Bennett, champion, and F. Shorter, challenger, fell through owing to the latter's inability to deposit his full share of the stakes. In order to prevent disappointment, an exhibition match was improvised, Bennett conceding his opponent one hundred points start, the amount played for, we believe, being nominal. Favoured by rather more than his fair share of luck, Shorter played fearlessly and well, his nursery cannons being particularly applauded. Prior to the interval, the game looked likely to prove interesting. These hopes, however, were dispelled on resuming play, as Shorter increased his lead, and ultimately ran out an easy winner by 197 points. A break by Shorter of 104 proved to be the highest one in the match, Bennett replying with two fifties. Bennett was made favourite at 5 to 4. In the forthcoming handicap at the Aquarium, Bennett owes 50 and Shorter 20. This ought to be a good thing for Shorter, whose acknowledged power over the cue must be a potent factor in any tournament.

The unfortunate accident that befel Captain Middleton at Towcester has been a subject of universal regret. It almost eclipsed the gaiety of Punchestown. It was as difficult to realize the fact that 'Bay' was not to the fore, as it was when we first missed 'Mr. Thomas' from the scene. We are glad to hear, however, that Captain Middleton is progressing as favourably as his serious injuries will allow, and we hope to know that he will soon be convalescent.

It is as pleasant to hear the first notes of the post-horn in Piccadilly as it is to catch the first cry of the cuckoo at Little Peddlington. Mr. Walter Shoolbred on the Guildford (now called 'The New Times') has been the first to sound the charge, and by the time these pages meet our readers' eyes, the Windsor and the Dorking will be on their respective roads. The Guildford is done this year, as it has always been done under the present proprietorship, most excellently well. There are some old acquaintances to sit behind, and the newcomers—notably the wheelers between Esher and Ripley, are first-rate. It was a very cheery day, the opening one, on the 9th of last month, the east wind for a time abating of its fury, and even at that date the beauties of the road were developing. There was the emerald green of the larch, the budding gold of the gorse blossom, to show what might be later on in 'the leafy month' on Wimbledon Common, over breezy Fair Mile, and about Wisley Heath. There is more varied scenery in the five-and-twenty miles between London and Guildford than on any road we know within the metropolitan radius.

Rumour about this time begins to be busy with the coming yearling sales, and already we hear of the excellence of Cobham and the 'swells' that will be found at Marden, or rather in the paddock at Sandown, for Mr. Hume Webster has transferred his sale to that spot on the second day of the summer meeting, June 11th. It is an experiment, but we think it will succeed. And another thing we hear, which is that the Messrs. Tattersall, are determined that the announcement made in their conditions of sale that all lots must be paid for on delivery, shall be no empty form. An evil that commenced in what is popularly known as 'the Hastings era' on the turf, the evil of non-payment, has gone on increasing until a limit has been reached. 'Parting,' we know, is anything but 'sweet sorrow,' and racing men of all classes and degrees are grossly libelled if they do not find it so. In the buying and selling of horseflesh it is peculiarly noticeable, and the eminent firm we have above mentioned have, it is no secret, found it so to their cost and inconvenience. They have now resolved this must cease, and we are glad to hear of their resolution. The scandal, for it is that, had its birth in a day of extravagance and folly, and in this, let us hope, soberer decade, it is high time it should be stamped out. The Messrs. Tattersall, we are bound to think, can apply that process. The remedy is in their own hands. Let the foot be put firmly down, and they will not only reap the benefit themselves, but they will be the means of saving others from the consequences of rash and uncalled-for expenditure.

At the last moment of our going to press we are informed that the match between the Huntsmen and the Jockeys for the Benefit of the Hunt Servants' Society and the Bentinck Benevolent Fund will take place at Lord's on Saturday, June 4th. Mr. McGeorge will have the management of the Jockeys' Eleven, and Frank Beers that of the Huntsmen. The committee of the Marylebone Club were quite agreeable to lend their ground on certain conditions, which have been agreed to.





London, 1850

James A. Smith, Jr.

William Eden.

# JULY'S MONTHLY

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR WILLIAM' E. ES.

and a cold heartily seized as the first of the new party, the only one of the old party, and the only one of our present number, who was not a Union, and who left the country at Gibraltar in 1796, and returned to the United States in 1797, and he exchanged into the hands of the British, and he was the last of his race.

intended to come from the "Boatload," Sir William, as-  
signed his Master of the castle, Dairn, in Foxborough, in  
to the next season has named it at his own expense  
cousness. He built a house at Rushford, near the  
Mulliston, and during the three years that he has  
he has created the reputation of a great man.  
at first of all, as a man of letters, and then  
To the great joy of the Duke of  
Mulliston, and the country which

our Welfare. The people of the  
the land

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As an M.F.H. he has been exceedingly popular with all classes and degrees, and his retirement, as we have above intimated, will be much felt by all the good men and true in South Durham.

William Eden.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### SIR WILLIAM EDEN, BART.

DESCENDED from an old family settled as far back as the latter part of the fourteenth century in the county of Durham, Sir William Eden, the subject of our present notice, was born at Windlestone in 1849, educated at Eton, and was gazetted to the 28th Regiment, which he joined at Gibraltar in 1868. After serving some little time with that corps he exchanged into the 8th Hussars, doing duty with them in Ireland until the death of his father in 1873, when he left the service.

Fond of all country sports from his boyhood, Sir William succeeded Mr. Harvey as Master of the South Durham Foxhounds in 1878, and up to the last season has hunted it at his own expense and with great success. He built kennels at Rusheyford, near his residence at Windlestone, and during the three years that he has been Master he has retained the services of Claxon as huntsman, Jack Berens as first, and Masters (from Sir Bache Cunard's), as second whip. To the great regret of the district, he has recently resigned the Mastership, and the country will henceforth be hunted by subscription, Sir William having promised to contribute 250*l.* per annum to the fund.

He is a thorough all-round sportsman, as the phrase goes ; a good man to hounds, a good shot, a good whip—and of his quality in that latter respect Londoners who often see him as a member of the C.C. at the Magazine (he generally drives a mixed team), can best judge. As an M.F.H. he has been exceedingly popular with all classes and degrees, and his retirement, as we have above intimated, will be much felt by all the good men and true in South Durham.



## WASTE OF NATURE.

THERE is no waste *in* Nature's economy ; that is an established fact, acknowledged by all who study her ways. Man is very clever at poisoning the earth, the air, and the water, and breeding pestilence and death ; but, with infinitesimal exceptions, he cannot alter the mountains and the ocean, and, thank goodness, the heavenly bodies and the firmament are out of his power. So—given the beauties of Nature in their purity—I know of no place where they exist in greater perfection than in the wilds of Ireland, especially in the Far West. The mountains are mole-hills compared with the snow-capped ranges in Switzerland—three thousand feet, perhaps, being their greatest altitude in Connemara—but from the highest point of those which command the Atlantic, there may be seen a panorama unsurpassed for beauty, *sui generis*, by any in the world. On a fine autumn evening, when the sun is sinking into the ocean, there is a perfectly circular horizon—north, south, east, and west ; and a combination of colours, gold and purple and crimson, to which no artist's pencil could possibly give effect. There are innumerable bays, lakes, and rivers, shining like so many mirrors, reflecting the evening light, and, with the exception of a small hamlet here and there, and a few scattered cabins and a solitary chapel or so, there is not a house to be seen, and scarcely a tree. And yet within the area which the eye can command, over the country between Galway to Westport, there have been, and still are, from time to time, black days of fever and famine, and also agrarian crime and unrest, which a lot of agitators, for their own private ends, attribute to 'Saxon misrule.' They forget past history of reckless extravagance, drinking, duelling, electioneering, debt, wholesale depopulation, and absenteeism, which brought about the Encumbered Estates Court ; they forget the total neglect of the 'ould blood' to bring up their sons in profitable trades or professions, to earn a shilling ; and the present system is for agitators to raise the people against the few landlords, whether English or Irish, who have worked hard to improve their condition, and so they make the country unbearable to proprietors. The ingenious Mr. Biggar, the 'Thyrsites' of the Land Leaguers, has fairly won the first prize for cruel terrorism by his celebrated advice, 'fences may fall down, cattle may stray,' which in other words means 'absolute ruin,' and one regrets that the godlike Ulysses is not alive, to give him one on the shoulders with his sceptre, similar to that blow which he gave Thyrsites, and which has become historical.

Now as to the waste of Nature. Taking parts of Connemara proper alone, a district about three times as big as the Isle of Wight, consisting of mountain, lake, bog, and river, a large area comparatively uninhabited, and next to useless for growing anything—say a kind of irregular parallelogram inside the public roads, the four corners whereof would be Oughterard, Clifden,

Leenane, and Maam, including such portion of Lough Corrib as lies between Maam and Oughterard—there is a district which to the sportsman and tourist would be invaluable, but is next to valueless for want of a little energy and enterprise. The mountains and moors and rivers in Scotland are let for fabulous prices to southern millionaires, but Ireland seems to stand still. Here and there a little salmon fishing may be obtained, at pretty high price, in the west, but, for the want of facilities in travelling and inn accommodation, the proprietors do not attract sportsmen and tourists in any numbers. Unfortunately, owing to over-preserving, the constant poaching and assaults, right in game is a sore subject in Parliament, where the Hares and Rabbits Bill has been passed by a section of politicians who would take the longest summer day to circumvent the death of a tom-tit with the gardener's gun, and then not do it, owing to putting the shot in first. Otherwise, had it been possible for the Government, in combination with the proprietors, to acquire all rights over the area named as an experiment, and to grant licences to tenants for depasturing, and to visitors for sporting purposes, and to grant loans for tramways, with or without steam-power, from Galway to Westport, along or in proximity with the present roads, they might make the Far West as popular as the Isle of Wight.

I don't understand why there should not be plenty of game in the mountains, if preserved, and anyhow there would be wild fowl, duck, and snipe-shooting and fishing to satisfy the greatest glutton at sport. I have driven a boat quickly through the reeds in Connemara, and have seen the wild fowl almost darken the air.

As things now are in England, there is not a bit of water worth fishing, which any one can wet a line in without leave, and hardly an acre of ground, even including the seashore, in many places, where one can fire a gun; and hiring shooting is very expensive. People pay ridiculous sums for a day in a punt in the over-fished Thames, and if they could only once enjoy the freedom and elbow-room amidst the Irish lakes and rivers, they would go back year by year to some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. In Lough Corrib, in spring, the great lake trout, running from six to ten pounds, and salmon, are to be caught freely, as it is one of the few outlets for the salmon to the sea. If any one doubts the abundance of the salmon, he may see them below the Galway weir, which is the main outlet for the watershed of the Western Highlands, in hundreds, waiting for water to get up, and they can find all particulars in my poor schoolfellow, Frank Buckland's, books. I stood by Frank Buckland's grave on Christmas Eve, in Brompton Cemetery, and, sad as the occasion was, I could not help speculating as to what the fish would have said to him, had he died at sea and been thrown overboard.

The fortune of the Isle of Wight was made in the pre-railway days by a chain of small rustic hotels, at short distances, through the island, and the same thing might be done in the Far West, and the success of this has been proved at Letterfrack, near Clifden,

a charming little hamlet inaugurated by the Quakers, on the shores of the Atlantic, a perfect oasis in the desert.

There must be any amount of sea-fishing in the bays, and wild-fowl shooting too, but the first thing necessary now is that all rights should be clearly defined, and that there should be means of locomotion and shelter, and the assurance of absolute safety. Bianconi's cars have always been quick enough for travelling, and cheap tramways, with or without steam-power, with open seats—a long *char à banc*, in fact—easy to get into or leave, would answer all purposes. Draining and planting might come later on, but I cannot imagine the wild, heathery, stony district, one mass of rock and white quartz, being put, in the first place, to any better purpose than an immense touring district where sport may be had. The *sine quâ non* is that the peasants should be constantly employed and regularly paid.

I don't speak without knowing something of what I am talking about. I have spent four long vacations in Ireland amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and I flatter myself that I know a little more of the Irish character than a very large number of those who are legislators for the 'ould country,' in which many have never set foot.

Going to Killarney, to a grand hotel, with its *table d'hôte* and billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms indoors, and being mobbed by 'stage peasants' in the shape of boatmen, who tell absurd stories of the O'Donoghue and the Devil, so-called witty (?) beggars, who wish 'that every hair of their head may turn into a 'candle and light them to glory,' is *not* seeing Ireland. You must go into the highways and byways, sit down and talk to them in the fields and in their cabins, go to their fairs, and mix with them in the markets. They will be suspicious at first, but they are sharp enough to find out if you mean kindly to them. The 'brutal 'Saxon' is the man who knocks at the cabin door and takes his hat off before he enters, and wins the hearts of the peasants by a little kindness and civility. So long as the people are allowed to 'squat' in out-of-the-way wild mountain districts, where they can quarry the stones for their cabin for nothing, and grow a ragged crop of oats, the straw of which provides a thatch, dig the turf for fuel, and trust to a wretched potato patch, a possible lean cow, a few fowls and a pig, and occasional underpaid labour, to keep body and soul together, you will always find starvation and famine at intervals. The small tenant-farmers will never improve the peasant's position. Many of the 'clergy' spring from their rank, and between the two the peasant will be left to poverty, and coerced into plots for outrage and murder. And I much doubt if the assassination and cruelty are not perpetrated by men who are hounded on to do such acts by the threat of their own lives if they refuse, and whose feelings and passions are lashed into fury by stories of cruel wrongs which are coined for the purpose, and which are literally infernal lies.

I repeat what I once before said in this Magazine; if people really

want to get behind the scenes of Irish oppression, let them read Lever's 'St. Patrick's Eve,' published by Chapman and Hall in 1845, which Dr. Todd, the great Irish historian, told me was the truest story ever written. The wild, witty, whisky-drinking, merry Irishman, with his 'sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green,' is a myth in these days. The small farmer is as keen as a Scotchman at a bargain, and never spends a farthing if he can help it; he rides into market or fair, clad in his frieze coat, old patched breeches and gaiters, on his rough cob, with a straw or dilapidated old moth-eaten saddle, rope bridle, and rusty old stirrups, and drives hard bargains with his neighbours, and pays and receives considerable sums (which he refuses to his landlord) in illegible pound-notes. There was one funny thing I heard at Ballinasloe. Two farmers were comparing accounts to a large amount, and the following conversation took place:

A. 'Well, sor, will you have have half a glass of sherry wine at 'my expense?'

B. 'I will *not*, sor; you refuse to buy my prize pig as you 'agreed.'

A. 'He was not there on the day, sor.'

B. 'He was, sor, or at *any* rate, the *next* day.'

A. 'I will not pay, sor; you *disappointed* my pig, sor!'

There is one great feature in the wilds of Ireland, which is the utter absence of glaring vice at fair or elsewhere. Travellers must be very careful how they behave, as the women are as pure as many of them are beautiful. If fashionable young ladies, with waists like wasps, hobbling along in eel-skin dresses, as if they wore handcuffs at their knees, could only see the Connemara girls, with their long black hair blowing about in the wind, walking along attired in the scarlet flannel petticoat down to the knees, barefooted, and carrying a pail or basket on their heads, they would see the real poetry of motion. But woe to a London 'Arry if he tries the witticisms (?) which make him popular with flash barmaids, on an Irish girl. Her brothers would 'paste his brains against the wall;' and serve him right too.

Now, going back to the old subject, we know the Empress of Austria is afraid to go to Ireland, and I had a letter, a short time since, from my old Irish fisherman, whom I have communicated with from time to time, and sent friends to during the season, but he says that tourists and sportsmen have left the district where he lives—it matters not where—(as the man might be 'Boycotted' if known); but my belief is that if the Government, with the co-operation of the owners, would seize a district, and get the people into hamlets, and do away with outlying squatters who must starve, and employ them in road-making, planting, draining, let them have their money as Government pay, without any middle men, and at the same time give all facilities for travelling and accommodation for tourists and sportsmen, what is now a wilderness would be a Paradise. Provided always—as lawyers say—that rabid priests, who denounce people at the altar and talk about 'Saxon tyranny,' and

also our muffin-faced Exeter-Hallers who live on cant, and who inundate the centres of Roman Catholicism with flaming tracts of the worst fire-and-brimstone character, anent the perdition of Roman Catholics, were coupled together and anchored at low-water mark on the seashore. I don't care whether a man is a Catholic or Protestant, but your political religionist of *every* kind is generally a rogue.

The Irish make good soldiers, sailors, and handicraftsmen when mixed with others. The thing they are best at in their own country is sport, and there is no fisherman better than an Irish fisherman, and no people in the world who appreciate the beauties of their own country more. Go where they may, their hearts are in the 'ould 'country.' There is a charm in mountain air, elbow-room, and freedom which is never eradicated, the same as is the case amongst the gipsies; and depend upon it the tie of poverty and the early habits are as strong as the tie of blood. I have seen, early in the morning, when I have been going off fishing before the household were much astir, in good country houses, the same servants who have come into prayers at nine or ten o'clock, neatly dressed with smart shoes and stockings, running about barefooted in the house and gardens; they prefer it, and bare feet are no sign of poverty necessarily. The Irish, too, are very gregarious, and in towns or large villages, especially on Sundays, you may see them in clusters everywhere, and you seldom see two or three walking together. Just so, in large cities, they establish an Irish quarter. I never shall forget, at Buttevant, being immured at a country inn one Sunday. I and a friend of mine were the only strangers at a miserable inn called 'The Albert Hotel.' The rain came down straight and steady, without ceasing. There were no books or papers, and the landlord squinted and stammered so frightfully that he was like a pig in a fit. In despair, we had a game at backgammon at the back of the room, and did not observe that the window was surrounded by a large ring of people, until I heard a loud whisper, 'They are 'English a-dicing. I'll go bail it's for a *hunther* a throw.'

To show how this love of kith and kin and old ways is never eradicated, I will relate two instances. Some twenty years ago an old servant of mine died. He was formerly a soldier, discharged after twenty-one years' service, with good service medal, pension, and a silver snuff-box, presented him by the regiment. He was a first-rate fellow, who by industry eventually got himself a good position in Government employ. He was a North of Ireland man, and was married a second time to a very pretty West of Ireland woman (a Roman Catholic, he being a Protestant) who had been lady's-maid in a nobleman's family. I saw her soon after her marriage with him, dressed in a black silk dress, prettily trimmed bonnet, such as ladies'-maids *can* make, gold watch and chain, in fact, what poor people call 'quite the lady.' She made him a good wife, and when the poor fellow died, and I made his will, I promised to look after his children after his wife's death or second marriage.

I lost sight of the widow and children after seeing them installed in a comfortable freehold house with a nice little income, which she could have well doubled, as she had been trained under a French milliner. Before me now lie the bills for her funeral and her wake, which took place within two years of her husband's death. An old comrade of the husband's, who succeeded him in his place, a man of high character, came to me in a great hurry to go and see her. She was dying in a garret in the lowest Irish district in London, and lying on a bed which my dog would turn away from; her children, as happy as princes, were nearly naked, playing in the gutter, and crowds of Irish were bewailing her fate. There was not a chair or a table in the room, or a scrap of paper or a pen and ink in the house, but I got some and made her will for the sake of getting an absolute power, writing on the top of my hat, but I was only just in time. To be brief, the old comrade recommended that the neighbours should be allowed a wake to divert their minds from the children, who were instantly removed, and as a bait to get hold of the pawnbroker's tickets and other documents which the people in the house had, all of which we secured, and by that sage counsel a large salvage was effected. But it was a rare job to clear the Irish tenants out of two houses, and it cost a hundred pounds to make them habitable again, though two years before they were as smart and as neat as a man-of-war's cabin. Well, the wake was inaugurated, and went on for four days. In vain I sent the undertaker to screw the poor woman down; the friends would not allow it until the Saturday night, when they insisted on my going to the wake, which I did as the 'friend of the corpse.' On trestles under a kind of Richard III. white tent, decked with black bows and crosses, stood the coffin, with the lid aside so that the dead woman's face could be seen, and on the coffin lid were seven candles, and pipes, tobacco, and snuff, and whisky. I went up to the coffin, filled and lit a pipe, took some whisky, crossed myself, and said, 'God save all here.' 'Save you, kindly sir,' was the chorus, and I sat down. The room was crammed, and there was a roaring fire. The men all wore their Irish clothes kept specially for the purpose—corduroy breeches, black worsted stockings, brogues, frieze coats, and caubeens, and some carried a 'bit of a stick,' and the whisky was the real 'poteen,' which probably never 'ped the Queen a 'sixpence.' The 'keeners,' old women, the professional mourners, smoked their pipes and moaned by the fire, and carried on a running argument about the merits and demerits of the deceased, much the same as Heaven's and the Devil's advocates do on the election of a Pope. The heat, the smoke, and the whisky made me inclined to see a double-barrelled coffin, and so I got away about ten, and on Sunday afternoon came the funeral: a hearse, and two mourning coaches crammed full inside, principally with women and children, two cabs full inside and out, with two or three on the roofs with short pipes—in fact, all the court went. The old comrade and I went in a Hansom to Bow Cemetery, and on the way finding Hoiles, the Spider, his hostelry 'convenient,' we had some bread and cheese and

beer, and awaited the arrival of the funeral. The Spider's pot-boy announced that a tremendous Irish funeral was at hand, and it turned out to be ours, the followers being augmented by numbers of Irish on foot, who, not knowing whose funeral it was, because it was Irish, followed it. The Spider, and two members of the fancy who had been dining with him, made some curious remarks about the company we were going into. Anyhow, the woman was buried. And so the poor woman who had been accustomed really to luxury, immediately on her husband's death turned good tenants out, and crowded the houses with Irish relatives and friends, and having sold and drunk out everything available, died amongst them a beggar.

She was 'babbling o' green fields,' and mountains, and streams, and was talking Irish, which I never heard her do before, in the delirium before death. Curiously enough, precisely the same occurred all over again. Another old comrade had a good home and a good wife, an Irish woman of superior manners, who, for a very small remuneration, being childless, practically adopted the children, and saw after them well and affectionately. Her husband died, and she did just the same as the children's mother, and went back amongst her Irish relations, and drank herself out. Depend upon it that the Irish people are so keenly sensitive that they cannot, when trouble comes, sit down in the 'dignity of their sorrow' and face it out, like the phlegmatic Scotch and English do, but are ready at a moment's notice to join in sorrow or love, hatred or pleasure, as occasion occurs.

It is the old story of the ruling passion strong in death, so beautifully told in the poem of the juggler who travelled the races and fairs with his wife, and the old grey horse and caravan. He received his death-stroke near his birthplace, where they had their gipsy encampment on an open common.

'Yonder come smells of the gorse so nutty,  
Gold-like and warm—it's the prime of May—  
Better than mortar, bricks, and putty,  
In God's house—on a blowing day.

Lean me more up to the mound, now I feel it,  
All the old heath smell—ain't it strange?  
There's the world laughing as if to conceal it;  
But HE is by us "juggling the change."

I mind it well, on the sea-beach lying  
Once—it's long gone—two gulls we beheld,  
Which, as the moon got up, were flying  
Down a big wave that sparkled and swelled.

Crack! went a gun; one fell—the second  
Wheeled round him twice and was off for new luck,  
Then in the dark her white wing beckoned—  
Give me a kiss—I'm the bird "dead struck."

It is a pity that honourable Members who go and vote like a flock of sheep on the Irish questions do not know a little more of the country and the people except what they hear through channels which are poisoned with blood, terrorism, and priestcraft. I can

tell them something about the Irish *patriots*! who blew up Clerkenwell, as I sat *in* the dock in the Governor's seat at the Old Bailey next to Mrs. Ann Justice, who was acquitted. Barrett, the only man hung, who was one of the ringleaders, was a well-educated Irish-American, and a reckless adventurer, and had courage worthy of a better cause; but the other six were the most abject lot of cowards I ever saw; and behind the scenes (which the public did not see, but which I did), they were dipping water out of a pail at the rate of a pail an hour.

Well! every man has a right to his own creed, however absurd, and my creed is that if the State had the power and the will to give the peasantry the option of working or starving, and without the intervention of farmers, of priest, or middle-men, could employ the people to reclaim their country, all would be peace under a very strong Government; but if any Government expects by Act of Parliament to make the peasants happy so long as they are at the mercy of the small tenant-farmers and agitating priests, it is very like trying to make people religious by locking up a few recalcitrant Ritualistic parsons whose private life and character are faultless.

Well! if Ireland *is* to be set right by Act of Parliament, the ungovernables cannot complain that the advocates of the party who conceal blood, and inaugurate a reign of terror, are not fairly represented in the Legislature.

Hurrah, Mr. Bailly! Eureka! Yesterday afternoon I had said my say, and had put my pen aside, and had finished this article, and indulged in a read of 'Bell's Life' of January 15, and found an article 'On Loch and River Fishing in Sutherlandshire, by "Pelagius."' Who 'Pelagius' is I know no more than the Man in the Moon. He may be a man with red hair and one eye and two wooden legs, or a man with grey head and a blind left eye and a right wooden leg, or he may be an Adonis, a kind of a male Mrs. L—t—y; *but* he *does* know about fishing, and he *does* love Nature, and describes the fishing in the wilds of Sutherlandshire in rivers where probably for many years, and possibly *never*, a man has thrown an artificial fly right away in the wilderness amidst the grand solitudes of Nature. And he describes the lonely pool, with the deep swirling water on the mountain streams, when a real fisherman can catch the gamest of the game trout. The description took me back so clean to similar streams in Ireland, by the sides of which I have been from daylight to dark, and enjoyed the pleasures such as he describes.

Now, to prove my case *quod* Ireland, I will quote the first sentence of his article—the italics are my own. 'Now that the Duke of Sutherland has *built inns* and opened *roads* through that glorious piscatorial region, Sutherlandshire, an ever-increasing army of anglers take journey north.' For 'Duke of Sutherland,' read 'The owners of the wilds of Connemara;' and for 'Sutherlandshire,' read 'the Far West of Ireland.' Act upon it, you landlords, and you English Government, and the trick is done—Q. E. D.

F. G.



## THE BIRTHPLACE OF KISBER.

'WHAT is this Kisber that I hear all men talking about, and which is already at such short odds for the Derby?' was a question put to me by a country friend shortly before the great classic race of 1876.

'Kisber is the Mineral Colt,' I replied; 'it has been so named.'

'Oh, indeed, then they have at last found a name for it. I noticed that the naming of the colt had been exercising the ingenuity of many of the scribes of the turf,' replied my friend from the country, as we sat smoking the pipe of peace in the club smoking-room.

'Just so, that often happens, especially nowadays, when nomenclature on the turf is beginning to assume a reasonable connection with the immediate parentage and breeding of the horse. I could point out a hundred names of winning horses that have, or appear to have, no connection whatever with either sire or dam, or any of their ancestors.'

'And Kisber, then, is that more appropriate,' asked the gentleman to whom I have alluded; 'more appropriate, I mean, than other names of race horses?' I suggested that 'Ironmaster' would be a good title for the Mineral Colt, and would be a compliment to Merry as well.

'Oh, no end of names were, I believe, suggested, but the colt has been quietly named after the place at which it was foaled, and probably that is just as good a way of solving the difficulty as could have been arrived at.'

'Probably it is, but I like a more pronounced nomenclature,' replied my country visitor, 'such as Indigestion, by plum-pudding, or Favonius, or that kind of thing; there are, however, in my humble opinion not more than fifty or sixty happily-named horses in the Kalendar; the more's the pity.'

In saying so my friend was, I dare say, perfectly correct, but we are beginning to improve, and we cannot tell where we may end—not, I hope, in the bald way once suggested by a noted turf writer (probably in joke or as a bit of sarcasm) who said that all race horses ought to be known simply by a number, to which might be affixed a letter of the alphabet, as A1 or B20! There can be no doubt but that names are now better selected than they were wont to be, and personally I am in hopes that some day in connection with the turf, we shall have appointed a professor of nomenclature, both for horses and dogs! But I dare say this is a subject which will be taken up by abler pens than mine, so that I shall at present confine my attention to the matter in hand, and that is to give, under the title I have chosen, some account of horse-breeding in Hungary, which I am enabled to do from a private report on the subject, prepared for the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces by Mr. Collins, an eminent veterinary surgeon.

I have entitled this article 'The Birthplace of Kisber,' and as the June number of *Baily* is published on the anniversary of the hundred and second Derby, which falls this year to be run on the first day of June, the paper, I hope, will be thought to be somewhat *apropos*; it will at any rate possess the merit of brevity.

At the present date there are at Kisber—which it may be as well to state is in the department of Komárom, and can be reached from Vienna in the space of seven hours—six very valuable sires, namely, Buccaneer, Cambuscan, Ostregor, Young Buccaneer, Bois Russel, and Verneuil, for the latter of which a sum of 7800*l.* was paid, while the value of the other five horses has been computed in a recent statement at about 6000*l.* each, or for the whole stud of stallions, including two half-bred Furiosos of English descent, 35,000*l.* In addition to these fine blood horses, there are at Kisber twenty-five thorough-bred mares of great value, including Beeswing Deception, Firefly, Gratitude, Honeybee, Imperative, Mineral, &c. &c., each of which represents a large sum of money. These animals are just now in the pink of condition. The authority alluded to says about the stallions in his official report:—'Naturally enough I felt a great interest in seeing and examining these equine celebrities, most of which were at one time well known, Buccaneer being the sire of Kisber, and Cambuscan the sire of the unbeaten Kincsem, one of the most extraordinary mares of the period, and which is still on the turf—both the Derby winner and the great mare were bred at Kisber. Buccaneer is rather coarse-looking, a dark rich brown, and looks more like a half-bred than the horse he is known to be. Cambuscan is full of style, a handsome dark chestnut of rare quality. Ostregor is full of fine points, and is a dashing well-bred looking horse. The Frenchman is a tall chestnut, with what may be styled drooping quarters, but a grand mover. The mares need not be individually described; they are in fine condition, and occupy the home paddocks, of which there are a large number, two or three mares with their foals being in each paddock, with a small shed and yard attached; the pasturage is excellent, and is well watered by a stream which meanders through the grounds. No attention is lacking throughout the establishment which can minister to the welfare of the animals, and it is really a treat to note the zeal and care with which both mares and foals are attended by the servants of the establishment.'

The story of the Derby of 1876 now forms a portion of the annals of the race. Mr. Báltazzi's Kisber won easily by five lengths, being followed home by two horses entered by Robert Peck, the trainer of Russley, Forerunner and Julius Cæsar, with twelve others following them home, including Petrarch and the Duke of Hamilton's Wild Tommy, who were afterwards first and second in the great St. Leger. The value of the stakes won by the Hungarian amounted to 5575*l.* The horse has of course returned to the country of its birth. Although at the annual sales of yearlings

thorough-breds become the sole property of those who purchase them, it is *de rigueur* that they should return to Hungary at the conclusion of their turf career to serve as stallions. No exceptions are made to this rule of stud economy, and although both Kisber and Kincsem are private property, those who own them have been taken bound by the Government to implement all the usual conditions. From twelve to fifteen thorough-bred foals are thus disposed of annually at an average of about 200*l.* each; on one occasion, however, six times that amount was given for a yearling. 'It will be seen from this that the home thorough-bred stallions are recruited with imported stock, so that the source of the stream is being constantly renewed by the best English blood.' The estate of Kisber consists of about 12,000 acres, and the Government stud there is composed of stallions and mares, which are exclusively of English blood, and are either thorough-bred or half-bred, no extraneous cross being permitted. At the date of Mr. Collins' visit the troop of 102 half-bred mares was divided as follows:—B. mares with foals 44, mares which were barren 20, young mares 38, 23 of which were in foal. That gentleman also inspected 10 thorough-bred and 64 half-bred foals. He was likewise shown several half-bred colts and fillies which were to be offered for sale, because of various defects which rendered them unfit for breeding purposes, such as spavins, curbs, and badly-shaped hocks or forelegs.

In addition to the *haras* at Kisber, there are several other Government stud farms in Hungary. One of these, that of Mezöhegyes, is of vast extent, not less, indeed, than 30,000 acres, everything for the use of the stud being grown on this great farm. Another of the studs is that at Bábolna, about twenty miles from Kisber, an estate covering an expanse of 8000 acres; the fourth stud is located at Fogaras, at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, in Transylvania.

Readers of 'Baily' will probably not care to have a full account of all that is accomplished in the way of horse-breeding in Hungary; but that it is a great and well-managed industry the few facts already given tend to demonstrate. One of the studs is of peculiar interest, it is that of Báblona, which was founded in 1789, and is exclusively devoted to the breeding of horses of Arab descent, just in the same way as the *haras* at Fogaras is kept up for the improvement of the mountain ponies of the district of South-East Hungary. At Báblona no horses are to be found but those of an eastern type. At this stud farm Mr. Collins found twenty-six mares reputed to be of pure Arab blood, as well as one hundred half-breds, the prevailing colour being grey. All these horses show high breeding, and their powers of endurance cannot be called in question. The stallions, it is stated, 'are fine specimens of the eastern breeds, but want action, have low shoulders, and *toe* the ground. I was somewhat surprised that horses possessing good action were not obtained; they are rare, it is true, but they are to be found.' The following is the opinion of the author of this report on the differences in different countries of the Arab and English breed: 'During several years' residence in

'Bombay, I had ample opportunities of knowing thoroughly the Arab and Eastern type of horse generally. For hot countries and scant pasturage they would, of course, hold their own where the English breed would decay and ultimately vanish, and on this account the breed is invaluable in semi-tropical countries like many parts of Hungary. At all events, the heat of summer, as I can testify, is very great, and the climate, pasturage, trees, fruits, and corn, as well as the appearance of the country generally—dry, sandy, and burnt up—are more like what one sees in parts of India. Under temperate climates, with good keep, the Arab in time grows into what we see in our own stock; but the English horse never in hot countries holds his own with the Arab—he declines, degenerates, and disappears.'

As to the indigenous Hungarian horse, so often trotted out by certain authorities for our admiration, he is not a racer or even much of a saddle-horse—in truth, he is better suited for the carriage, is, in fact, a draught horse, but for all that is used for military purposes, and can carry a gallant hussar or bold dragoon. The native Hungarian horse has a great reputation for stamina, will travel long distances, and endure any degree of fatigue. The food of this animal is oats during the first winter after being weaned, and when in work; at other times he is grass-fed, but then the grass of Hungary in many places is excellent feeding. I shall now say a word or two about the 'stallion dépôts' of the Hungarian breeding systems, again making use of the official documents addressed to the Secretary of State for War. The number of sires in use in the country is about eighteen hundred, most of which are bred in the country, only some forty or fifty being purchased from other places. The cost of the large breeding studs already referred to is of course very great, more than 250,000*l.* per annum, but for all that the prices charged for service is extremely moderate, ranging only from about 12*s.* to 25*s.* of English currency! In Hungary the horses do not travel the country; they stand at various stations, of which there are about six hundred, from two to eight sires standing at each, each horse serving on the average about thirty-five mares in a season; and it is known that in some years as many as sixty thousand mares have been served by the Government stallions. Another mode of doing is that a few of the sires are hired out to the more wealthy proprietors of private studs; in this way from eighty to one hundred horses are in use at sums ranging from 400 to 1200 francs, the number of mares to each being restricted to forty during the season. The following figures will show the breeding of most of the 1800 stallions in use. Pure bred English, 73; Arab, 45; half English, 550; half Arab, 450; Normandy, 220; Lippica stud, 230; Norfolk, 50; the remainder are uncertain. These are all of them fine horses, especially those in which the English blood plays the predominating part; indeed, the importance attached to the imported English horse is most noticeable, in fact, with the exception of the pure Arab stock, the English blood plays a prominent part in

all the Hungarian studs, of which there are not a few private ones of much excellence.

With regard to feeding and housing, the following extract from the report will be read with interest :

'The stables (at one of the dépôts) I liked very much ; they are solidly built, 'open to the roof, horses' heads to the outer wall with a broad centre passage—in fact on the same principle as our new model stables, with the difference that 'there is no ground ventilation, no skylights, and much fewer windows. 'Drainage surface. The stalls are simply divided by swing bales, and are very 'long, at least 14 feet by 6 feet. The horses are tied up in the usual way, no 'heel ropes. I was informed that accidents were rare ; certainly of the half-dozen in hospital none were under treatment from kicks. They all seemed 'perfectly quiet and docile. The diet consists of hay and oats exclusively ; 'eight pounds of oats, twelve pounds of hay and straw *ad libitum*. There is at 'all the studs and dépôts an excellent riding-school and open *ménages*, the former 'for breaking in and exercising the horses, and for use in frosty or wet weather. 'The discipline and management is exclusively military, and everything appears 'to be conducted with the greatest care and regularity.'

These details, it will be observed, are not all about racing horses, but I take leave to think they are interesting notwithstanding, and those country gentlemen and military officers who regularly peruse 'Baily's Magazine' will, I make no doubt, think the editor has done them a good turn in giving them a place. Those readers who can procure the full text of Mr. Collins' report ought to do so ; it is full of interesting details which I have done my best to abridge, so as to retain all its leading features.

J. G. B.

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## DEVONSHIRE.

OF all the sports and pastimes for which this beautiful country is so celebrated, angling for trout in its clear streams seems to have been the least noticed, except in the local periodicals. This is to be wondered at, as there is no part of England where this delicate of all freshwater fish so abounds. Go in whatever direction fancy may lead you, be it east, west, north or south, either by rail or other conveyance, or even on foot, a few miles from Exeter will place you on the bank of some gurgling river or gushing brook, where, in most cases, permission to fish with the artificial fly may easily be obtained, either by leave from the owner or by paying a small subscription, which goes towards the preservation of the river. Locally popular as fishing is in all its varieties, yet there are many who look down upon angling with contempt, even that scientific mode of taking trout by the artificial fly, forgetting, it may be hoped, the number of great and good men who were, and are still, anglers, and enthusiastically attached to fly-fishing. Let us name a few. Lord Nelson, when he lived at Merton, in Surrey, was a devoted fly-fisher, angling in that clear and beautiful stream, the Wandle, said to produce the best trout in England.

Paley, the renowned theologian, when asked when a theological work he had in hand would be published, replied, 'I scarcely know, but I shall work steadily at it when the *fly-fishing* season is over.'

Sir Humphry Davy, the celebrated chemist of the day, and the author of a scientific work on trout and salmon fishing, states he had been a fly-fisher for more than a quarter of a century. Gay, the poet, was an angler for trout; John Tobin, the author of that once-on-a-time popular farce, the 'Honeymoon'; Peppys, a leading member of the Royal Society; Dr. Babington, a celebrated London physician; Sir Anthony Carlisle, a surgeon of great repute, were all anglers for trout. Dr., and his brother Arthur, Merrick, master of a celebrated school at Marlborough, said to be two of the best classics of the day, were both noted for catching trout in the Kennet, and the best makers of flies in the county. Chantrey, too, the sculptor, a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, or rather, of Charles Cotton, old Izaak being only a 'bottom fisher.' Many others could be added, devoted admirers of the gentle and fascinating craft of fly-fishing.

Another, and a much more serious charge brought against fishermen, is that they indulge in one of the most cruel of all country pastimes; but taking fly-fishing as an example, we conceive none can be less so. Fish are cold-blooded animals, consequently much less susceptible of pain than warmer. This has long been a determined fact by physiologists who have gone into the matter, tested by many experiments. The following, for the truth of which we can vouch, occurred a few years ago, and we think places the charge of cruelty beyond cavil.

A clergyman, the late Rev. Thomas Morres, of Wokingham, a near relative of the writer of the present paper, was fishing for pike in the Blackwater, running through Swallowfield Park, in Berkshire. The tackle used were three very large triple hooks, and the bait a gudgeon. It was not long before a large pike was fast hooked. Mr. Morres attempted to land him by lifting him up the bank, which was high. The line broke, and consequently the fish escaped. Another set of tackle was soon arranged, and baited as before with a gudgeon. He soon had another run, and a fish of large size firmly fixed at the end of his line. The struggle was not so hard as the former, and a splendid pike, which on being weighed proved to be over fifteen pounds, was soon lying on the bank. It turned out to be the same fish that made his escape not half an hour before, and with the three large triple hooks firmly fixed far down his throat.

The following, attended by three young gentlemen we met when fishing in Yorkshire three years ago, may also tend to prove the non-susceptibility of pain in fish. A pike of about a pound and a half was placed in a pond where it was known there were no other fish. It had been taken from the Driffield river hard by. The following year the same three friends, on returning home from a day's fishing, happened to pass the pond in which they had put the small pike a year before. They said, 'Let us try for him,' which was done. He

was immediately caught and landed, but returned to the water. This occurred *three times*. On trying for him a fourth time he seemed to have had enough of it, and would not take the minnow with which the hook was baited.

Sir Humphry Davy (no mean authority on such matters) states, in that amusing and instructive work of his, 'Salmonia,' that a trout fairly hooked and escaping by tackle breaking or any other cause, is *never known* to rise again at the artificial fly the same season, unless driven to some other part of the river, where the change in surrounding objects leads to forgetfulness of what had happened previously. This, it is thought, cannot be so, from what occurred to ourselves will go some way to prove.

Five or six years ago, in the month of July, fishing in the Anton near Andover, a well stocked and very clear river, a trout was observed to be rising close to the bank, near a bridge that crosses the road leading to that town. We threw our fly over him, and he was immediately hooked. The water was very shallow, clear as crystal and free from weeds. Like all large trout, when hooked firmly he ran down stream for forty or fifty yards, when the casting line broke and the fish escaped. The line had been fitted up with two very small flies. The following week, fishing again in the same stream and on the same spot where we hooked and lost the fish the week before, another was seen to be on the feed. This was also hooked, and he too ran the same course down stream, but with a different result; for after a fight of a few minutes was safely landed. He proved to be the same fish, with the tail fly in his mouth and a yard and a half of the casting line attached. The drop fly had by some means been broken off. The fish weighed one pound six ounces, and was in fine condition, none the worse for having the fly in his mouth for a week.

The Exe for the two past years has been of much more interest to local fishermen than formerly; for although salmon have always, both in spring and summer, made their appearance in its waters, yet until lately few, if any, persons attempted its capture by rod and line. It was averred that on its return to the sea in the spring, having spawned, it was worthless both as affording no sport or for culinary purposes. And again, when it made its second visit in the summer and autumn it was then thought to be all but impossible to catch, be the bait fly or minnow; but the summer of 1879 led fishermen to change their opinions, as a large number of clean run fish were observed in all parts of the Exe, even up to its very source. It was said so many salmon had not been known in this river for centuries. This soon got wind, and the banks of the Exe soon became crowded with anglers, and fortunate was he who could obtain the first cast in one of its many pools. Many good salmon anglers went to work in right earnest, and by the end of September eleven hundred and forty fish, averaging from eighteen pounds to eight or nine were known to be the result of the rods in about five months. The boats which had taken out licences, fishing

the river between Salmon Pool and Exmouth, a distance of about twelve miles, were said to have taken near five thousand fresh run fish. Nothing was talked of in fishing circles but the wonderful increase of salmon; river rents, it was said, must be raised, new rules and regulations for rod and line fishing formed. It was an unanimous opinion that the Exe was about to become one of the best salmon rivers in England; but these fond hopes were soon to be dispelled from out the salmon fishers' minds. The following year proved a failure; the boat nets did but little, compared with the year before, and the rods and lines next to nothing.

Before leaving the Exe, a few more words may be added as to its character as a trout river. It may be said with truth that it is one of the best of all the Devonshire rivers. Possibly the trout are not so good in flavour as in some of the smaller streams, but they make up for their inferiority in taste by their size and number, for on a day, wind and weather favourable, a skilful fly-fisher may generally fill his basket.

The Exe is portioned out into three fishing associations, as they are called, the first commencing, as we travel upwards, at Cowley Bridge, about a mile or more from Exeter, ending a short distance above Bramford Speke; it is named the Lower Exe United Association, and commands nearly five miles of fishable water. The trout are larger than those taken higher up the river, but fewer in number and very inferior in flavour. The charge for fishing for trout is one guinea for the season, commencing on the 15th February and ending on the last day in August; a guinea and a half is added if salmon are included. The time allowed for killing this fish is regulated by Act of Parliament. Passing over a mile or more of strictly preserved *private* water, the Up Exe Association begins, and is by far the best of the three, both as to the condition and the quality of the trout that are taken from its water. A guinea is here too charged for the right of fishing in about six miles of splendid river, over which space every variety of stream, stickle, or pool a fly-fisher could desire is to be met with. Those who wish to fish for salmon would have to pay an extra two guineas, their right of fishing confined to one day a week, and the day even named.

Passing along this beautiful reach of water, which terminates a field or two beyond Bickleigh Court, a fine old place, now only a farmhouse, covered with luxuriant ivy. The property, it is said, once was the residence of the Carews, an ancient Devonshire family. We cannot speak too highly of the way this part of the fishing is managed, or the sport it affords to the accomplished fly-fisher.

Leaving this delightful spot another, and the last association, is arrived at, called the 'Tiverton.' It commands, by river measurement, a space of over fifteen miles, every part of which abounds with trout, smaller than lower down the river; four to the pound being the average size, though now and then larger fish may be taken. All of these associations are managed by a committee of farmers, through whose lands or estates the river flows.



There are three modes of fishing for trout in the clear streams of Devonshire deserving notice, namely, with the artificial fly, the minnow, and lastly worm. So much has been written on the two first-named, that it would be idle on our part to attempt to give further instruction, as all that is necessary may be found in that instructive book on fly-fishing, by the late Mr. Stewart, or in 'Salmonia,' by Sir Humphry Davy. Worm-fishing, as we are about to describe it, is but little practised, for the best of all reasons—it requires a certain amount of skill, very difficult to obtain; few of the very best fishermen, however handy with the fly rod, are able to become accomplished worm-fishers, but when once the art (for an art it is) is mastered, no way of catching trout is so certain of success. So destructive is it, that we think that here, or in fact everywhere, it should be forbidden. There is one thing to be said in its favour, it can be followed with success when fly-fishing is over, which in this county is believed to be the end of May. June, July, and August are the best months for worm-fishing, although in May, the weather warm and sunny, trout may be taken with worm, but as fly-fishing all through that month is sometimes at its best, it would be most unfair to use worm, both as to the number of fish that may be captured, as well as the necessary disturbance to the stream by wading, which would so destroy the sport of others.

The tackle used in this sort of fishing should be very fine, the four last links at the end of the casting-line should be of the very finest drawn gut, and the casting-line made to taper; two No. 14 Sneek bend hooks, back to back, and about the eighth of an inch apart, should be neatly bound on the end link. The reel, a multiplier (if a good one could be obtained—a very difficult matter) should hold about twenty yards of line. The rod should be light, not too stiff, and in length about eleven feet. The angler should be provided with a landing-net, the ring of which should be about eleven inches in diameter, and the handle long enough to hold a spare top or two; it should be slung across the shoulder by a strap, much in the same manner as a rifleman slings his musket; it can then be easily cast over his head when required to land a fish, or, what is still better, a spring hook may be spliced on to the net handle, one end of the strap tightly bound just under the net ring, and at the other end a small brass ring which can be easily slipped on and off the hook at pleasure. A basket need hardly be named (no fisherman would start without one), but it should be of a size suitable to the river, or rather to the number and size of trout likely to be taken; everything should be as light as possible. We are supposing our fisherman to have no attendant; we trust he does not mind wetting his legs and feet; and does not encumber himself with those useless and unwholesome appendages 'wading stockings.' A pair of strong tweed trowsers, *worn without drawers*, coarse worsted socks, and shoes to fit tight round the ankle, with a few nails to prevent slipping, are *all* the lower garments a really good fisherman requires.

Having now equipped our angler with all things necessary, let us

accompany him to the river. The day is warm and sunny, scarcely any wind, and fortunately what little there be is at our backs. The water clear as if from a rock spring, and rather low, no rain having fallen for some weeks; it is eight o'clock, and had it been two hours earlier all the better. We are at our first stickle, and have nearly five miles of river before us, divided into sharp running streams, glassy and low water, and deep pools. The angler commences operations by taking his place about the middle of the lower part of the stream; he has baited his hooks with a *maiden* worm, as it is here called (the best are found under old heaps of road drift), or with a small blackhead, or what is still better a brandling, all of which have been rendered tough and bright by having been kept in moss for a week or more. The two hooks should be baited thus: *both* should be passed through the skin of the worm, as near the middle as possible, no matter if the point of the hook protrude a little. All is now ready for action; let him draw out a yard or two of line longer than his rod, lengthening or shortening it as the case may be. He is walking up stream, a mode of fishing, best at all times, but *absolutely necessary* when angling for trout in clear and low water with worms.

Progressing upwards, our fisherman will meet with, in this noble river, every variety of water. Miniature waterfalls, tiny tumbling bays, small but rapid brooklets, water bounding over large stones, forming cascades ending in pools no bigger than a large washhand basin, every one of which may hold a trout, and should be carefully tried. Passing onward some hundred yards or more the character of the river appears to change; it becomes a smooth glassy flat, hardly worth the worm-fisher's notice. But leaving this behind him, what are called the rocks present themselves, large blocks of what we believe to be the Old Red Sandstone, which are said to have been upheaved by volcanic influence; some lie high and dry, others, sunk beneath the water, forming rapid currents between these masses of stone; here may be found the largest trout the Exe produces, but a piece of water, difficult to get at; as it cannot be reached from the bank, and all but impossible to wade from the slipperiness of the stones, and the strong rush of water.

One of the great difficulties the angler meets with in his novitiate is to know how and where to cast his worm. The old mode of worm-fishing was so different from that practised now—a clumsy rod, fifteen or sixteen feet in length, coarse tackle, and, what was considered necessary, a deeply *coloured* water from a heavy rainfall; but now the accomplished worm-fisher uses a rod scarcely over half the length, and the way he uses it much as if fishing with the artificial fly; in practised hands a worm properly baited will continue on the hook for hours, unless torn from the bite of some fish. As little line should be *sunk* as possible; this can only be accomplished by keeping the rod as perpendicular as possible after having made the cast. As we have said before, every little streamlet should be tried, no matter how small or shallow, some of which the

novice would think hardly deep enough to hold a minnow, yet contain the largest fish.

Another obstacle met with by the fly-fisher who has taken to worm-fishing is to *know when the fish has taken the bait, and when taken how to strike*. Most fly-fishers, the moment they have a rise, strike. The very reverse of this should be practised in worm-fishing. Let us suppose a large trout has taken the bait, which may be known by the line becoming stationary for a short time, and then slightly moving upwards. The fly-fisher, from the force of habit, strikes immediately, whereby the fish, if hooked at all, is so slightly hooked, that he is all but certain to escape; therefore let him wait for about the time you could count six, and then by a gentle turn of the wrist, and without moving the arm, strike gently, and the fish is nearly certain to be firmly fixed. Another great difficulty when wading is found in how to land your fish, particularly if he be a large one; for when hooked he is certain to run down stream. You must let him go; on passing you he will soon turn again with his head up stream; if large do not pull against him; wind up and gently walk towards him, keeping the rod upright, the landing net in hand, and he will soon be your own. Being in the water, and if in a wide stickle, the angler will probably be far off the bank, and if the trout be large, say a pound, most difficult to hold in the left hand, whilst the right is employed in taking out of his mouth the hooks. The only advice we can give is to walk to the river bank, disturbing as little of the water as possible.

A few years ago, when first we tried our hand at worm-fishing, it was in very clear and bright water, and in a river fairly stocked with good-sized trout. The day was sunny and in the month of June, the trout were well on the feed; in less than three hours we counted up to forty good-sized fish, which appeared to be well hooked nevertheless; at that time, not knowing how to strike properly, only ten found their way into the basket. Another day in the same year, and in a small run of very shallow water, thirteen fish appeared also firmly fixed, but only seven were saved. After all there can be said in favour of worm-fishing, fly-fishing appears to us to be the only legitimate, sportsman-like, or gentlemanly mode of catching trout. Artistic as worm-fishing is in clear bright streams, an art difficult to acquire, and still more difficult to teach, yet we cannot but condemn it, as it so materially interrupts the sport of others, it being impossible for the artificial fly-fisher to follow the worm-fisher with any chance of success. The late Mr. Ratcliff Parnel, one of the most accomplished *bait* fishers in this or any other country, was said to have killed in *one* day no less than *one hundred and six* large trouts from out the river Exe; we were told this a few years ago by a gentleman we met beside that river, he said he was with him at the time. We can believe it to be true; as we have known him ourselves to have taken many times over seventy large fish in a short day's fishing.

Mr. Ratcliff Parnel was the son of a medical man who many

years ago practised medicine at Bramford Speke. From a boy he was said to be an expert fisherman. When we knew him his power of catching trout was perfectly marvellous. No matter when or where he fished, let the water be as clear as crystal, or the sun never so bright, his basket (a very large one) was certain to be full; and, what is the more extraordinary, not with the small trout of the Exe but with fish of the largest size. He never allowed any one to see him fish, or to know what bait he used, professing, as he said, only to use worms. The keeper over the Lower Association water, William Syrey, was set to watch him, which he did from early morning until midday, during which time, Syrey being with him, he had taken but six trout. The watcher, a clever shrewd old man, then said, 'Sir, I shall wish you a good morning,' and went away; but returning in about an hour, and examining Parnel's basket, found sixteen trout of fair size added to the six already caught. This caused much dissatisfaction among the subscribers to the fishing, and the following season he was not allowed to fish. He died about seven years ago, carrying his secret—if secret it was—with him to the grave. We have known him to fill his basket by twelve or one o'clock, go to the inn at Stoke Canon, empty it, return to the river and again fill it by evening.

#### AN OLD FISHERMAN.

### PUNCHESTOWN, PAST, PRESENT, AND PROSPECTIVE.

'The world of Waters is our home, and merry men are we.'

A FEW years ago the English traveller in America, if anything of a cosmopolitan or citizen of the world, and not so wrapt up in the pride of his insularity, that he felt it a derogation to mix freely in conversation with the Seths, Hiram, Amosses, and Hickories, whom he came across in the Republican 'cars' and popular caravanserais of the Eastern States, was certain to be asked, after he had replied to sundry queries about 'our Institutions,' 'Have you seen the great West?' and if he confessed that this vision of greatness and glory had not been realised in his travelling horizon, he was at once given to understand by his interlocutor that he was but an infant in his knowledge of the great continent. A Moslem who had not seen Mecca and the Caaba; an Italian who preferred to sink into his native dust without having feasted his eyes on Naples and its beautiful bay; a soulless Spaniard whose æsthetic pulses had never been quickened by the glories of Seville and Granada—for, as the Spanish saw says, though more eloquently than the doggerel translation—

'Who fair Seville hath not seen,  
Hath not seen what's good and great,  
Who to Granada hath not been  
Can have nothing to relate;'

the Irishman who, in this year of grace, could confess to personal ignorance of Punchestown and its precincts, and who had not formed a decided opinion about the performers in this great national arena, would be looked upon in his native land as a hopeless and helpless Rip Van Winkle, dead to the present interests and preoccupations of his fellow-men—whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart, as Wordsworth; if I recollect right, phrases it—nay, the modern travelledthane of Anglo-Saxon race and horsey proclivities is esteemed somewhat *borné* and incomplete if he have not made the Punchestown pilgrimage, and seen with his own eyes that ‘double’ which has been a foreground for many a choice canvas, and that wall, where many a good rider and stout chaser has learnt a sermon in stones, which he will be sure to recollect long after the ephemeral impressions of ordinary fences, no matter how big and repulsive, have worn away.

We propose in this paper to glance at the portentous progress of Punchestown as a chasing centre, the hub, so to speak, of the microcosm of the illegitimate branch of racing, to review its resources, and to institute a comparison between it and the numerous other meetings which afford arenæ for the development of that lust of lepping and greed of galloping which seems inherent in the sons of the shamrock-strewn soil of green Erin.

Very early in this now waning century Kildare seems to have emerged from the ranks of the fox-hunting fraternities, which, conducted in a pleasant primitive but social style, made Ireland a delightful quarter for the soldiers who were scattered through her country towns and garrisons, and formed a connecting link between the squires of adjacent counties and the noblemen who had the good sense and solid judgment *not* to migrate to Melton for sport which could be had far better at home, and the farmers, graziers, and professional men, whose status warranted their taking part in the sport of kings and pastime of princes. The ancient races of the world ever loved to trace their origin and descent from some heaven-born hero or demigod, such as Theseus or Hercules. The Kildare kennels connect themselves about as naturally with Sir John Kennedy, who, though no founder of fox-hunting in his native county, was certainly the first master who organised its resources and utilised them to a great extent, raising Kildare to the highest level of sport in Ireland, and making fox-hunting, which was to him an art as well as a passion—the fashion among the leaders of society in those days. His territory was enormous—as large as any three modern hunting prerogatives in England, embracing a very large section of Meath—and he had the good sense to surrender the control of a district which was too vast even for a Meynell, and inaccessible, save on rare occasions, without the ancillary appliances of railways and hound vans which did not then obtain currency. The great statesman whose loss we are all deploring so keenly now, was never a practical sportman, but his keen intellect and quickened appreciation, ever caught the ideas of the age, and in ‘Coningsby,’

in the Sidonia steeplechase scene, if I recollect right, he introduces us to the young officer who, fresh from 'foreign' service in Ireland, dilated much upon the huge barriers wherewith the farmers in Kildare divided their fields—for a steeplechase is the natural corollary to a season's hunting in a fashionable country, where large studs were kept, and riding ambition was enkindled in a pretty wide circle of competitors. A red coat meeting, which seems *de rigueur* now in most Irish hunting counties, fulfils the conditions which created the local hunt race meeting of old days. There is the prize for the light weights, the cup for the welter division, purses for the friendly farmers, and perhaps something attractive for strangers or soldiers, who were more or less the guests of the corporation. Covent Garden Theatre grew out of a cart company of poor players, and PuncHESTOWN had its nucleus in the single day's racing inaugurated by the Kildare Hunt, when thirty sovereigns was considered a valuable prize, and the speculations of the day were confined to two prizes of the sort. Gradually the Kildare Hunt Cup became an object of ambition, and though restricted entirely to members of the club, and therefore local, very fair fields competed for its possession, and among the winners and holders of this *objet d'art* were Lords Howth and Drogheda and the late Earl of Mayo. But even so long ago as 1854, when Michael Angelo Hayes lent the quasi-immortality of art to PuncHESTOWN, and the most coveted of its trophies, the Corinthian Cup, the meeting was young, immature, and gave very little indication of the greatness which it was destined to attain. True that on that canvas many of the figures, illustrious in the annals of cotemporary sport, find curiously correct counterfeit presentment—Lords Clonmell, Cloncurry, Howth, Waterford, Poulett, Drogheda, and Conyngham, to wit; Sir Philip Crampton, Mr. I. I. Preston, Colonel Bernard, Billy Hutchinson, Frank Rynd, Willie Campbell, Captain Barclay, Sam Reynell, Tom Townley, Charlie Warburton, Sir George Wombwell, &c., &c. But the Corinthian Cup could hardly be called absolutely *the* blue ribband of chasing aspiration then. The Kilrue Cup was much ambitioned by all within the pale of the Dublin garrison, and the soldiers and civilians who rode over the country now possessed by the Ward Union executive, fought hard for its possession, permanent or even transient.

It was in the decade, however, that commenced with the half-century that the solid foundations of the PuncHESTOWN primacy in Ireland were laid. Every kind of sport had been partially paralysed by the potato famine; and the social revolution which followed it, involving a wholesale change in the ownership and occupation of Irish lands, tenements, and hereditaments; but Kildare felt the pulsations of the wave far less than other counties by reason of her acquired wealth and the comparative absence of a potato-fostered, *lazzaroni* population within her borders. These circumstances gave PuncHESTOWN a good start and a comparative monopoly, and Lord Drogheda, who, by dint of resolution and patient perseverance,

became the prince of PuncHESTOWN and its prime minister, his colleagues having more or less abdicated their functions, was not slow in turning these advantages of circumstance and situation to the benefit of his Brobdignagian bantling, which, it must be confessed, he dry-nursed with the most exemplary skill and assiduity. By 1868, when Barrauld's faithful pencil reproduced with great accuracy of detail and happy apprehension of likeness and style the chief units of the brilliant assembly of sportsmen who mustered together from all parts of the kingdom to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at PuncHESTOWN, this great Hippic reunion of Ireland had attained its apogee. Then, as indeed ever since, the soldiers took upon themselves the rôle of Knights Hospitallers, and catered for the PuncHESTOWN pilgrims in a style which for extent, elegance, and heartiness has never been paralleled or approached on any racecourse in the world. The 10th Hussars were quartered that year at Newbridge, if my memory be true, and the *recherche* lavishness of their hospitality, which almost bordered on the traditions of Sybaris, and seemed a reproduction in festive fact of the romantic conceptions of Monte Christo's author, caused the authorities of the Horse Guards and War Office to issue some sumptuary ukases in the matter of tents and luncheon paraphernalia, which may have proved useful to the cornet contingent in some rare instances, but which, while they made the regiments and their guests extremely uncomfortable for a time, had no effect whatever in quenching the soul of hospitality in the mess-room, and, like many other ill-considered edicts of the same sort, were repealed when their inefficiency became patent.

It is generally thought a mark of genius in a general to make happy selections from his staff, and here Lord Drogheda's inspiration was really genuine. In Mr. Waters he found a right arm to execute, a head to comprehend and develop his conceptions, and energy equal to his own in seeing that details were not scamped or slurred over. Mr. Waters was an engineer by profession, a sportsman by pastime, and withal, I believe, a tenant of the peer's, so that nothing could be happier than the combination of circumstances or more favourable for the future of PuncHESTOWN. Nature had done a good deal in giving a broad punchbowl for an area, where the grass was continuous and the soil light, porous, and uninfluenced to a great degree by fluctuations of weather, never becoming as hard as Epsom Downs can be made by combinations of sun and wind, nor yet as soft and holding as part of the St. Leger course in very wet weather. It is for the most part a sheep-walk, and one or two small natural brooks drain its surface, while the presence of walls—a fence little known in most parts of Kildare—marks the traces of a park, where deer roamed about probably in the elder days, a deer park having been quite as essential to the style of an Irish gentleman in the anti-Union era as a coat-of-arms, a rapier, or a case of saw-handled duelling pistols. How to utilise these natural advantages was not a difficult task, and the object of the projectors and promoters ever was to leave the fences very much as they were made originally, so far as

was consistent with the great acceleration of speed in the modern style of crossing a country. Thus the double has been bevelled down several feet and a few other fences pared down and robbed of some repelling asperities. It is not many years since the old Downshire course used to pass at the back of the stand, and a crop of walls was there encountered by the riders. This track, owing probably to the requirements of space for tents, booths, and marquees, has been abandoned, and an improved one with a four-foot wall right in front of the grand stand substituted for it, while the general run home, which was spoiled by the encroachment of a pond, has been infinitely improved. It was felt a few years ago that possibly too much levelling down had been done, and that primeval Puncetown must be maintained in its prestige. So a few fields and half-a-dozen rather stiff banks and ditches were thrown into the Conyngham Cup Course, while the others were left in their 'improved' condition. There are, of course, many who shake their heads over the degradation of steeple-chasing, and point to Brunette, who could skim over the difficulties of Lismacurry Course in the King's county as easily as she could the comparatively trifling barriers of Worcester and Cheltenham. But it must be recollected that 'Brunettes' are rare flyers, and that the promoters of races must consult the public—the payers—and the owners of racing horses, the payers, and payees likewise, and next the riders of such horses; that the show-yard exists for the delectation of those who rejoice in seeing the noble animal performing feats of saltatory agility, whether in height or breadth, at a moderate speed, while humanity recoils at unnecessary risk of life or limb in the cause of sport or excitement.

It was, I think, in 1872 that Sturgess reproduced in very animated pictures some flashes of the glories of Puncetown. A few of the portraits are good, the grouping is admirable, but as descriptive of Puncetown peculiarities they certainly lack *signalement*. The double might be almost placed at Cricklewood; and the wall is more like a Cottswold or Badminton barrier than the somewhat rough-hewn one of Puncetown. The winners of 1875, painted by A. A. Jones and W. F. Reynolds, are inimitable likenesses of horses and riders, but they give no adequate notion of any phase of Puncetown in action or excitement. As for the illustrations of hebdomadal journals, they may be set down in the same category as Falstaff's tavern bill—'an infinite deal of sack and a ha'worth of bread.'

The intense vitality of Puncetown is almost as much a matter for marvel as its great growth, expansion, and development. The last two or three years have been periods of much agricultural depression in Ireland, and agricultural depression means general poverty and pinching among most classes, and yet this meeting has not only held its own, but has gained additional prestige by the way in which it weathers the storm and triumphs over it. The cry of Cassandra was raised against it this year, and the prophets of evil augured badly



of its prospects; but a more brilliant meeting has not been witnessed for some seasons, and beauty, rank, fashion, and millinery came to its aid in overwhelming power and numbers. Pelted, however, as Punchestown has been for some years by the panegyric pellets of the Press—peerless, premier, princely, and so on, being common alliteratives used in its honour,—I do not think that ‘popular’ could be added to the string, for the absence of the frieze-coated brigade from their natural stand—the Furrey Hills—was most marked and significant. There were belted knights, marquises, dukes, ‘and a’ that’; county squires and squireses, squireens and squireenesses; commercial citizens and citizenesses; English gentlemen and gentlemen from England by the score; guards and gunners, lancers and linesmen, hussars and heavy dragoons, the brigade and the battery; but the farmers did not blacken the coigns of vantage on the far rim of the punchbowl, and so an element of heartiness was absent from the great Kildare carnival.

And here we come to the resources of this Kildare contest and Dublin Derby, and when we estimate them fairly we may feel reassured about the future stability of this great gathering, of which we are nationally proud, and which we rejoice in as perhaps the best exemplar of Home Rule yet produced.

In the first place, there is the great gift of Nature, a very perfect natural hippodrome, admirable to ride over and easy to follow with the eye. This has been secured for the chasing interests by the fixity of tenure implied in a lease duly signed and sealed and delivered, and on the land fairly good premises have been erected for the accommodation of the public. Next, there is the neighbourhood of the Curragh, which, so long as the Irish instinct gravitates towards racing and racehorses, will be sure to supply an annual supply of thoroughbred and choice chasers trained to the hour, and good instruments for gambling, while the Curragh Camp garrison and its Newbridge neighbours are sure to send a squadron of competitors in men and mounts for the prizes of Punchestown.

Another vantage point which Punchestown possesses is in the cordon of pleasant country houses which encircle it, and which may be said one and all to be the homes of families devoted to sport, who have graduated in a very sporting school, and whose sons and daughters may be said to be masters and mistresses of art (sporting art *bien entendu*). Gowran Grange, for instance, is about half a mile from the course; it is the residence of the Baron de Robeck, a most popular ex-master of the Kildare hounds, and a sportsman to the backbone, or *jusqu’au bout des ongles*, if we may adopt the Gallic phrase. I say nothing about the party which assembles here each recurring year as a matter of invitation, to be sure, but almost as a matter of *course* (may the unsuspected pun be forgiven my pen); but independently of the carriages and horses, and the retinues (revenues Mrs. Malaprop used to call them) of servants thus brought to pack the baronial residence from basement to cellar at this festive season, every person almost within twenty miles of the

Grand Stand, who has the honour of the Baron's acquaintance and friendship, writes for permission to put up his horses and carriage on his premises, or assumes the privilege on the score of intimacy or the camaraderie of fox-hunting, so that a laager of carriages may be seen at Gowran Grange such as Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, might have wondered at, and horses stabled and picketed about about in numbers only to be seen on the greater fair greens of the island.

Another strong aid to PuncHESTOWN prosperity is the Great Southern and Western Railway which *once* completely overcome by the magnitude of the transport it was called upon to sustain, has ever since proved equal to any strain imposed upon its ample resources, and has organised a special service for this meeting, which in arrangement and punctual efficiency may compare favourably with the happiest efforts of the authorities at Waterloo or Victoria what time the Derby and the Ascot union brings great grist to their mighty mills.

Having thus glanced at the progress of PuncHESTOWN from small beginnings, and reviewed some of its resources, let us pass on to scan its probable prospects, and cast its horoscope.

I adverted just now to the decided lapse PuncHESTOWN had sustained in popular favour. More Irish and *less* nice it has ceased to be, every year seeing it more English and *more* nice, but I am not sure that the PuncHESTOWN revenues are wholly independent of the popular suffrage and patronage, or that too narrow a basis is healthy for what purports to be a national hunt meeting! Then since the Prince of Wales's visit to PuncHESTOWN two meetings have cropped up and assumed proportions that make them very formidable rivals of the Kildare institution—I allude to the Fairy House and Navan meetings, the former, a single day's function, has much in its favour. Its course is *perfectly* natural, and by many preferred to PuncHESTOWN. It is the carnival of a hunting corporation which has won its way to a popularity hardly shared by any other club in Ireland. It is under the management of an executive whose 'toil ' co-operant to its end ' has never failed when the success of the hunt and its festa were in question. Its revenues are large and apparently on the increase, and the military element which is so strong at PuncHESTOWN is likely to be much attracted for the future to the Fairy House fields, which are to a certain extent an appanage of the Dublin garrison, whose hounds were fused into the present Ward Union pack about the date of the Crimean campaign. The service of the Meath line is not equal to that of the Great Southern and Western, but it is improving yearly, while the drive from Dublin to the Fairy House is far shorter as well as more attractive than the long dusty or dirty PuncHESTOWN pilgrimage by road.

It is said too that greater liberality pervades the regulations at the Fairy House than those in vogue at proud PuncHESTOWN; for instance, at the latter the vice-regal party have to pay largely, I am told, for the space they occupy. In the former they are the guests of the stewards, who are proud of their patronage.

The Navan races, though more local and provincial than either the Fairy House or PuncHESTOWN, are admirably managed, are immensely popular with all classes, and though depending solely upon county support and patronage, afford quite as pleasant a day's sport as either, whether looked at from the picnicking or racing point of view. The course is also a strictly natural one, and though smaller than either of the other two, is very perfect and typical of Meath. Another admirably managed meeting is the Curraghmore, which, however, hardly enters into rivalry or competition with PuncHESTOWN, as it is so locally distinct and distant.

When every one throws his bit of frankincense into the thrille of PuncHESTOWN praise, it seems hazardous not to join in the chorus of panegyric, and yet admirable as was the last reunion in many respects, its inferiority to some of its predecessors in sundry particulars was very obvious. For the Conyngham Cup in '65, '66, and '67, the number of starters was 18, 18, and 20. This year they numbered only 10.

In the Prince of Wales's Plate a better field came under the starter's charge, namely, 14; but in Rufus's year (1870) 22 started for this rich prize.

Every year the gulf between the genuine hunter and what is called the qualified or registered racing seems to widen more and more; perhaps this is inevitable, but PuncHESTOWN brings it prominently *en evidence*. Of the genuine 14 st. or 15 st. hunter there was a lamentable deficiency at this celebration, and Foreman shone forth a Saul among his cotemporaries; while Athlacca, though by no means his equal in hunting shapes or action, proved himself a splendid stayer under great weight.

English horses seem to have accepted their recent defeats by Irish cross-country performers, and they were hardly represented this year at PuncHESTOWN, but English horses and English men too, have had their share of its glories. Mr. Thomas and poor Lawrence of the 4th Hussars were household words once on these classic plains, while Tom Thumb, a Shopshire horse with very little preparation, won over PuncHESTOWN, as have several of his 'countrymen' since.

For those who have not yet visited PuncHESTOWN it may be stated generally that every mile has in its extent nearly five fences, or a fraction more than one every quarter of a mile. It may also be remarked that PuncHESTOWN form is seldom a safe criterion for wagering elsewhere; nor have very many of Ireland's most famous chasers been eminent over its undulations. An attempt was made this year to assimilate PuncHESTOWN to Sandown or Kempton Park by introducing the element of flat-racing, but the public did not respond to the invitation, and the rich prize of 300*l.* reverted to the treasury from lack of entries. On the whole PuncHESTOWN prosperity seems assured, and it can boast three or four of the desiderata of the hour—its F.'s. Fixity of Tenure, Fair Fences, and very low if not absolutely Free Entries, supplemented by Free Sale on proper and ascertained conditions.

## 'THE THREE H'S.'

THERE's a magic in Three, in the R's and the F's,  
 In the Three famous X's, the Englishman's boast,  
 But give me the Three, that surpass all the rest,  
 And drink the Three H's, and honour the toast.  
 Each land has its pastime, its sport and its joy,  
 While one basks in sunshine, and one's tempest torn,  
 But first on the list, and without an alloy  
 Is the sport of the Briton, with 'Horse, Hound, and Horn.'

The spring has its flowers, the summer its sky,  
 The autumn its shadow, its harvest, its mirth;  
 Each, each has its pleasures, but still we descry  
 In the dark days of winter, there's pleasure on earth.  
 Tho' faded the flow'rs, tho' the sky be o'ercast,  
 Tho' we fear lest the earth with ice fetters be bound,  
 The bright star of Hope shines through winter's cold blast,  
 For it speaks of the joy of the 'Horse, Horn, and Hound.'

All-glorious August, September the bright,  
 Made us long for the moorland, or stubble, or brake,  
 Where our fourfooted friends, on the lowland or height  
 Would cheer us in sport, in our pleasures partake.  
 Alas! 'tis all changed.' To the 'Battue' and 'Drive'  
 Little credit, methinks, can ever redound;  
 But live we in hope for the day to arrive  
 When we once more shall herald the 'Horse, Horn, and Hound.'

We have lounged by the stream, we have waited in vain  
 For the bright speckled beauty, that lies by the weed—  
 We have longed for the hour, for the warm, gentle rain,  
 To cause him to rise, and to 'come on the feed.'  
 What is it? a swirl? *Now* we have him at last—  
 As our fly drops above him, we feel our heart bound—  
 He *again* breaks the tide, and our gut tightens fast—  
 Hurrah! 'tis the *next* thing to 'Horse, Horn, and Hound.'

So sing the three H's, of letters the blest,  
 Beginning of Hope, Health, and Happiness too,  
 The joy of our day-time, the dream of our rest,  
 Showing oft in our darkness the lining of blue.  
 Each joy may have sorrow, each pleasure have pain,  
 May be smiles on the face, yet the heart feel forlorn,  
 But still we look onward, when once, once again  
 We shall tide o'er our sorrows with 'Horse, Hound, and Horn.'

J. H. G.

## SPRING HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST.

THOUGH the signature the foot of this article has been for some years so well known in weekly journals devoted to sport as to be generally identified with the writer in the hunting-field, this is the first time it has been honoured with a place in 'Baily'; and it is with a feeling of diffidence that the pen is set to work, knowing that accustomed as one may be to writing about sport and sportsmen in those journals, they are seldom kept, and even those of the highest class are rarely bound, so, with few exceptions, when any one cuts out an extract to stick in a scrap-book or send to a friend, the papers are thrown away and forgotten; whereas all that appears in these pages stands for ever, being carefully treasured and bound, while no sportsman's library can be considered complete without a set of volumes. The object of this paper, therefore, will be to give a slight account of hunting in the forest, and the best way for visitors to get there, to which sportsmen may refer when they wish to prolong the season by a few days after all other hunting comes to an end. Sportsmen will not wish to be reminded how the hunting season came to an unsatisfactory end in most counties earlier than usual this year. Many weeks without rain, while those awful east winds and hot sun day by day drying and parching the ground, were fatal to scent, especially in plough countries; so that hounds could not hunt, and with ground like iron, there was no pleasure, even on the grass, when jumping was no longer possible, and men usually skimming over the biggest, strongest fences in the first flight were to be seen opening gates or following one another through gaps when one bolder than the rest could be found willing to risk his horse making one. Though no one likes to lose a day with hounds so long as the master can be induced to risk them, this style of riding to them causes pain and grief to those accustomed to ride hard who love and value their horses more perhaps than their own necks; for do they not know that every jolt and jar may ruin a favourite for ever; while even if they happen to possess a drudge (one of those useful animals always fit and ready to carry master or men), it is ten to one his old legs have been battered about so all the season that he comes to grief, overworked as he is sure to be when the ground is hard.

Under these circumstances, as the season came to a bitter end at home, for, with one brilliant exception, a day that will never be forgotten, there was neither sport nor pleasure on 'the last days,' as one pack after another gave up for the season, so horses were thrown up for summering; and when the drudge, the sheet-anchor of all hopes, broke down, it seemed as if the last chance of again seeing hounds in the field was gone, so best to settle down quietly to get through the dull summer months with other amusements. Then came welcome showers to raise fresh hopes, and though too late to begin hunting again in agricultural counties, the remembrance of pleasant days spent in the New Forest last season turned thoughts in that direc-

tion, and arrangements were soon made to get a few more days of our favourite sport, and again hear the merry sounds of hounds and horn when all other packs have finished.

Though the want of rain has been felt there, dry weather had not the fatal effect on sport as it had elsewhere, for, except in the enclosures, the Forest is undrained, so the ground keeps soft, and carries a scent long after other countries are dried up. Another advantage here is that, even if the ground does get hard at the end of exceptional seasons, there are no fences to knock horses' legs about, and galloping never hurts them. It must not be inferred from this that it is an easy country to ride across. On the contrary, though there are no fences, it requires bold and thorough horsemanship to ride to hounds, and a duffer would have a far better chance in many so-called fenced countries, where gates and gaps are to be found, than galloping over the moors, dodging under trees through thick woods, and, above all, avoiding the bogs. Even men with first-flight reputations at home may be glad to find a little boy on a native pony to act as their pilot over some places. Sportsmen fond of seeing hounds hunt can thoroughly enjoy themselves, but they who are fonder of jumping and riding one against the other will be happier at Islington during May, when Mr. Sydney sets up the fences in the ring at the Hall, or perhaps at the Alexandra Park, with an admiring audience to applaud their performances.

To go safely over the Forest a horse must be able to gallop, and quick on his legs in case of difficulties from bogs or ruts, which are often hidden by heather. Those who take their own horses down will find two or three sufficient to see a lot of sport, as the distances to the meets are not great from Lyndhurst or Brockenhurst. They who have stayed at Brockenhurst speak well of the Rose and Crown. Other quarters may be found at Ringwood, Lymington, or Southampton, but these are wide. Lyndhurst is most central, and there we made our headquarters at the Crown. The art of making a sportsman comfortable after a long day is well understood here, so no more need be said in praise of Mr. Palmer and his staff. Horses are well done too; personal experience can vouch for one mare going well three days a week, and there was a horse that did five days' hunting and went home on the sixth looking as well as could be expected. To do this requires good corn and plenty of it, yet the charges are moderate. Horses may be hired here by any one who does not care to take his own. Mr. Pidgeon, too, has a lot of hunters that know the Forest, and capital stabling at the Forest Inn, Emery Down, a charming spot for a few sportsmen to take up their abode for the season. Frank Barton, of Basingstoke, and Tubbs, of Winchester, can put horses on the train for any one who hires by the day. For London men, to whom time is an object, it is quite possible to run down by the 8.5 A.M. from Waterloo, having a horse at the Railway Hotel, Lyndhurst, or Brockenhurst, arriving about 11 in time to get to the 12 o'clock meets, and back by the 6.56 the same evening, arriving 9.49 in town. This makes a long day,

and the most satisfactory way will be to do as we did. Having telegraphed for rooms and stabling at the Crown, we went down by the 5.45, arriving 8.28 at Lyndhurst Road Station, on Wednesday, April 13, a lovely moonlight night; so with a man to meet the horses, it was a pleasant ride along the Forest road about three miles to the Hotel. Lyndhurst was very full of sportsmen, as in former days, when Her Majesty's Hounds were brought down to finish the season; and Lord Wolverton's Bloodhounds were also here some years ago. Luckily we had telegraphed for rooms and stabling, and found comfortable quarters at Haskell's, a pretty house that Mr. Palmer has taken as an adjunct to the Hotel when full.

Thursday morning was soft and springlike, rather warm for hunting, perhaps, but enjoyable after the many rough, cold days we had experienced during the winter. It is a beautiful ride, about four miles, to Boldre Wood, a favourite meet with Capt. Lovel's Buckhounds. For more than thirty years he has hunted the wild bucks in the Forest. One year they hunted all through the summer. Every spring he gets together a pack of hounds, drafts from various kennels, but it is well known that there are drafts and drafts, and as most masters of hounds from whom he gets them come hunting with him the pack will bear inspection.

This season the big, strong doghounds are generally admitted to be the best ever brought together for the purpose. It may be said that one meet of hounds is very like another, and so many pictures and accounts have been written that they become monotonous; but this deserves a short description. Turning left-handed off the road a bridle-path leads through the ground where Boldre Lodge once stood. Sir Walter Tyrrel lived here, his unfortunate victim having a hunting-box at Castle Malwood; but no doubt our old friend Mrs. Markham tells all this better than what one can pick up now from tales told in the hunting field. The grounds, once beautifully laid out, are even more attractive having been left to Nature for some years. Passing the remains of what were deer-pens, we came out of the wood, and there was the meet. A level open space, surrounded by gorse and bushes, at the top of a high hill, from which views of the Forest can be seen on all sides. Horsemen and ladies riding up from all directions, a herd of Forest ponies disturbed by passing horsemen cantering across the valley below, lend a wildness to the scene, while carriages and drags full of ladies, with others on foot, are collected round the open space.

In the centre the Master and his whip in Beaufort green, with twelve and a half couples of hounds, and the two Miss Lovels carrying spare couples, can ride to hounds and turn them when necessary in a way that makes one envious, not to say shamed, when thinking of the usual bungling of amateurs. The attendants on foot grouped round ready to couple up and lead the pack till wanted. About one hundred horsemen and twenty or thirty ladies composed the field. Soon after twelve a move was made for the covert, where a buck had been harboured. There is an indescrib-

able charm in this wild buck hunting, and sportsmen should see to appreciate it. Perhaps the buck may have been harboured six or seven hours before, and the tufters Courier and Driver, with long leather bands to their collars so as to stop them when necessary, are taken to the spot where he was last seen on the move. To see them work the cold line after so many hours is a triumph to the master. With waving sterner they hound inch by inch through the thick brushwood or hollies, whimpering perhaps, but not daring to throw their tongues till they get closer. In a small covert they soon roused their game, and a cheery tally-ho told that he had broken covert.

At half-past one hounds were uncoupled and laid on, going a merry pace over the open boggy ground, through enclosures where does would jump up and lead them astray for a bit, till the master would get them together on the line of their buck. Hard work this is sometimes, and often the pack has to be coupled while tufting begins again. After a lot of galloping and very pretty hound work they ran their hunted buck over the open, and hounds catching view as he ran along a stream raced and pulled him down close to Fritham at half-past three. Though they had run over a lot of country during these two hours, and were far from where they found, there were their attendants on foot all ready to help at the finish, and this we noticed was always the case. Goodness knows how they manage it; for no matter how far or fast we seemed to have galloped they were there when wanted.

The foxhound kennels being but a short walk from the village, of course we found our way there more than once during our visits. Close by Mr. Meyrick has built a pretty little hunting-box, where he can stay when too late to get home. They have had a rare season, with good scent, bringing to hand thirty-seven brace. The pleasure of a day on the flags is next to a day's hunting; but here the enjoyment was doubled, being able to look over a pack of hounds while strolling about these beautiful woods surrounding the kennels, chatting with Hawtin, hearing tales of his favourites, while he and Raby walked them out after feeding. Bone and muscle has been the kennel maxim since the days of John Ward, who hunted the Forest early in the century. Light-bred hounds could never stand long days in such rough country, and without music no one could ride to them. It puzzles a stranger to know however enough hounds can be kept together to kill a fox when more than one is afoot.

On Saturday 16th they met at Exbury, about twelve miles off. A dull ride over open moorland to Beaulieu, where, crossing the river, scenery improves, and the meet at Captain Foster's house is one of the prettiest that any one would wish to see. Woods stretching down to the water's edge as the river widens and joins the sea, across which can be seen the Isle of Wight. The sun was hot at noon and swallows skimming about, while a nightingale, disturbed by the bustle, flew out of a hedge, and butterflies innumerable fluttering



about looked like summer ; but there was Mr. Meyrick with the dog pack, twenty-one and a half couples, so no time to notice anything else when they came up. A field of sixty went into covert close by the house, and the merry cry of hounds soon set us galloping. With a leash afoot (fancy that at the end of the season, and there was plenty of feathered game too), master and whips worked hard as first one then the other ran before hounds, and scent was not good ; so, with all earths open, those foxes live for another year.

In Lord H. Scott's coverts at Beaulieu hounds found plenty of foxes with the same result ; then the Master drew away over the open country towards Southampton. The field getting select, towards evening was reinforced by other sportsmen joining late, and these were rewarded by a smart little gallop.

Hounds showed a line across some bogs and found a fox at Ipley at five o'clock. With a blazing scent in the cool of the evening they raced as if tied to their fox for eighteen minutes over boggy ground, and marked him in a rabbit-hole close to the railway opposite Wood Fidley. Very few saw this race, but, thanks to Lord Londesborough and a thoroughbred mare to follow him, the finish was seen, and the Master had not been long off his horse before we were there. After a long hard day hounds deserved their fox, so the terriers soon had him out and they enjoyed an old dog-fox to the old tune, ' Whoo-whoop.'

On Easter Monday Captain Lovel met at Viney Ridge. A holiday meet without the vulgar mob to be met elsewhere. Picnicking there was, and perhaps amusement for the uninitiated in the vagaries of a poor woman blowing a horn, shrieking and blaspheming, but she was a nuisance when hunting began, and her horn led sportsmen astray. Some woods near Lyndhurst were drawn blank by the tufters ; then the pack was taken to New Park, Mr. Standish's. Here the tufters soon found, and the pack laid on drove a fine buck to the open. Their music as they came out of covert was beautiful, and for twenty minutes we galloped our hardest, and hot work it was, so all were glad when they checked. Having run a ring we were close where they found. A stream running through the enclosure tempted him to stay ; round and round hounds hunted over foiled ground, now in covert, then over open where the field were a bit hard on them, but they stuck to the line, and it was a treat to see how they were helped when necessary through all difficulties till they caught view, and after a race pulled down a nine years old buck. One hour and twenty minutes this run lasted, and a field of about one hundred and fifty enjoyed it. The weather changed that evening and we seemed to be back in mid-winter. High east wind blowing, thick clouds above and dust below made extra clothing necessary when we started to meet the foxhounds at Markway Bridge on Tuesday.

Mr. Meyrick soon moved from the meet, for there was no pleasure standing about. A small field, for many sportsmen had gone to a boat-race at Southampton, followed the lady pack into a big enclosure

close by ; then to a smaller covert, and on to Burley Enclosure, where they found and ran hard for a quarter of an hour to the Lyndhurst Road where he was headed and turned short right-handed. After a slight check the Master hit him off and they had a beautiful bit of hunting over open moor, through hollies past the meet and ran a big ring to Burley. Another fox afoot divided the pack after they had been running more than an hour. It is always vexing to leave hounds, but it was necessary now to catch a train ; not, however, before a difference of opinion with the horse as to the advisability of so doing had involved us both in a bog. They who say that danger from bogs in the forests is overrated or exaggerated can have had no personal experience. If not dangerous they are decidedly wet and uncomfortable ; so avoid them if you can, especially if you have a long railway journey to take without a change of clothes, is the best advice a sufferer can give. This visit to the Forest having been so enjoyable, others were made. But having now come to the end of space allotted to these notes, if they prove of interest they may be continued in a future number.

DRAGON.

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## CRICKET.

It is so very, very long since the current topics of the cricket-field presented any features that could be considered as in any way cheering, that a little exuberance at what may be fairly regarded as the propitious opening of the campaign will perhaps be pardonable. Cricketers have during the last two or three seasons been compelled to undergo such a continuous and severe penance in the shape of sodden wickets, have been so thoroughly disheartened by the discomforts of prolonged rains, that a little latitude will be allowed them if they seem to be unduly elated at the prospects of a good old-fashioned summer after a succession of almost intolerable disappointments. It is indeed a novelty, and one of a very pleasant kind, to be able to write cheerfully on cricket subjects. The dismal experiences of recent years have failed, after all, though it would seem to extinguish the feeling of hope which is said to live eternal in the human breast, and, under the influence of fast grounds and the common enjoyment of good scoring, all the troubles of the past are forgotten. The long succession of dry weather during March and April had prepared every one for wickets faster than are generally to be found during the opening month of the season, and the few showers there have been have proved too gentle as well as too brief in duration to have any perceptible effect in checking the force of the run-getting. Omitting all notice of the initial fixture at Lord's, that between the Marylebone Club and Ground and the Middlesex Colts, which presented no feature of interest, the season was practically opened with the annual meeting between M.C.C. and Ground and twenty-two young players who have never before taken part in a good match at

Lord's. The official title of M.C.C. and Ground against Twenty-two Colts of England is rather calculated to mislead, especially when the generally accepted idea of a colt is of one who has never played for a county; and it is as well to explain the intention of the Marylebone authorities, considering that some surprise was expressed, by those who had not the advantage of knowing the aims of the promoters, at the presence of Wootton, the left-hander, who proved so successful for Kent last year, in a team of colts. It was the prevalent idea at the commencement of the game that the executive at Lord's had committed the serious error of altogether underestimating the merits of the twenty-two youngsters, and certainly, on paper, the eleven chosen to represent the Club hardly seemed to be equal to the task allotted to it. In all probability, had the game been played out on both sides as if the sole object was a victory, the result would have been in favour of the larger numbers; but Walter Price very properly considered that the object of the match was to test the merits of the youngsters as well in the field as with the bat, and he carried out his mission religiously, erring, if at all, on the side of indulgence, by allowing some of the bowlers, who were not at all of a likely kind, too long a trial. The Marylebone eleven, in no way a strong batting side, were dismissed in the first innings for a small total of 64; but in the second, Price tried a new series of bowlers, many of them with but little pretensions to accuracy, it must be admitted. At the end of the second day the Colts seemed to be in possession of a certain victory, with only 27 runs to win and seventeen wickets to fall; but the redoubtable bowlers of Nottinghamshire—Alfred Shaw and Morley—altogether upset the calculations of the onlookers, as this pair has so often done before, and the result was as interesting a finish as has been witnessed for some time. The Club, indeed, only just managed to secure the verdict by the bare majority of 5 runs, and it was entirely the very effective bowling of Morley, whose analysis showed 143 balls for 37 runs and thirteen wickets, that conduced to their victory. Were the same sides to meet again on their merits, in all probability the Twenty-two would be successful, and in some cases they showed cricket of a very promising order. F. Butler, of Notts, a nephew of George Parr, whose elder brother played in a few matches a year or two ago for the county, certainly shaped better than any youngster this contest has produced for some time, and the ease and confidence with which he played Shaw were alone sufficient to stamp him as a batsman very much above the ordinary run of colts. He played the ball hard, his hitting was well-timed, and his two scores of 47 and 34 were got in thoroughly good style. He was a little uncertain in the field, but this was perhaps partly attributable to a desire for show; and when his excellent play in the Nottingham Colts' match is also taken into consideration, it will be a great surprise if he does not turn out to be a useful addition to the county eleven. Flaxington, a Yorkshireman, just the right build for a cricketer, showed each time that he was possessed of good hitting powers, and were his pro-

pensity for a hit a little reduced he would be useful, having in him the materials for a good bat. Morley, who had shown fair form at Nottingham with both bat and ball, did not show up particularly well at Lord's in either department; and in bowling, the two most effective after Wootton, whose reputation had already been established, were Attewell, of Notts—medium pace, with an awkward delivery, and getting plenty of work on to the ball—and Richards, of Surrey, a fast round-arm bowler, very straight, but with a tendency to be short. Disney, of Derbyshire, who had shown some promise in the Colts' match in connection with that county, kept wicket smartly in the first innings of the Club, but the fielding at times was faulty, and in some particular cases really slovenly.

The same days were chosen by Mr. C. I. Thornton for his annual match with Cambridge University, and as he had succeeded in collecting a strong eleven, including Messrs. A. P. Lucas, J. Shuter, Gilbert, T. S. Pearson, A. J. Webbe, and Vernon, besides Barlow, Emmett, Flowers, and Bates, the Cantabs found themselves opposed by—for a first trial—a formidable team. The University could not claim all its available forces, as the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Messrs. A. F. Ford and Wilson, were all absent; and of the victorious eleven of 1880 only four were present—to wit, Messrs. G. B. and C. T. Studd, A. G. Steel, and Lancashire. Mr. Thornton, on the other hand, was so well supported that there seemed every chance of a well-contested game, but the result proved to be a drawn game entirely in favour of the University, and the excellent show they made certainly justified the expressions of congratulation the performance elicited from the supporters of the Cantabs. Looked at either from a batting or a bowling point of view, the issue indeed could only be regarded as encouraging, and there was small ground for depreciating the merits of the Cambridge eleven in either of these departments when it was seen that, in addition to scoring 206 and 298 against the bowling of Barlow, Bates, Emmett, Flowers and Messrs. Webbe and Lucas, they were able to get rid of a strong batting side with such little difficulty that eighteen wickets only realised 223 runs. In the first innings more than one-half of the runs made from the bat were contributed by Messrs. G. B. (69) and C. T. Studd (30), and in the second the three brothers of that name again lent very useful assistance, subscribing jointly as many as 139 runs. Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the eldest of the three, who had only just entered the University, increased the reputation he had gained in the Freshmen's match by a fine second score of 74; and Mr. R. Spencer, an old Harrovian, who also went on to bowl first with Mr. A. G. Steel, and with some success, proved himself to be no mean bat, getting 57 by thoroughly good cricket. Mr. F. D. Gaddum, the Rugby School left-hand slow round-arm bowler of 1878, was also effective with the ball, his four wickets costing 46 runs. Throughout, in addition, the fielding of the University twelve was very smart, and as when stumps were finally drawn Mr. Thornton's team still wanted as many as 281 runs

to avert a defeat, with only three wickets to fall, the victory of Cambridge was merely a question of time. The visitors would, as things went, have fared badly had not Emmett been in his best form with the ball, as no one else could make any impression on the Cantabs; and Bates, the Yorkshire bowler, got mercilessly punished to the extent of 71 runs from 43 overs without a wicket.

Derbyshire had to endure a decisive reverse at the hands of Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's in the opening match of its season. Shaw, Mowley, Wild, and Barnes represented the Ground on this occasion, but the Amateurs were not a particularly strong lot, and excepting Messrs. Hornby and Vernon there was no one really to be feared with the bat. Had the Derbyshire bowling been up to its best standard, there might have been a chance of a good match, but Hay, usually remarkable for his accuracy, was not at all on the spot, and as the wicket was much in favour of the batsman, the other bowlers on the County also found the average of run-getting a little too high to be agreeable. It is a little dangerous, as a rule, to give a second life to a batsman of Mr. Hornby's calibre, and his severe hitting must have had a very prejudicial effect on the Derbyshire field. His eighty-nine included two square leg-hits out of the ground for six, but it should be remarked that the wickets were pitched high up towards the grand stand, and the innings was certainly not to be accounted as one of the best efforts of the batsman, who was more than once indebted to the wicket-keeper. Mr. R. P. Smith, the Derbyshire Captain, who had not been at all successful on the wet turf of the two previous seasons, showed what an effective batsman he is on a hard wicket with a masterly score of 66, and his batting on that occasion was certainly by far the best display witnessed on the ground of the Marylebone Club during the earlier matches of the month. At the end of the first day, with 90 runs for the County to save the follow on, and six wickets to fall, there seemed every chance that Marylebone would have to go in again, but the tail of the County eleven proved to be utterly unequal to the requirements of the situation, and when the last wicket had fallen there was a majority of 177 runs in favour of the Club. Of the second innings of Derbyshire the less said the better. Alfred Shaw, it is true, bowled with even more than his wonted accuracy, but the batting was singularly tame throughout, and on a good wicket it was only a poor performance for a County eleven to be dismissed for such a small total as 39, even against such bowling as that of Shaw and Morley. Shaw's analysis of a hundred and nine balls for 14 runs and eight wickets was a great achievement, but the Derbyshire batsmen have never been able to do much against the delivery of the two chief bowlers of Nottinghamshire, and their hollow defeat by an innings and 88 runs, by a team certainly not as strong as some of the counties they will have to meet, was certainly not calculated to impress any one with the belief that they have a successful season in store for them.

Sussex hardly made a better show in its trial with Marylebone

Club and Ground at the commencement of the following week, and in this case the Southerners had not the excuse that might have been urged by Derbyshire, that they were opposed by the two best bowlers in England. The Club had only three batsmen who could be considered really dangerous, in Messrs. Hornby, J. Shuter, and Vernon, and there was a significant tail. What bowling there was, too, was confined to William Mycroft and Messrs. Robertson and Ford, so that there was really nothing very formidable to be encountered by the County, either in batting or bowling. But for Mycroft, Marylebone would have fared very badly in the field, as Mr. Robertson's one wicket cost 60 runs; Mr. Ford had 33 runs scored from nineteen overs, and the Derbyshire professional was the only one of the four bowlers on the side who came off getting eight wickets, at an average of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  runs. Mr. R. T. Ellis, the Sussex Captain, whose consistent scoring last year ought not to be forgotten by those who have the selection of the amateur elevens in the two great matches of the year, gave two difficult chances in his first innings of 68, but taken altogether it was a highly creditable display. Mr. M. P. Lucas, whose vigorous hitting was such a marked feature of the same match in 1880, was comparatively unsuccessful; and the County greatly missed the services of two batsmen, Messrs. A. H. Trevor, of Oxford, and H. E. Whitfeld, of Cambridge, who would have materially strengthened the team. On the second day Sussex had decidedly the worst of the luck, as the wicket played treacherously after the rain of the first day, and this deprived them of the fair chance they had at the end of the innings. The Marylebone Club, at the end of an innings, was only 28 runs to the good, chiefly through the good hitting of Messrs. Hornby (68) and Vernon (35), but at the second attempt the County were all dismissed for exactly half of their previous score (91), and A. Payne, a colt, was the only one who offered any lengthy resistance to the bowling of Mr. Robertson. James Lillywhite showed that he is even yet the bowler on whom Sussex will have chiefly to rely, as Juniper, the left-handed trundler who many have considered to be a very likely fast round-arm bowler for the County, was very expensive, and indeed there does not seem any great likelihood that the Sussex eleven will be much, if at all, stronger than last year, especially as they have lost such a useful representative as was Mr. A. W. Sclater. Some fast scoring by Mr. John Shuter enabled the Marylebone Club to win without difficulty by seven wickets; but with a little more luck, it is quite possible that the County would have been able to register a victory in their opening match, a result that would have given them confidence and hope for the rest of the season.

The match between Marylebone Club and Ground and Oxford, which formed the commencement of the University season, had been looked forward to with considerable interest, not merely because every one was anxious to see how the eleven, for the first time under the command of Mr. A. H. Evans, would comport themselves against the formidable bowling at the disposal of M.C.C.,

but also from the fact that this was the opening of the new ground in the Parks, which it was generally hoped would inaugurate a new and more prosperous era for Oxford cricket. Marylebone, though it was well represented by its 'ground,' with Alfred Shaw, Morley, Pilling, Barnes, and Flowers, was otherwise by no means a strong batting side, and certainly not one that ought to have given a good University team serious trouble. Seven of the old Oxford choices were found in the eleven on this occasion, and the four remaining members consisted of two Seniors, Messrs. E. Peake of Marlborough and G. E. Robinson, both fast round-arm bowlers, the latter left-hand; and the two Freshmen, Messrs. C. F. Leslie of Rugby and M. C. Kemp of Harrow, who on their form of last year were justly considered to be almost sure of places in the University eleven this season. Rain interfered considerably with the game throughout, but some very high scoring resulted; and for the first match very little complaint could be made against the ground, when it is stated that as many as 785 runs were got for only 29 wickets, or an average of 27 runs for each batsman. Oxford began in a very unpromising way, it must be admitted, and it undoubtedly reflects little credit on either the bowling or the fielding of the University that such an eleven as that which represented the Marylebone Club should have been able to register so large a total as 334. The five amateurs who assisted Shaw, Morley, Pilling, and Barnes, could hardly by any process of reasoning be regarded as reliable batsmen. That Barnes (68) and Gunn (31 not out) should have been able to score freely would not in any way reflect on the University bowling, but it certainly said little for their ability in this department that Messrs. H. W. Fowler (61) and Foljambe (99) should have jointly realised as many as 160 runs. No doubt the condition of the ground, which was as hard as adamant, was not altogether conducive to any brilliant display in the field, but this would not account for the catches that were missed, and Mr. Fowler was more than once indebted to the consideration of the Oxonians in this respect. Mr. Foljambe's 99 was a much superior exhibition of batting to anything he has as yet shown; but he was palpably missed when he had scored only 26, and the very indifferent fielding of the University, it must be admitted, stood him in good stead until he had got well set. Oxford had no light task before them when they went in to face the bowling of Shaw and Morley with a long score of 334 against them; but they made a very creditable show, and an innings of 219 was, under the circumstances, more than was generally anticipated. The bowling of Mr. A. H. Evans, chiefly owing to the merciless hitting of Mr. Fowler, proved to be very expensive as well as unsuccessful; but he set his team a good example with an excellent score of 49, and Mr. M. C. Kemp, the Freshman wicket-keeper, opened his University account well with a useful innings of 37. Despite their total of 219 Oxford had still to follow on in a minority of 115, and this time they were even more fortunate in their run-getting. The rain, which finally put an end to the game

nearly two hours before the stipulated time, interfered with the play considerably on the third day, but it did not prevent the Freshman, Mr. C. F. Leslie, from making 111 (not out) by some of the best cricket ever shown by any batsman on his *début* in a University eleven. Of what intrinsic value the innings was may be gathered from the fact that he only gave one chance, and that when he had scored 81; and considering the character of the bowling and of the ground, it will hardly savour of exaggeration to describe this performance as one of the very best ever achieved by a University cricketer. With the exception of Mr. Thornton, a member of last year's eleven, who got his 40 in good style, and Mr. A. H. Trevor, who was credited with 23 runs each time, none of the remaining batsmen showed any particular form; but taken altogether the match reflected considerable credit on the Oxonians, and as at the close they were 117 runs on, with one wicket still to fall, the result was much more favourable than had at one time seemed likely. Messrs. Peake and Robinson, the two fast bowlers who were tried on this occasion, were a little costly, but both lent some assistance with the bat, and the former is likely to be of service to the eleven in both departments, to judge by some of the scores that have been recorded to his name.

The match between Yorkshire and Cambridge University, at Cambridge, showed again, and unmistakably, what little reliance can be placed on the batting when the wicket is at all influenced by rain. The excellent form shown by the Cantabs in their first trial against Mr. Thornton's twelve had impressed every one with a very high idea of their capabilities, though it must be admitted that their opponents on that occasion were altogether out of practice. Mr. A. J. Ford, who had played earlier in the week at Lord's against Sussex, was, for the first time this year, drafted into the University eleven; but the Hon. Ivo Bligh was again an absentee, owing to ill health, and his loss, judging from his success in the same match last year, was a heavy one. The Yorkshiremen made the best use of the wicket on winning the toss, as Ulyett and Hall put on 103 runs before the first wicket fell; and when play ceased at the end of the first day the County had only advanced one step in their innings, having secured 180 runs with only one batsman out. The rain of the previous night must have had an injurious effect for a time on the ground on the second day, and a strange contrast was observable in the scoring to that witnessed on the first afternoon. The Yorkshire innings, which had begun so auspiciously, after all only reached 248, of which as many as 212 had been made by the first four batsmen; and as the University eleven were all dismissed by Peate, Bates, and Hill, for the small total of 88, a simple sum of addition will show that nineteen wickets fell on the second day for 156 runs. The batting of the Cambridge eleven, though it improved very considerably on the second attempt was still very uneven; and on the third afternoon the last six wickets collapsed in a manner ominously suggestive of a tail. Mr. A. G. Steel, who had hardly as yet shown



any approach to his form of the two previous years, played a good second innings of 71; but, with the exception of Mr. G. B. Studd, who had been showing some remarkably good form since the very commencement of the season, no one could do much with the Yorkshire bowling; and, after seeing 140 up with only one wicket down, the total did not exceed 223, though, it must be added, that two of the eleven, both of them likely to have given the Yorkshiremen trouble, were run out. The University eleven were defeated by eight wickets, and many of those who placed such a high estimate on their undoubtedly good performances in the opening match against Mr. Thornton's team will, no doubt, have had their confidence shaken a little. Bates, the slow right-handed bowler of Yorkshire, who got so heavily punished by the Cantabs in the previous match of the season, was again very expensive to the extent of 100 runs for his two wickets; but Peate's left-handed delivery proved to be very puzzling to the Cantabs, especially in their first innings; and his analysis of thirty-four overs for 33 runs and six wickets was a very creditable achievement on a ground such as that of Cambridge.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season has thus far not been markedly brilliant, the appearance of *Samcena* on the Thames apparently frightening away most other racing cutters, while last year's heroine, *Vanduaara*, is at present contenting herself with cruising up north, and makes no sign of coming south to the scene of her former triumphs.

The first important day's yachting was held under the auspices of the Royal Thames Club, whose executive were remarkably fortunate in weather, and secured a fairly good entry, though it is curious to notice the changes wrought by the whirligig of time, in an utter collapse of the second class (forty tons), which has so often brought together the most numerous entries of a card, and in the almost certain antagonism of *Norman*, *Coryphée* and *Bloodhound*, not to mention other fairly assiduous but less indefatigable attendants at the starting-post, was bound to produce a tussle worth looking at. This year the cover was drawn blank, with the exception of *May*, a new vessel built in the north country by Watson, for Mr. N. B. Stewart, and she being the solitary representative of her tonnage, raced against the big ones in the first class. It is especially strange that this match should have fallen through, as during the winter several commissions were talked of as in progress, and the Marquis of Ailsa, whose gallant *Bloodhound* for several seasons held a leading place amongst racing forties, has a new vessel, the *Sleuth-hound*, reported as ready, and perhaps she may be round in time for the Royal London Match this month. As it was, the first class consisted of a ninety, a sixty, and a forty—*Samcena* (J. Jameson, jun.), *Daphne* (W. Pearce), and *May*. There was a fine easterly breeze, but the match proved of little interest, *Samcena* drawing away at every board; the *débutante* *May* did pretty well, but will doubtless see a better day after a few trials with varying trim have been made. *Daphne* does not profess to be a racer, and was of course out of place in such company; indeed, at one time some of

the twenties and ten-tonners beat her at all points, going closer to the wind and making altogether better weather of it. Apart from the poor character of the entry, the *Samœna*, though of course winning easily enough, did not show in anything like best form, her mainsail dragging and flapping about in very ungainly fashion. Amongst the twenty-one downwards class, there was plenty of quality, amongst which Buttercup, built by Mr. R. Hewitt from his own design at his own place, fairly earned the right to be reckoned the crack of the day. This new ten-tonner is said to carry about thirteen tons of lead, and is doubtless equal in power to many twenties which but a few years ago were reckoned veritable marvels, and opprobriously referred to (by rival owners) as mere racing machines. Anyhow, she stood up grandly. The rest of the fleet consisted of *Euterpe* (A. O. Bayly), *Louise* (T. Wynne Eaton), *Maggie* (Francis Taylor)—all representative craft in their way. *Louise* and *Euterpe* had a hard fight beating down to the Nore, and rounded within nineteen seconds of each other. Neither, however, could give the allotted time (about fifteen minutes) away to Buttercup, *Louise* taking second prize. Altogether the day was a charming one, and, thanks to the special which Lord Alfred Paget, Vice-Commodore, persuades the S. E. R. to run on R.T.Y.C. days, visitors who wished could be back at Charing Cross by 6 P.M. or thereabouts.

It is so customary to see notices of a yacht match close with the stereotyped, 'The catering of Mr. X. left, as usual, nothing to be desired,' or in effect was perfection, that the exorbitant charges for everything beyond necessities get overlooked. Food is reasonably cheap, especially considering the risk which attaches to perishable articles. Liquids, however, are not liable to damage, and it is indisputable that the prices asked at yacht matches for drinkables, from the humble 'go' of whisky to the costly bottle of champagne, are alike ridiculous. The same spirits which are retailed at fair prices on ordinary days rise at least fifty per cent. in cost, though nothing in value, on the occasion of a yacht match, whose frequenters are certainly not more of the excursionist or 'once-in-a-way' order than the bank holidayist. The explanation we suppose is, that the yacht followers stand it, and the ordinary run couldn't, or at any rate wouldn't.

On the following day that energetic body the New Thames Club suffered from its older rival the Royal Thames, having somewhat discounted results, as the two sets of entries were all but identical. Of course there were no forties—folks were prepared for that, but it was a little disappointing to find that *Samœna's* two opponents (on the card) were so 'satisfied with their defeat by' (to quote from the vocabulary of old-fashioned sporting challenges) the Lymington cutter, as to utterly refuse another contest; so the big match fell through, and *Samœna's* day's work was confined to a cruise in company with the twenties' match. This was well patronised, as in addition to the list of starters under R.T.Y.C. management, *Viola* also put in an appearance. Buttercup, which on the first day dragged her anchor, and, willy-nilly, took a start of perhaps forty yards or more, was now a trifle sluggish in getting to work, and had none the best of it with her rivals until the fleet were fairly started, when she again showed wonderful powers, standing up gallantly in a dead-heat against the east wind which came up stronger than on the previous day, so much so indeed that Buttercup had a couple of reefs in her mainsails and all the others one or two, while headsails of any kind were it seemed unanimously voted out of the question until the time came for turning homeward and running before the wind. The quintette made a very pretty match of it down to Sea Reach, but off Hole Haven *Maggie* and

Euterpe, who were having a rare besting match, collided, and the former's gaff went nearly two feet from the end. She straightway bouted ship and turned homewards, the other, though apparently less seriously damaged, doing ditto almost simultaneously. This spoilt the interest of the match, as the only question remaining was whether Buttercup could get home within her time of Louise, who was now leading right ahead of the others. The times rounding the West Oaze Buoy answered this pretty conclusively, and Louise ran back to Gravesend just comfortably ahead of Buttercup, which took second prize. The wind was strong enough to test little craft to the utmost, and they had a rare dusting right away below the Chapman, the principal feature of the day's sailing being the ten tonner's stiffness in the heavy weather. While the others twice her size were lying down almost to their hatchways, Buttercup's decks were comparatively dry, and the state of the canvas bore conclusive testimony to this. Another new marvel, named the Evolution, is expected to run her close, meanwhile the eccentrically-named Buttercup, to whom Miss Everard of Pinafore and Soroerer fame stands sponsor, must so far remain entitled to rank herself the feature of the season.

During the present month plenty of sport is provided. Besides minor events the Royal London, whose fixtures do not always chime in with those of its rivals, this year adjourned their cutter matches a fortnight later, the small class being fixed for the 8th inst., and the forties and big cutters a day later, the 9th, when, should all the proposed matches be well supported, an *embarras de richesse* must be the result, the Royal Thames Club's Schooners and Yawls matches being fixed for the same day. A similar match of the industrious New Thames Club follows on the 10th, and what with Southend to Harwich, back again, cruising handicaps, the schooners and yawls matches of the R. London Y. C. and the Nore to Dover match of the Royal Thames, followed by the Cinque Ports Regatta, there will be no lack of attraction in Southern centres, while the north and west countries are almost equally well provided for.

Professional rowing is pretty dull. Thomas has at last managed to get a match with the Southampton sculler Kirby, to row on the Thames in eighteen-foot boats. This should be a good thing for the Londoner. Trickett, who recently beat Kirby twice at Southampton, is at last off to America, though what good he expects to achieve there it is hard to divine. He has been too prominent to be likely to find a second-rate or unknown man anxious to tackle him; and if pitted against the first rank of Transatlantic scullers his chance would be homœopathic. The veteran ex-champion, Harry Kelley, is accompanying him, and the general popularity of the elder man should go far towards rendering Trickett's *début* in the States a success. Meanwhile, his *confrère* Laycock has returned home, and already finds work cut out for him in a match with Rush, an Australian, who has competed against Trickett more than once, if we remember rightly, and with varying success.

At the close of the present month comes Henley, the great amateur gathering of the year. Crews are at present hardly formed, but both Oxford and Cambridge are likely to be strongly represented. From the Cam the head-boat Jesus will again be formidable, but the Oxford cock-of-the-walk, Hertford, which did so well in the recent May races, is likely to be an absentee. Should they put on, it must interfere with the eight of the Thames Rowing Club, who rowed Brown (No. 7 in this year's 'Varsity) in their Grand Challenge Eight and Stewards Four, and intend doing so again.

He will have his hands pretty full, having in addition arranged to enter with Hastie, the captain of the T.R.C., for the Goblets, though why the latter should not again row with Eyre is beyond our philosophy to decide. Hastie and Eyre have together won the Henley prize twice, besides innumerable other pair-oared trophies, and it is very questionable whether the new combination will get as much pace out of their boat, as lots of men excellent in an eight or four are the veriest duffers in pairs. F. L. Playford and his cousin will be among the entries; they have not practised much together, but should develop into a formidable lot by the day. The usual standing dishes—London, Thames, and Kingston, may be counted on for the Grand Challenge, and the last under the captaincy of Mr. Gurdon, who has taken command this year, will command a strong Cambridge element. Leander, too, had a boat at work with Ellison as stroke, but whether they will keep together until the regatta remains to be seen. The Thames Cup entries will consist of London, Thames, and Twickenham. The London Club seem to have quite abandoned their monopoly of the Stewards Cup, which should again go to the Thames crew if they can row the same men as last year. As to general arrangements of the regatta, the committee, we hear, have been bestirring themselves most energetically on several subjects, and expect the forthcoming *réunion* to be a great improvement upon all predecessors. The affair has certainly developed enormously during the past few years, and arrangements adequate enough at one time are now scarcely in accord with the spirit of the times, in many respects an insistent and *exigeant* spirit.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—May Meetings.

We keep May Day not as our ancestors did, with pipe and tabor; we do not sport with Amaryllis either in sunshine or shade, and there is little that is jocund about the festival to town or country dwellers. The old-fashioned ideas of May have received so many severe shocks in these latter days, that nothing but tradition of them survives. We keep our May now very often by the seacoal fire, and our Amaryllis, if we are fortunate enough to have one, is clothed in garments that are neither free nor flowing. We do not celebrate the festival either in the shade; far from it. Publicity is our aim and end. We crowd the rooms of Burlington House; we flock to Hurlingham; we seek that beloved tract of country bounded on one side by 'the Rutland' and on the other by 'the Ditch,' and which holds within its narrow compass something, in every sense, so dear. It is not the pipe and tabor, but the loud blast of many instruments and countless tongues. No quiet 'rapturous maidens,' but dreadful women who are either loud-voiced critics, or have a fervent desire to be 'on' something or other. May, whatever it may have been to our forefathers, is not to us a time of peace or, we much doubt, of enjoyment.

We have the historical 'two courses' open to us this year—the Academy or Newmarket. Perhaps, what with so-called 'private views' and opening days, we may be able to combine both. Shall we try the Academy on that most 'private' of days when half London is bidden to the view, when we squeeze our way through the most trying crowd that, in our long acquaintance

with and experience of mobs well and ill-dressed, we have ever encountered? A provoking crowd, chiefly, it appears to us, composed of vulgar, ugly old women, in costumes that should qualify them for Hanwell, talking an almost incomprehensible jargon, and the little of which we understand stirs our temper, we are sorry to say, to the depths. For these wretched people are critics, if you please, patronising and contemptuous, who shrug their shoulders at this, and look with pitying eyes on that; who gabble about colour, and are horrified at anything, so it seems to us, that is true to Nature. Whence come these dreadful women?—and why do they come to Burlington House on the rare occasions that we visit it? Why, too, do they bring ugly daughters with them, lambs self-shorn of all that helps to make women pleasant to the eye, and to whom ‘naturally’ (as Mr. Wyndham would say) a beneficent Being has not tempered the wind? There were positively hideous women at the private view this year, who seemed to glory in their hideousness, and take a pride in the costumes that were akin to it. There was a song sung, we remember, in our younger days, called ‘The Maids of Merry England,’ a commonplace affair, doubtless, but popular because it set forth the beauty and the grace peculiar, as all good Englishmen believe, to English maids. Why do not the maids of the present day, as beautiful as they ever were, rise up in the general judgment of all sane people, and utterly condemn the monstrosities begot of vulgarity, idleness and sensuality, that at this season thrust themselves into public notice? Why do not some great ladies, great in character as well as position, essay to stamp out a folly that is making the middle-class life of this country—and it is, happily, chiefly confined to the middle class—a subject of ridicule to the world?

But we are in the presence—so says the motto on the catalogue—of an art that ‘itself is nature’: we will try and shut our eyes to the living monstrosities, and attend to the better teaching of the canvases on the walls. Readers of ‘Our Van’ will think, perhaps, that a notice of the sporting life of England is most suited to these pages, and we will try and give a summary of what we saw. Our eyes are not critical eyes; and if they were, there would be little for them to criticise, for sporting subjects are few and far between this year; indeed, how to separate the sporting from those that treat of purely country life, we hardly know. ‘Envy, Hatred and Malice,’ the first picture that catches our eye on the line in that first gallery—which, as a rule, never contains anything very striking—is hardly on a level with Mr. Briton Rivière’s former works. The bad passions are depicted by dogs, but they are not treated in the humorous way that we have been accustomed to in this artist’s pictures. And yet there was surely scope for this. The dogs are blood-hound, colley, terrier and pug, and some humour might have been got out of them. There is too much of the disagreeable in the picture; something very unlike the efforts of the artist who painted ‘Sympathy,’ and ‘The Last Scoop.’ In these two pictures, the former of which has just, by the way, been engraved, there was an amount of humour and something approaching pathos that, even in Landseer, has never been surpassed. There is another picture of what we may call the Rivière class further on, ‘A frightful State of Things,’ by an Italian artist, Chierici. An urchin of tender years, sitting in a kitchen eating his dinner, has been disturbed by an invasion from the poultry yard. Geese, turkeys, ducks, cocks, and hens, all make an attack on the meal, and the boy’s terror and the whole scene is ludicrous and happily designed. But here, as in Mr. Rivière’s picture, the artist has missed some of that human expression in his animals so conspicuous in ‘Sympathy’ and ‘The Last Scoop.’ The subject is quaint, no doubt, but it might have been made more so. In ‘A Cheetah Hunt: the last leap but one,’ the hunted

animal appears to us the best part of the painting; and 'Coming from their 'last Pasture,' are not the cattle we have been accustomed to see from Robert Meyerheim's hands. The picture that arrests the eye in this room, and one on which it looks long, is the 'February Fill-dyke,' of W. B. Loader. It is a scene in the Fens, we presume; a gloomy one of swelling pools and ditches, of reeds and pasture-land on which the water is encroaching. The clouds are heavy with rain; the pale sunset presages more: it is altogether a very striking picture, and will add to Mr. Loader's reputation. In the next gallery we note a very clever deerhound, 'In the Lap of Luxury,' by Noble, in which not only is the dog's coat truthfully rendered, but also the fur and cloth on which he has made himself a luxurious couch. 'Herdsman of the 'Campagna collecting Young Horses,' by R. Beavis, though a clever picture, does not strike us as being a true one—at least, we never saw anything like it in Italy. We pause long before Mr. Long's 'Diana or Christ,' the finest picture in Burlington House, but its great merits have been done justice to by abler critics than ourselves. We can only note what we cannot help considering an error in some notices of the picture we have seen. We see the figure immediately behind the Christian maiden is called 'a grim scowling 'official, with the scroll of accusation in his hand.' To us he appears to be another convert to Christianity—a secret one who is encouraging the maiden to persevere in her path. Why, if he is a Pagan like the rest, is the Centurion near him laying a hand upon his arm? If we are wrong in our conjecture, we shall be glad to be authoritatively corrected.

'An Episcopal Visitation,' by Mr. Marks; a solitary bishop gazing at the two pelicans in the 'Zoo,' has much of this painter's quiet humour about it, and the figure and *tout ensemble* of the prelate has a great resemblance to his Lordship of London, but a purely accidental one, no doubt. Mr. Charlton gives a very pretty and suggestive picture in 'The Reward,' a horse taking corn from its mistress's hand. The suggestion lies in a hound in the corner of the box, licking his paw as if he had been injured in the run. But what business had the hound there, Mr. Charlton? It is a pretty little story, but then it is not true. This artist has another picture in the next gallery, 'Lent 'on Foreign Service,' which, though rather singular in conception, is correct in every detail. Some hounds are being sent abroad on boardship, and the various expressions of resignation to circumstances, discontent, anger and sorrow, are very well and truthfully depicted. Mr. Charlton knows hounds and their ways. In the same gallery is Mr. Briton Rivière's most important, though not to us, his most pleasing work. 'A Roman Holiday' only shows us the arena of the Coliseum, with a dying gladiator making the sign of the cross in the sand with his finger; a dead tiger by his side, and a living one in the background preparing for a spring. But in 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie,' a 'rough,' asleep on a bench with a bulldog across his knees, there is something with which we are all acquainted, an unpleasing object to which we gladly, in life, give a wide berth. Here, on canvas, we can look at and admire the admirable fidelity with which the drunken slumber of the man is painted, and the more we look, the more are we impressed by the saying that gives the name to the picture. The last of the new Royal Academician's works, 'Hope Deferred,' is rather out of his usual line, but there is the best dog in it he has painted this year.

Of course Vicat Cole's grand landscape, 'Wargrave,' attracts all eyes. Those who know the locality can imagine what the artist has made of the eddying water, the mass of foliage, the glorious sunset, the ripple of light in the boat's wake,—all most beautiful and true. One of the few hunting

pictures in the exhibition, 'A Sure Find,' by E. A. J. Douglas, is painted with fidelity, but there is something very hackneyed about the subject. The most pretentious hunting canvas is the Blackmoor Vale picture, containing portraits of Sir Richard and Lady Glyn, Huntsmen, Whips, &c. Like everything from Mr. Stephen Pearce's pencil, it is most accurate as to details, correct as to grouping, &c., and yet somehow it does not much impress the spectator. Lord Galway, the Master of the Grove, is a good likeness of that good sportsman, painted by Mr. Lehman; and Mr. Samuel Carter's sole sporting contribution is a portrait of Captain Watson Carnegie, presented to that gentleman by his friends of the Forfarshire Hunt. It is a striking picture though, quite equal to anything that this excellent artist has given us. The figure of Captain Carnegie is admirable; the baying hounds (the fox has gone to earth) are most truthful, and the whole canvas is full of life. 'Jogging Home and Discussing the Entry,' is a very clever picture by Mr. W. H. Hopkins, the figures and attitudes of the huntsman and whip being particularly well drawn. The former is a model huntsman, and must be a portrait, we should conceive. Have we seen him, we wonder, in 'the Vale'? The hounds are, on the whole, good, and the picture is a very taking one in every way.

The First Spring began auspiciously for backers; the opening event, the Two Thousand Guineas Trial, a sad misnomer on this occasion, falling to Prince Soltykoff's Dougal, about whom as little as 7 to 4 was taken, as, owing to having been entered to be sold for a 'monkey,' he received 29 lbs. from Cradle, and 9 lbs. from Monarch. Though he hung a good deal coming down the Hill, he won cleverly enough from Monarch, who improved a little on his Craven form, Lord Wilton's useful old slave finishing three lengths behind the second. They were quite out of their reckoning next time, however, for they laid odds on the eccentric Isabel, and she could only get third to the outsiders Last Born, a Typhœus colt from Captain Macell's stable, and Bras de Fer, who is quite unworthy of his dam and his namesake. Eleven members went for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, for which Elf King—who carried 2 lbs. overweight that Fordham might ride—was installed favourite, though he was reported to have done anything but a 'straight' preparation. His stable companion, Regent, who was in every tout's mouth before the weights appeared for the last Cambridgeshire, was next in demand, while Mistake and Valentino had plenty of friends. Regent—who turned it up when the pinch came—and Valentino both ran well, but neither of them ever really had a chance with Count Lagrange's Maskelyne, who, with 5 st. 12 lbs. on him, cut out the work, and, without being headed, landed a 10 to 1 chance very cleverly by a length from Valentino, the latter being twice as far in front of Mistake. Maskelyne, who is by Albert Victor out of Palmistry, came to the rescue of the ring last year in the Hopeful, and is evidently a serviceable customer. The Visitors' Plate, Rous Course, which brought out the same number of runners, resulted in a dead-heat between Tower and Sword and Lincolnshire, both of them being well supported, but neither in as great request as the jady Woodquest. Tower and Sword had been very fractious at the post, and beginning rather indifferently, could not get on terms with Lincolnshire, who made play nearly all the way till the last few strides, when Archer, riding like a 'demon, managed to make a dead-heat of it. The stakes were divided, luckily for Lincolnshire, but it was good policy on the part of Colonel Forester not to run the affair off, for, though Tower and Sword would have won, it might have been a 'tight 'fit,' and the gelding had had too many of them this season, two of his four

previous races having been won by a head, and one of them resulted in a dead-heat. There was a large field for the First Welter on the Abingdon Mile, the best favourite of the party being Mr. Savile's colt by Reverberation out of Auchinleck, for whom we would suggest the name of Boswell. He had run nowhere in the Biennial to Tunis, but had here only 7 st. on, being in receipt of 19 lbs. from Merry-go-Round, and 1st. 11 lbs. from Douranee. The latter did not show in the race, but the former beat the favourite very deverly, as soon as he got to him in the last two hundred yards. The Cambridge Biennial, Rous Course, for two-year-olds, turned out the 'good thing' it looked for Convert, on whom 100 to 30 was laid against Margaret Catchpole and Hector, brother to Brag. The first event on the Two Thousand day was decided in the wet, Milan taking the Prince of Wales's from Apollo and Pelleas; Bend Or, for whom it would have been an exercise canter, was an absentee, so they laid 13 to 8 on the Frenchman, who won very easily at finish, though for a stride or two Apollo seemed to 'hold' him. Only six put in an appearance for the May Stakes, over the Rous Course, and of the six only two were backed—Enone, who, like Woodquest, carried 8st. 12 lbs., and Tafna, to whom the Spencer Plate winner gave 6 lbs. instead of receiving 20 lbs. from her as at Northampton. Sir George's speedy filly had an easy task before her, though if Tafna, who ran exceedingly well with Tower and Sword, had not been interfered with by Wallenstein, she might have made something more of a fight. Scobell, notwithstanding his stoppage in his work and palpable want of condition, maintained his position of first favourite for the Two Thousand to the last, owing, we imagine, to those who had taken liberties 'getting out,' and close on his heels were the Craven horses, both very fit and well, Cameliard and Golden Plover, the last-named being as good a favourite for a place as Scobell, though at a point and a half longer odds to win. Then came Tristan, looking a 'dog horse,' and the dark Peregrine, the rush on whom the Friday before at Sandown did not continue—a handsome horse, rather high on the leg, with plenty of size and power; Wandering Nun, a wretch; the flat-catching Town Moor, the natty Cumberland, Iroquois and Don Fulano. At the Bushes they were all 'in it' except Wandering Nun and Tristan, but soon after they began to scatter; Scobell and Golden Plover gave way in the dip, and Cameliard, on whom Snowden had been pretty hard for some time, was done with. Peregrine, who had never failly galloped, then went to the front, and, attended home by the two Americans, Iroquois and Don Fulano, won very easily by three lengths—a gallant victory, and one which it looks difficult to gainsay. It should, however, be noted that, though Iroquois was once a good horse and had run Bal Gal to a head in the July, his form, after that week in which he won the Chesterfield, was very moderate, and on this occasion his party allowed him to start at 50 to 1, probably on account of his backwardness. Don Fulano, whom Cameliard could have beaten, is anything but a flyer, so the victory, gallantly as it was gained, was only a victory over half-trained or moderate animals. Is Peregrine a great horse? and did the wise men of Russley back him in the old style? Whatever answers are given to these questions, it will be hard to find one to beat him at Epsom, as Geologist's credentials—and Geologist, according to the market, is his most serious opponent—are not first-class, and Sir Charles is brother to Sir Joseph; but Iroquois, or something else of Mr. Lorillard's, is by no means unlikely to lower his colours. As was right and proper, the card on the great day was a very light one. Exeter literally walked away from Prudhomme for the Rosebery Plate; Isabel, who couldn't beat Last Born and



Bras de Fer the day before, upset the odds laid on Belle Lurette in the Two-year-old Plate; and Lead On secured the Handicap, last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course, with great ease from Doctor Tanner and company, the rain coming down in torrents, and as at Goodwood some years ago, penalising the jockeys who rode in the race 2 lbs.

The weather was much better next morning, when proceedings opened with a Welter over the Rowley Mile, which Mar was lucky to win from the Auchinleck colt, and in which Reglisse, a mare of Lord Lascelles's, dropped down dead, without, however, injuring her jockey or any one else. Then came the Two Year Old Stakes, which was booked a certainty for Comely, who had only Convert and Inchcape to beat; but Mr. Craven's horse proved too good for her, as he appeared to have the race in hand a quarter of a mile from home, and even Inchcape finished a head before her, though only on sufferance. In this contest we had the pleasure of seeing the Duke of Portland's colours for the first time, and—but we are heading the fox—our hope that we should soon see them in a more prominent place than the 'fifth' which Lady Greensleeves obtained had not long to wait for fulfilment.

Valour, with odds on him, had it all his own way in a Ditch Mile Sweepstakes, but no one bid the 2000*l.* for which he was entered to be sold. Lord Stamford won a Handicap on the T.Y.C. with the disappointing Censer, who used to hail from Stanton; and that astute establishment beat Dougal with Cradle, giving 18 lbs. instead of 29 lbs., as in the first event of the week. Blanton bought the winner at his selling price of 500*l.*, but let Lord Wilton have him back, as—so the jokers said—he couldn't buy Archer along with him. The latter, who had a great afternoon, won a Maiden Plate for Lord Hastings with a pretty Sylvester called Silver Bell, and a Maiden Riders Plate, which fell to a son of dear old lurching Queen of the Chase, ridden by Lashman, wound up the rather indifferent sports. Lincolnshire next day won the Third Welter from Bute and a large field over the Rous Course, his brother favourite, Sir Marmaduke, being choked when it came to rise the hill; and Iroquois of course beat Lennoxlove for the Newmarket Stakes.

If ever there was a 'good thing' on paper, it was the One Thousand for Thebais, as Bal Gal's trial had shown she wasn't nearly herself. Wandering Nun was absolutely last for the Two Thousand; and Lucy Glitters hadn't grown an inch, and looked as paltry as ever. The fielders, however, were content to take 6 to 5, and, as things turned out, they were not so far wrong, for Mr. Crawford's lovely mare had to do all she knew in the dip, and half-way up the hill to beat the City and Suburban 'tip,' Thora, who, it struck us, if very carefully waited with, would just have landed: we are bound, at the same time, to say that Fordham considers he won cleverly at last. Be that as it may, the bold front presented by Bal Gal, and the forward position of Wandering Nun, who was fourth, make the fillies out a far more moderate lot than even the field to which Peregrine showed such a clean pair of heels. We shall therefore venture to prophesy there will be some strong fielding on the Oaks, especially as Thebais's stable companion, Mr. Gretton's Isola Madre, is said to be a 'flyer.' The last race of the meeting was taken by Lord Stamford, with an extremely nice filly by Pero Gomez out of Lady Rosebery, ridden by Archer. The First Spring, with the exception of the 'Thousands,' is generally dull and plating, and, *exceptis excipiendis* as we have just said, we cannot recollect a more uninteresting First Spring.

*Stat nominis umbra.*—There are the old walls and towers, there is the smiling river, there are the apple orchards bursting into bloom, above all, there is the Roodee green and inviting; and yet, beautiful though the picture

is and always will be, we feel that the colour is waning, the landscape is somewhat blotched and blurred, and the whole canvas is sadly in need of restoration. Of course we are speaking of the cause and circumstance that draws so many of us, gentle and simple, from our firesides in this inclement spring weather to the banks of the Dee—Chester Races. We are so fond of the old town, its ways and its walls, its races and its river, the wonderful mixture of the old world and the new that meet the eye at every footstep, the time-worn stones that cry out of the walls, and the many answering beams from the timber,—that we would come to it under the greatest difficulties and for the most trifling excuse. Some people would perhaps tell us that Chester Races form the 'trifling excuse' this year, and that the long journey might have been spared. It might have been in one way, doubtless. We reaped little pecuniary benefit from our visit. We did not spoil the Egyptians, and returned somewhat shorn of what we had brought there; but we enjoyed ourselves—sat at well-spread boards with friends fit though few, and passed the merry jest, also the dry Monopole. We took our morning walks abroad, and if we did not pick up early worms it was because there were such few worms to hand for the picking. We went to Eaton and paid our respects to Sultan Doncaster; we sat under what will be some day an historic elm, rivalling the Danebury tree, and saw one of the most splendid of thoroughbred sires led round the paddock for our inspection. We should like to have sat there all day, with Colonel Barlow as our kind philosopher and guide, and the dog Punch (Sultan Doncaster's own special dog) as our companion. We should have also seen the mares and foals, and taken stock of everything in that splendid domain; but, alas! we had to return to the Roodee and six to four on the field—an admirable game sometimes, but apt to pall when you don't win at it, and it was a game at which just then we would have gladly not taken a hand. But we bow to fate, pat Sultan Doncaster's neck (he is good enough to allow us that liberty), and return to our muttons.

And that reminds us that we must say something about the sport, which, though moderate, was, on the whole, better than we had expected. To begin with the Mostyn Stakes on the first day, the winner, Dunmow, is a very neat, racing-like colt, just suited apparently for a flat course like Chester—not very much of him, but what there is, quality. It was Lord Rosslyn's first visit to Chester, we believe, in a racing capacity, and though the Mostyn is no great prize, and the field behind Dunmow was probably very moderate, yet a win is a win, and what would you more? Herald and Sunnybrae made a race of it for the Belgrave Welter Cup, and so hotly pursued were 'Tommy' and the old horse by 'Fred' and Sunnybrae that the two former must have been very glad to have got home. To have that dreadful Archer thundering after and catching you at every stride must appal the heart of the stoutest. Glover, though, rode very well, did not lose his head, and landed by a neck. Quoth the Squire, 'I'll go and tell Tommy he rode 'Archer out of it,' but whether he succeeded in that innocent bit of chaff we know not, our attention being at that moment called away by the pressing claims of luncheon, a meal that deprived us of the pleasure of seeing two of the worst animals in training compete for the Duke of Westminster's Cup, a race that ought to have brought out a good field, and why it did not we are puzzled to explain. It is such a poor return for liberal added money and the exertions of the C. C., Mr. Lawley, the meeting of Lady Gowrie and Whist, the latter with a stable-boy up, who, if he could have ridden, might have won for Lady Gowrie, is too bad for anything. However, she got

home three lengths in front of him—a wretched exhibition, and one that would almost discourage the noble owner of Eaton from going on with his Cup if he was not too good a sportsman to be discouraged. Nothing showed the poverty of the land more than this, and we can only hope that next year there will be an improvement, and that the Duke's gift will not be contemptuously abandoned to be the prey of platers. There was a good deal of grief over the Stamford Two-Year-Old Plate, for which Groby, who had defeated a great favourite in Netherton at Liverpool Spring, was looked upon as the great moral of the meeting. The Brende filly, however, got first run, and, resolutely ridden by W. Macdonald, kept it to the end, despite every energetic rush of Archer's from the Stand. There was but little speculation on the Cup, which might have been two months hence instead of the next day for aught people seemed to care about it. Very changed, too, was the aspect of the hall of the Grosvenor at night, where in former years speculation was brisk, but now entirely a dead-letter. Anxious and conscientious reporters were unable to wire a single transaction to their respective papers. There was not even the slightest excuse for inventing one. Not a backer would come to the scratch, not a bookmaker would give a lead. Othello's occupation was gone indeed, and yet Othello used to have a very lively time of it in past years in that big room behind the old Grosvenor Hotel—a dreadful barrack of a place, supposed, if we remember rightly, to have been what our fathers and mothers called an 'Assembly Room,' and where, amidst odours of bad tobacco and worse liquor, many and important transactions were negotiated. The reporters lived laborious nights then, so did telegraph clerks, and what between the perpetual din, an atmosphere that you might have cut, whisky of untold badness, and language to match, it was one of the pleasantest places we knew.

The Cup morning was made for the occasion—bright and not too cold. The festival was kept with all due observance, and we think we never remember a larger attendance, though it may have been equalled. The pretty women came as usual to the Stand saloon (Cheshire, we must say, never fails in this respect), and there were cosy little luncheons for them in all sorts of cosy little rooms outside. Sir Watkin was the cheery monarch of all he surveyed, a happy Damon, though he had lost his Pythias, who had gone to Manchester to judge at the Horse Show. 'The Mate,' who had been making matches all the previous night with his old opponent, Mr. Alexander, was radiant, and a great deal happier than he looks on the walls of Burlington House. 'The Lad' wore that thoughtful look habitual to him, and which no fortune, good or bad, seems able to vary. Lord Rosslyn, with a lingering flavour of the wedding in Westminster Abbey about him, shed his smiles and greetings everywhere; Lord Falmouth, calm and inscrutable; 'the Squire,' complaining he was getting old, but his looks belying his words; Lord Willoughby de Brooke, a hospitable host in one of those cosy little rooms we have before mentioned; Mr. Harvey Bayly, the (not entirely) new Master of the Rufford, with Manchester Horse Show victories sitting already on his helm—but we must close the catalogue. It was a very jolly party that at Wynnstay, we should imagine—a party bound, from the force of circumstances, to take the most *couleur de rose* view of Chester Races, and to every member of which we felt it was no use talking of the decadence of the meeting and the flatness of things in general. Lord Rosslyn could not have found things flat when he won the Mostyn; Sir John Astley could not be supposed but to take the most cheerful view of affairs when he saw Windsor in front, and, what was the worst of it (we refer here to the

backers of Prudhomme), keeping in front to the bitter end. To get 1000 to 70 about a Chester Cup winner is not given to all of us, and no one grudged Sir John his victory. The mare had been so unfit, was so, in fact, the very morning of the race, that few but her owner had the courage to back her. She was admirably ridden by Weston, who seemed to be at home round the turns; and for the rest of the field, with the exception of Prudhomme and Apollo, who ran an honest race for second honours, they were beneath contempt. Blackthorn, who was decidedly the first favourite for money, was done with half a mile from home; Reefer got fourth, where he finished last year; and the Star, after looking well for some way, succumbed about the Grosvenor turn. A very bad lot, there is no doubt, the best-looking of which was Prudhomme. Lord Rosebery has had the Cup held to his lips once or twice on the Roodee, but he is not one to be deterred by failure. *Le bon temps viendra.*

There was not much left for the last day, and save that it was everything one could wish in the way of weather, the sport would not have drawn a large concourse together. There was nothing particular in the Dee Stakes; and the presence of Post Obit in the Cheshire Handicap had fairly closed the door on speculation, so very good a thing was it considered. Eos was the favourite for the Dee, and if she had been in her last year's form she ought to have defeated Voluptuary easily enough, the more as the latter was lame, and from that circumstance but little fancied by his stable. When, however, the struggle came, Eos, even in Archer's hands, could not answer to the call made on her, though she looked well for a moment, and Voluptuary, to Joe Cannon's surprise, drew away from her and won very cleverly. The public were greater gainers than the stable and those more immediately connected with it, for the former were in happy ignorance that the horse was lame. How often on the turf it is better to be in ignorance than to know too much! We are glad Lord Rosebery was in some degree compensated for his Cup disappointment, and perhaps Voluptuary may do good service for Cameliard on the 1st of June. The Cheshire Stakes, as we have intimated, was considered such a certainty that practically there was but little betting on it, bookmakers declining even in some instances to take 2 to 1, particularly the London division, and many a commission sent to the Victoria and other head-centres of industry failed to be executed. At the post, if you did not mind laying 7 to 4, you might be accommodated, though we believe 'a century' would have caused bookmakers to ask for 5 to 2. A large portion of the Roodee public went for Toastmaster, a trifle under 2 to 1 being regularly taken about Lord Wilton's horse. Kuhleborn was the only other of the quartet backed. He was done with on coming into the straight, soon after which Post Obit, who had allowed Toastmaster to make the running, joined the latter, and heading him at the distance won in a canter by a neck. And then we made tracks for the station and an excellent train which landed us at Euston at nine o'clock.

The Manchester Show, held at Pomona Palace on 12th May, was a decided failure as far as agricultural horses were concerned, no one caring to enter into competition with Lord Ellesmere's famous stud at Worsley, so near Manchester. The few entries received were therefore returned, and nothing agricultural filled the stalls. Only four roadster stallions competed, and but two pony stallions (the winner has since been disqualified, we believe, for being over height). The hunter classes were well filled, the whole number being fifty-four, or ten more than were entered last year. Lord Combermere and Major Bulkeley (who we should like to see oftener in the

ring) began with a large class of heavy-weight hunters, and after selecting seven, they very properly awarded first prize to The Robber, sent out for the first time by the master of the Rufford. Mr. Rose's Nobleman, well known as a prize-winner in the north, was second, but, nice horse as he undoubtedly is, he does not quite look like the good horse The Robber does, certainly when set going. Andrew Brown was third with a very coachy-looking gentleman, with whom he had won several prizes last year in four-year-old classes. This strong class contained several good horses besides the winners. In the next class (without condition as to weight) nineteen horses were entered, including the Duke of Hamilton's Gentleman (who should certainly have been shown in the weight-carrying class, where his chief victories have been achieved). Here his charger-like action and curby hock would not do for the judges, and he was only looked at for a short time, the prizes going to Mr. Harvey Bayley's well-known Black Jack, who beat a large field at Islington last year, and looked much improved ever since then, second to a nice chesnut horse called The Mystery (third in the three-year-old class at Kilburn, if we mistake not), and third to a small horse looking like a pony compared to some in the class. The class for four-year-olds was not as good as usual, but the Duke of Hamilton's nice chesnut horse, The Doctor, is sure to be heard of again, which is more than we can say for the others, with the exception of Andrew Brown's King Victor colt. Report says that, for once in a way, Andrew allowed he was beaten! The hack and roadsters classes were all good, as also the harness horses, and if we say the same of the ponies, we may conclude by advising all managers of horse shows to go to Manchester and take a leaf out of Mr. John Douglas's book, for his arrangements leave nothing to be desired.

The 'leafy month' is, as usual, replete with attractions of the yearling sale ring, within the magic circle of which numerous lots will be paraded, and we sincerely trust that the demand may be equal to the supply, and that the 'new blood' with which the constitution of the turf has lately been revived, will give a much-needed fillip to the rather unsatisfactory prices of the last few years. Among breeders who disperse their collections in June, we find Mr. Ellam first and foremost, and the Epsom paddock on the 'ladies' day' is a fixture which ought to suit all concerned; while the youngsters by Ethus and Van Amburgh should make a goodly show on their native heath, as it were, to say nothing of a dozen or so of horses in training, among which Marshall Scott will be found. His yearling brother is certain to provoke some brisk bidding, but of all the progeny of Ethus, commend us to his Persuasion colt; and there is a sweet filly by Rosicrucian out of Tomfoolery that Mr. Tattersall need not 'dwell on' overlong. Of the rest it may be said that some highly useful racing material will be offered in the shape of representatives of the Warren sires; of which 'Our Van' gets his stock bigger and less furnished as yearlings than Ethus, who inclines more to the quick and early sort, so much in request among trainers.

On the Saturday week following, the experiment will be tried at Sandown Park of holding a sale of the Marden Deer Park yearlings in the intervals of racing, which will thus form an entirely new feature in the afternoon's proceedings; and it remains to be seen whether things will work together in the direction of a happy result, which we see no reason to doubt, if the 'high contracting parties' can be collected from their various business avocations after the decision of each event in the programme.\*

The Newbridge Hill Stud yearlings will be found occupying 'the boxes' at Albert Gate next week, with a view to their dispersion on the Monday

before Ascot, and among them figure the very last of the stock of poor old Joskin, who besides Plebeian (the reputed future head of the house of Melbourne) has given numerous other pledges of racing talent to the Turf. A sister to Medicus is sure to provoke brisk nodding, and racing men will be anxious to secure some of the last fruit off an old tree which has done the state good service. The pick of the Joskins is the Speculation colt, and the same sire also shows a colt from Ethel and a filly out of Miss Ahna; while Macgregor's brother to Ariel is cast in very racing-like mould, and there are a brace of Asteroid fillies—from Sea Breeze and Oatmeal—well worth making a note of, and a Wild Oats colt out of Little Princess (one of the few Thormanby mares at the stud) which we fancy roamed the Cobham pastures not long since. The Rakes show a very formidable front indeed, and purchasers should not fail to interview his Henrietta colt, literally full of blue blood, and as handsome as paint; three other colts by the same stallion being the produce respectively of Moribund, Hallali, and Isabel, all suitably bred for the best son of Wild Dayrell, whose filly out of St. Julien will not escape those in search of something useful as well as shapely. King Alfred's best is a filly out of Bertha by Macaroni, and the King Tom horse (whose first winner came out the other day at Newmarket) also claims sireship of a colt out of Summer Morn, and a filly from Aerial Lady; so that the collection may be described as sufficiently varied to suit all tastes and tempers, and without doubt is most thoroughly representative of the Somersetshire stud.

The Saturday in Ascot week is, as in former years, big with the fate of the home contingent at Cobham, as well as with detachments of foreigners hailing from Beenham and other studs less numerous represented, Mr. Combe, Mr. Deacon, and Lord Lovelace being all contributors to the catalogue. Making allusion first to what we may call 'native talent,' we have to congratulate Mr. Bell upon his crop of Wild Oats of this season, which the example set by Convert will doubtless cause to be quoted at a satisfactory figure in the market, to say nothing of the very high promise shown by them individually as well as collectively. We cannot remember to have set eyes on a more beautiful yearling than 'Oats's' Jocosa colt, and that is all we care to say about it, so thoroughly does it carry its own recommendation on every point in its make and shape; and there are a couple more colts by the same sire, from Curacoa and Fricandeanu respectively, of capital size, substance and symmetry, and, what is more, out of the dams of good winners. 'There is a bonny filly, too,' by the Wild Dayrell horse from Sweet Cicely, quite 'up to sample' of above-mentioned trio; and the Blair Athols of course figure prominently, though the grand old chesnut seems to get his stock smaller and with more substance than formerly—which, after all, may be a recommendation rather than otherwise, the spiry and weedy sort mostly showing a disposition to fall early to pieces. Of Blair's colts perhaps the most taking is May Queen's, but brother to Beddington is certain to please; and so is a very racing-like filly from Reine Sauvage, with a deal of character about her; while Crinon's daughter is one of the compact, hardy sort, built like a castle—'up-stairs,' and a rare sort to follow, in curious contrast to her relative out of Wild Swan, a Wild Dayrell all over, and not likely to come to her best for months.

The Blue Gowns are the same sturdy, thickset, tough-looking customers as ever, but we fancy there is more length and liberty about them this season, and his colts out of Brisbane and Maid of Perth (the latter especially) are full of good points; while his fillies from Violet and Phillina show suffi-

cient power in the right places to make them highly useful members of racing society. George Frederick's colt out of Ma Belle is just one of those square-built, well-knit youngsters, on legs and feet of the very best quality, which trainers would choose to exercise their art upon, while a filly by the same sire out of Young Desdemona is lighter all over, and the same may be said of the filly by Minstrel (by Orlando), which has somehow crept into fashionable company from the Emerald Isle, to which she does passing credit. A very precocious gentleman is the young Moreimer, with the stalwart stamp of the defunct Armada about him, and a Buccaneer all over, and there is a loose, unfurnished colt by Pellegrino out of Decolletée, which might be all the better for keeping until Doncaster, and a plainish but very useful well-topped colt by Pero Gomez from Roulade, and a well-shaped little shaver by Volturino out of Landlady, not quite up to the mark in point of condition, in which the rest of the string mostly excel. Last, but by no means least, come the Kaisers, and we fancy that all who take stock of the Miss Mannering colt, or look over his Molly Carew filly, will be most agreeably surprised, even after an interview with the gems of the collection, to which attention has already been directed. Indeed, we question whether the colt is not entitled to take rank with the very best at Cobham, and many well be forced to regret the departure for the fair land of Poland of Skirmisher's best son, a sire certainly not held in honour in his own country.

Mr. Waring leads off with a Cæruleus filly from Irma, big and strong enough to dissipate all idea of her sire begetting small stock; and then follow four by King of the Forest, of which the Carnage colt is still growing, and will pay for keeping, while Suzette's filly, on the other hand, is more made up, and there is unmistakeable Flying Dutchman character about the last produce of Maid of the Mist, whose colt looks like going fast, as does the Christmas Box filly, one of the square-built, hardy sort, and all the four last-mentioned have about them the Lord of the Isles outline and style. A very clever, elastic colt is the first Cymbal in the list, out of Jeannie Deans, a real Merry bred matron, going back to old Sunflower; and the white-heeled daughter of the King and Narino, by Rataplan, is just the sort with which to make an early start, and it will be noted that she boasts two strains of the famous Fair Helen. A lengthy, varmint-looking colt is the black by Cymbal from La Roseraie, harking back to Beadsman in colour, shape, and general characteristics; and sister to Strafford was sent to Ethus, in the hope of producing another Marshall Scott, the result of such alliance being a sturdy brown filly, quite one of the cut-and-come-again type, and well-turned and handsome, as are all the produce of her dam, who has winners galore to her credit. All the Craig Millars seem to fashion well, and Semiramis has responded to the Blair Athol horse with a well-favoured roan colt, of the orthodox colour, as tracing back to Strathconan's dam, and built on true racing lines. Next come three chesnuts by Cymbal, out of Rose of Sutherland, Symmetrical, and Aunt Sofer respectively, all bearing a strong resemblance to their sire, a well-grown, well-favoured trio, all early foals, and with a look of 'going' about them not often belied by the descendants of one of the flyers of his year, who has already played a great card in Phoenix, to say nothing of innumerable other winners in France and in England. To these succeed three 'kings,' the first a beautiful 'quality' chesnut colt, out of sister to Ethus; the next, a sharp-looking sister to Reay and Melfort, out of Rosy Cross's dam, likely to be difficult to catch in the early spring of next year; and the last a strong-built if rather angular colt, the first effort of

Catinka, a wonderfully-bred Paul Jones' mare, with plenty of bone and substance, and blessed with an even temper and the best of constitutions. All the Salvators appear to be earning winning brackets, though buyers did turn up their noses even at those in Mr. Cookson's yearling string last September, and accordingly when Penelope Plotwell's daughter is led into the ring we expect some brisk firing for one of the sweetest fillies we have clapped eyes on this season, and with plenty of bone and power. A grand colt, too, is the Adventurer—Acropolis combination, albeit a trifle plain at first sight, but he improves marvellously upon acquaintance, and moves like a thorough racehorse in all his paces, though time will do much for him yet, and we trust he may fall into patient hands. Atonement, who breeds everything to win, shows a clinking chesnut filly by Cymbal, with model shoulders, and standing very square and true upon a capital set of limbs; while Punishment's Melbourne blood has evidently well suited King of the Forest, a result of the alliance being a yearling quite of the first class, strong as a castle, and with legs and feet proportioned to carry his well-knit frame, while there is a game, honest look about his head which must further commend him to good judges.

We hear great accounts of Mr. Deacon's Kingcraft colt out of Buttercup, for which we might suggest as appropriate the name of Kingcup; and the same breeder sends up a Queen's Messenger filly likely enough to pay her way, albeit she is cast in the shade by her fellow traveller from Hampshire, for the possession of which we may expect competition to be keen and brisk.

From Horsley Towers come representatives of Blue Gown, George Frederick and Mirmillo, all likely to find purchasers, and especially to commend themselves to those who go in for the rough-and-ready element in place of the made-up and artificial sample, so common in yearling collections. We hear whispers of a good two-year-old by Mirmillo, and certainly his offspring show no lack of size or bone, while his breeding is unexceptionable.

Mr. Lant will dispose of his young Struans on the following Monday, and if Brag had only 'stood up' to show fight at Epsom, his relatives might have made even a braver show than their good looks and good breeding can still command for them, and it must be a source of satisfaction to the owner of Struan, that his stallion is among the selected few announced as 'full' for the season now just concluding.

Saturday, June 25th, is the fixture for Bushey Paddocks, that time-honoured halting-place on the yearling sale circuit, and Mr. Tattersall will 'open the commission' on some score and a half of yearlings, all of the bluest blood, including specimens of Albert Victor, Doncaster (2), General Peel (4), Hermit, Kingcraft (2), Macaroni (2), Petrarch (5), Springfield (4), Wenlock (2), and Winslow (6); so that it cannot be said that the most fashionable sires of the day have not been laid under contribution, and the Royal Stud is evidently on the high road to the prestige it formerly enjoyed, and which an establishment of its kind should always maintain, as representing the interest taken by Royalty in a pursuit engaging the anxious care and attention of so many loyal subjects. As to the yearlings themselves, we thought them a well-grown, hardy-looking, sizeable lot some two months ago, since which time they have doubtless 'come on' amazingly, and as all the sires, save Winslow, may be considered 'classic' winners, the catalogue is unusually attractive, and the inducements to purchasers held out by pedigrees may be said to be enhanced by the promise of racing excellence shown by the various candidates for public favour. When all are good of their kind, it is difficult to pick out the 'plums,' more especially as great changes will



probably have taken place among them since our visitation in very early spring days, but we cherish favourable recollections of a Hermit filly, of a doubtfully-bred colt by Cremorne or Winslow, and more especially of the Petrarchs and Springfields in general, though of the former it may be said that the first batch seem inclined to be lacking in size and substance. However, they amply make up for these shortcomings on the score of symmetry and quality; and after the doings of Incognita and Co., there is sure to be a rush upon the stock of Winslow, a sire most unfortunate hitherto in begetting winners, but now going on in the right way to vindicate his reputation and to achieve lasting popularity. So that altogether things at Hampton Court wear a rosier aspect than for many years past, and it may surprise many to learn that the Royal stud now comprises some half a hundred mares, bringing its number up to those of the largest concerns in the country. The management is now all that can be desired, and a slice or two of good luck is all that is required to set the old place fairly on its legs again.

Jupp has published his benefit ticket for the grand match North v. South on July 14, 15, and 16 next, at the Oval. The ticket is a folded card containing a list of his performances, portraits of himself and the late Tom Humphrey, taken from a photograph of them in 1864 as 'The two Surrey boys,' when they were the wonders of the cricket world, and a pretty sketch of a match on Brookham Green, Surrey, from which place he was taken away for his County Eleven, in which he has played for nineteen years! A coupon admitting free to any one day of the match is attached, and can be torn off; so any one wishing to have this card can give the admission slip away to some one who cannot afford to pay a shilling at the gate. Cards can be obtained on match day at the printing tent, Lord's, by kind permission of the M.C.C., and at the printing tent at the Oval, or by enclosing twelve stamps to the Secretary, Surrey Club, Kennington Oval, London, S.E.

We are requested to state that small donations towards the Hunt Servants' Annual Dinner on Thursday, June 2nd, will be received, not only by the Honorary Auditor and the Secretary, but also by Mr. Goodall, her Majesty's huntsman, who will attend the general meeting.

Captain Hayes, whose excellent work on the Horse we noticed a few months since, has lately published a guide to 'Riding on the Flat and Across Country,' which will add to his reputation as an eminently practical teacher, whose theories are the outcome of experience, learned not in the study, but on the road, in the hunting-field, and on the racecourse. The author speaks of what he knows, and tells us the experience gained in many lands. The merest beginner may learn from him, and the opening chapters on the proper holding of the reins, &c., may be studied with advantage even by those who are no longer tyros. Especially interesting and amusing is he when he touches on racing, and many an apt illustration does he give of what horses and their riders can and will do. A good space is devoted to the ladies; the way they should sit, and the way they should dress; and so authoritative is he on this point, and so deep an insight does he exhibit into mysteries of feminine costume, that we are sure he must have had some very exceptional facilities for their study. He goes into the saddle-room, too, and gives us many a wrinkle on what to do and avoid; and it is so evident that the writer is no mere theorist, but has learned and practised all he writes about, that we feel sure the work will be a great help, not only to beginners but to adults.

Mr. Byron Webber, who has already made his mark on the field of

literature, has just completed another work, 'In Luck's Way,' which promises to bring increased lustre to his reputation as a writer of sporting fiction. The way in which Mr. Webber handles his subject shows that he is perfectly master of the situation, and, in racing phraseology, he leaves the majority of ordinary sporting writers 'nowhere.' The opening chapters at once arrest our attention, and the interest in the story is sustained to the very last line. We do not wish to speak too disparagingly of what is supposed to constitute a first-class sporting novel, but as a rule we know that the attempt in this direction is too often a failure. In 'In Luck's Way,' however, the ingredients are so skilfully blended that the happiest result is achieved—a well-sustained and acceptable story. Without going into details of the plot, it is only necessary to say that there is a healthy tone about the whole of the book, and many of the characters are introduced with a fidelity that at once establishes a friendly acquaintance with the individual sketched. As an ardent admirer of natural scenery, Mr. Webber is equally successful, and his companionship is at all times lively and entertaining. He writes with ease and freshness, and in 'In Luck's Way' we venture to think he has arrived at the best composition that has yet proceeded from his pen.

It seems late in the day referring to what all London, from the ten shillings stalls to the one shilling gallery, is talking about and laughing at, that most charming of satires on one of the wretched follies of the day which is nightly filling the Opera Comique. Very clever is the libretto, and full of that genuine humour which, when Mr. Gilbert is at his best, makes him almost the equal of Artemus Ward and Bret Harte. 'Patience' has made us laugh more than once or twice in the representation, and, which is perhaps higher praise, made us laugh still more in our easy-chair. It is true that the 'new and original æsthetic opera' is, on the whole, very well acted—there is an *ensemble* among the artists engaged therein; the supers have been admirably drilled; the 'business' is well done. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. George Grossmith for his perfect representation of the 'fleshy poet,' and Mr. Rutland Barrington falls very little short in his picture of the 'idyllic' ditto. To the ladies too—to one especially—must praise be given for their conception of the author's meaning; and yet we wished—oh! so much—when we first saw it that we had not first read it. The fun that made us laugh so heartily in our chair did not evoke hilarity in our stall. Our readers will perhaps say that it was because we had anticipated our pleasure—eaten our cake, as it were, in imagination—but not so. We can assure them that we returned home to read 'Patience' by the midnight lamp and some John Jamieson, and laughed again consumedly at the fun sown broadcast through its pages. Why, then, did not the clever representation make us laugh even more? Because here and there something seemed wanting. The point either fell flat or was slurred over. Bits of humour here and there were lost portions of the dialogue were omitted. Even Mr. Grossmith once or thrice hardly came up to our expectations. There was one character, though, most admirably and consistently given throughout, and that was the Lady Jane of Miss Alice Barnett. Not a line entrusted to her was lost; not an allusion miscarried. It was in many ways an unpleasant part for the actress, but she did not flinch, and to the last was the irrepressible Lady Jane. Miss Leonora Braham made on the whole a very good heroine, but here and there she missed something, it appeared to us, and hardly entered into all the fun of the piece. One of the male characters out of which we conceive some laughter might have been extracted, that of the Duke of Dunstable, was singularly inane and dull by Mr. Lely. And yet, with all these shortcomings,

or what appeared so to us, the piece is most attractive. The music is worthy of the composer. The gems of the opera are the duet between Patience and Grosvenor, 'Prithee, pretty maiden,' and the exquisite sestet at the end of the first act, 'I hear the soft note of thy echoing voice,' &c.; the last we could never be tired of listening to. The fun, too, of the duet between Bunthorne and Grosvenor, which all London knows by heart by this time, 'Convince me if you can,' &c., is irresistible. We feel as we listen that we want to join in the chorus. Altogether 'Patience' is a thing to be seen—and read—more than once.

Into the war of Othellos we do not propose to enter. In the first place we have not seen them all, and perhaps we should not have anything very new and original to tell our readers if we had done so. Beyond having a preference for the Othello of Mr. Booth over that of Mr. Irving, there is really nothing that has not been told by other pens. We may, however, be allowed to express our admiration of Mr. Irving's Iago, by far the most striking of his Shakspearean portraits, and a very remarkable performance in every way. It is somewhat curious that our modern Othellos are made such chivalrous gentlemen, or rather there is an attempt so to make them. The Moor that Shakspeare drew was a semi-barbarian with one redeeming feature, that he was jealous of his honour; in other respects a most unscrupulous fellow, who would tell a lie and commit a murder with equal alacrity. Mr. Irving, however, makes him a most polished villain, and we hear that Mr. M'Cullough, the American tragedian, anxious that the modern Othello should not be made as black as Shakspeare painted him, omitted the scene where the Moor strikes Desdemona. Pity he could not have omitted the murder. There is such a mania for re-dressing Shakspeare that perhaps we shall see this done, or at least the rising generation may. It is worthy of remark, too, that while Mr. Irving seeks to refine Othello, he makes more hideous still some of the traits in Iago's character. The bitter cynicism, the thorough stony-heartedness of the villain, is accentuated in Mr. Irving's fine picture. He does not abate one tittle of Iago's malignity, though it is true he flings over the performance that taste of hideous comedy which we presume the author intended. Mr. Irving's Iago is a self-satisfied villain, proud of his handiwork, and the admirable by-play most effectually keeps this view of the character before us. If there is something disappointing in his Othello, there is nothing wanting in the Ancient. By the way, we are threatened with yet another Moor in Signor Salvini during the season. Sufficient, however, unto the day, &c.

'Butterfly Fever' at the Criterion is a new adaptation of an old friend, M. Sardou's 'La Papillonne.' Familiar to English as to French audiences, we doubt if the present version will take a very long hold on our affections, though Mr. Charles Wyndham plays the butterfly as only he can play it, flinging himself into the farcical humour and extravagance with the zest he always seems to command. The character of the roving spouse apt to fall in love with every fresh face is no new one in Mr. Wyndham's repertoire, nor in that of the Criterion, and the only fear is that it may be overdone. We cannot laugh at it as we did at 'The Pink Dominos,' or 'Where's the Cat,' and moreover we miss one or two of the familiar faces that two or three years ago made the Criterion company *nulli secundus* in its own particular line. Mr. Standing as a jealous colonel is however very good, and Miss Eastlake looks nearly as charming as she did in 'the Cat,' and that is saying a good deal.

Have we before now seen Mr. Toole in a dream, we mean in some fanciful

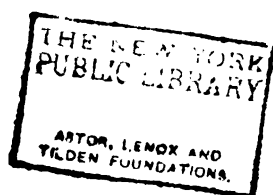
absurdity which turns out to be the offspring of indigestion? We rather think we have, though we cannot at this moment give it a name. But, however, there is an amusing bit of foolery now at the Folly entitled 'Welsh Rabbits,' the partaking of which delicacy for supper leads Mr. Toole into many surprising adventures in the land of dreams. If after eating toasted cheese for supper we could find ourselves among such charming, not to say lightly-clad young women as Mr. Cecil Streeter discovered in his enchanted isle, when he was washed out of a Margate bathing-machine, we would unhesitatingly 'plunge' on the unwholesome *plat*. Mr. Streeter's adventures are most extraordinary. He is treated in a somewhat eccentric fashion, and in return tries to indoctrinate the inhabitants of the island with notions of the world below, in which he is assisted by his Margate landlady, a virtuous bathing-woman much shocked at the scanty costumes of the ladies, and a surly boatman. The fun got out of all this may be imagined. Mr. Toole is of course the prime mover. The songs he sings, the dances he dances, and the things he does, particularly when he shows the fairies the chief attractions of Madame Tussaud's, may be imagined. There is continued laughter during the representation, and the piece, due to the inventive minds of Messrs. Reece and Summers, is sure to have a run.

We have before mentioned 'Marmion' at the Canterbury, but our first visit was a hurried one, so we paid another at a morning performance given there on the 21st of last month. We can only repeat what we have already said about it, that 'Marmion' is one of the prettiest spectacles of the kind we have seen for some time. The children, nearly 500 in number, are admirably drilled, and their drill-masters—non-commissioned officers and privates in the Guards—deserve all credit for the pains taken with them. The action never flags; the scenery is worthy of the Grievess' pencil; the costumes are exceedingly handsome, and, moreover, correct. Not a property is there out of place or date; not a banner or heraldic device that warranty might not be found for. Especially good is the scene at Holyrood, with the incidental ballets, the first of which, a minuet or gavo, to some very pretty music, was charming. The dresses of the ladies were well harmonised, and they reproduced the stately measure with much grace and fidelity. It was immeasurably the prettiest ballet of the piece, and yet, curiously enough, it failed to evoke the applause the others did. Was it a little too good? The sound of the bagpipes and the spectacle of a lot of good-looking and sufficiently shapely young women in kilt and philibeg aroused enthusiasm which was denied to the minuet. Perhaps the Westminster Bridge Road, which on that occasion filled the gallery, confounded the dance and the well-dressed maidens with something in the high art line, just now, thanks to Messrs. Gilbert and Byron, in extremely bad odour. There is in reality nothing of the so-called æsthetic school about it, and our readers had better go and judge for themselves. The whole spectacle is well worth a visit.

And there are other things at the Canterbury, or were there on that Saturday afternoon, agreeable both to eyes and ears. The clever gymnasts, together with Miss Alice Harvey, go through a series of performances rivalling the Girards and the Vokes; there is a troupe of bicyclists; there is a very clever tenor, and a *basso profundo* deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. A young lady, Miss Edith Vane, a soprano of a good quality, made her first appearance at the Canterbury on that occasion, and sang with taste and good execution; sang, too, like a lady, which, humbly be it said, is not always the case at music-halls. We hope to hear Miss Vane again. The

whole programme at the Canterbury is singularly attractive, and now that the warm weather is coming on, the comfort of this, the coolest music-hall in London, will surely be appreciated.

What with Magazine meets and the counterfeit presentment of them at Messrs. Dickenson's gallery in Bond Street, we ought by this time to be pretty well saturated with coaching, know every member of Four-in-Hand and C. C., be able to criticise the coachmen and point out the passengers, tell who drives blacks, who browns and greys, who are the sticklers for bearing-reins, who sits best on his box, who brings up his team in the most workmanlike manner. The Bond Street picture is one of the class which late years have made us so familiar with—a collection of portraits. Of course paintings of this class do not pretend to much art in their composition. The most that can be expected is that the grouping will be free from stiffness, and the likenesses as truthful as they can be made. And we think, on the whole, this has been effectually done by the various artists engaged on the Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Magazine. The canvas, of large dimensions, is crowded but not confused. The coaches are skilfully grouped, the horses are very well drawn, and the likenesses, a few exceptions to the contrary, are good. It is a representative meet, very similar to the one that actually took place on the 25th of last month. Every one is there, from Prince and Princess, to the swells big and little, whom one sees at the Magazine on these occasions. The portraits are not confined, of course, to members of the club alone. The coaches are, most of them, loaded with well-known figures of sporting men and sporting women, and the companion club, 'the buff and blue,' has contributed a considerable quota of the wearers of that uniform. The Duke of Beaufort, with H.R.H. by his side, is in the centre of the picture as a matter of course. Lord Carington sits solitary on his box at one end of the canvas; a not too good likeness of Mrs. Cornwallis West (the beauty, women *must* be brought in of course) is the last portrait on the other. On the walk in the foreground of the picture, and on the coaches at the back, the spectator will have little difficulty in spotting many a face as familiar to Londoners as household words. To select the happiest portraits is easy. Lord Rosslyn, Sir Henry de Bathe, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Henry Tufton, Lord Macclesfield, Mr. Arthur Summer, Mr. George Lane Fox, Mr. Villebois, Lord Fife, Lord Londesborough, Lord Arthur Somerset, are among those recognised on the instant. There are doubtless others equally good, but we are writing from memory. There are one or two glaring failures which we should think might be remedied, as the picture is not yet in a finished state. It is to be engraved by the autotype process, and will form, like others of its class, a valuable record for our grandchildren, that is, if our grandchildren care about coaching. Perhaps the Dickenson of that day will exhibit the meet of the aristocratic bicycle club of the period.





Edward Frewen.

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1. *Staphylococcus aureus*

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the United States are the people who are interested in the history of the United States.

1961

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

Here is a list of the

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U.S. JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT

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"Old Joe" . . . . .

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over a distance of 100

to Page 1, line 10, add:

of the *Journal of the American Statistical Association*.

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1. The first group of people are those who are not yet 18 years old.

"... always with me."

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1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the United States are the people who are interested in the history of the United States.

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1. The first part of the report, "Introduction", discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also provides a brief overview of the methodology used in the study.

... .. Mr.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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Exning, once the property of A

as a sire Cavalero, a Cam

XVII.—NO. 257.

crosses with Exning, once the property of Admiral Rous, and has now at Brickwell as a sire Cavaliero, a Cambuscan horse, with which



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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. EDWARD FREWEN.

THE descendant of an old Sussex family planted in the county since the middle of the fifteenth century, the subject of our present sketch is a worthy specimen of that untitled nobility who, living among their own people and transmitting from father to son the tastes and pursuits of country life, have stamped such an indelible mark on our national character.

Mr. Edward Frewen was born in 1850, and after some years of private tuition was entered at Cambridge as a Fellow Commoner of St. John's. His own master at an early age (his father died in 1870) he settled down on the completion of his University career at Brickwell, the old family property in Sussex, and in 1872 started a pack of stag-hounds, and showed much good sport over the country lying within easy distance of Hastings and St. Leonards. Mr. C. Eger-ton resigning the East Sussex Hounds in 1875 to go to the Rufford, Mr. Frewen succeeded him in the mastership, and has hunted them ever since. He is his own huntsman, in a rather difficult country, with a good deal of plough and every sort of obstacle; but Mr. Frewen is very keen, and is always where a huntsman should be—with his hounds. His pack is a twice-a-week one, and the subscription small, but he has shown very good sport, on the whole, since his mastership, and any chance of his retirement from office would cause much regret throughout the country. He has an excellent kennel huntsman in George Morgan, and if the East Sussex does not show as big a 'bag' as other packs, one thing is certain, that each dead fox means a good run. There is very little 'chopping' in that country.

Mr. Frewen does a little on the turf, and has been fairly successful in hunters' races, which have been his specialty. He won many races with Exning, once the property of Admiral Ross, and has now at Brickwell as a sire Cavaliero, a Cambuscan horse, with which

he was very successful when in training. Forty-four hunters' races within the space of a few years, and with ten horses, is not a bad record.

Last year Mr. Frewen went through the States to the Rocky Mountains, where two younger brothers of his have made a large venture in cattle, in which he also joined. The big game of that country, from the great elks to the wild mountain sheep (the latter difficult to get at) found him ample amusement and occupation, and it was only the duties of 'cubbing' that called him rather reluctantly home. Mr. Frewen is in the East Kent Yeomanry—a very well-mounted and soldier-like corps, and in which he takes much pride and interest. A magistrate for Sussex, Kent, and Rutland, in which latter county he is the possessor of considerable property that has been in his family for nearly three hundred years; he is also a D.L. for Sussex. He married a few years since the third daughter of the late Captain Byng, of Querndon Hall, Essex, and has a young family.

Exceedingly popular in society, as well as in the hunting field—the most genial and pleasant of companions, whether tramping after the big game, or across the dinner-table, or in the smoking-room, he possesses also the more sterling qualities of head and heart which stand a man in good stead in the necessary business of life. We trust the East Sussex may long have its present master.

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## TROUT-BREEDING IN SCOTLAND.

BY A SCOTTISH ICHTHYOLOGIST.

DEAR BAILY.—On behalf of such of your readers as take an interest in the pleasant pastime of angling, I made recently a very careful inspection of the celebrated trout ponds constructed at Sauchie, near Stirling, N.B. (and known as 'the Howietoun Fishery'), by Sir James Gibson Maitland, Bart., and I now venture to propose that you should publish the following notes descriptive of what I saw and learned in the July number of your magazine. In the belief that you will do so, let me say first, that I can only give a very bald account of Sir James's venture, because a minute description, instead of occupying the half-dozen pages of your periodical to which I propose to confine myself, would undoubtedly take up the better part of a number. Having so premised, I shall now, with your permission, say 'Right away!' to the extent which I think will interest your readers.

I need not tell you that we Scotsmen have long known a good deal about what the French call *pisciculture*. It is in Scotland that some of the most interesting experiments in salmon breeding have been successfully carried out. Whilst the French were exulting over fish culture as a means of making money by adding largely

to the food supplies of their country—a most practical idea, at which I, for one, am not in the least inclined to sneer—we Scots were endeavouring at the same period by the same means to solve an intricate question in ichthyology, and we succeeded in doing so, at least one of our number made a discovery in connection with the life and growth of the salmon which has had a really good influence on the economy of these valuable fisheries, and has likewise laid a logical foundation for much of the legislation which has been so effectual for the protection of the salmon. I am alluding in this matter to the labours of Mr. John Shaw, of Drumlanrig, who, after several interesting trials and after contending with many difficulties and overcoming much opposition, succeeded in proving that the fish known in Scotland as the *par* and in England as the *samlet* was not, as had been asserted by many naturalists, a distinct fish breeding on its own account, or, as was surmised by Sir Humphry Davy, a ‘hybrid,’ but the young of the salmon.

I have no intention of going over the story of the gamekeeper’s labours—Shaw was head keeper to the Duke of Buccleuch—at length, but the following very brief *résumé* of the work accomplished at rumlanrig will serve in some degree to lead up to the subject now in hand—the Howietoun fish-ponds and breeding-houses. As a matter of fact Shaw was at work among the fish before the Frenchmen to whom have been awarded the honours due to the re-discovery of pisciculture. The ‘*par* question’ had even, so early as the days of Shaw—let us say fifty years ago—become a burning one, all over the borders of Scotland, where it attracted, among others, the attention of Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson (‘Christopher North’), Scrope, the author of the then celebrated work on deerstalking, Sir Humphry Davy, the author of ‘Salmonia,’ and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, as also, Shaw’s noble master, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. The way in which Shaw proceeded to prove his contention that *par* were in reality salmon in an early stage of growth was somewhat primitive and in the eyes of scientific inquirers very ‘inexact.’ He gathered the eggs of the salmon from the spawning beds and kept them in a protected place till they became first of all *par*, then were changed into *smolts*, which then as now were acknowledged to be the young of *Salmo salar*. Shaw thought his process could not be challenged; to his simple mind what he had done effectually settled the question, but his achievement was simply laughed at by ‘the scientific.’ ‘My good man,’ said one of the learned, ‘you have only proved what we all know and have long known, that salmon produce salmon. You have simply collected the eggs of the salmon and they have in due time grown into like fish; any person could do that.’

It was in vain to point out to those who were determined not to be convinced that the eggs had first of all become *par*, and that the *par* had changed to salmon smolts; it was still maintained that nothing of moment had been proved; and Shaw’s blood getting up, he at once determined on a series of operations which would effec-

tually shut up the mouths of 'the scientific.' To prevent all cavilling, he caught male and female salmon about to spawn, and despoiling the latter of their eggs, which he impregnated with the milt of the male fish, he had the satisfaction of seeing the eggs in due time come to life, and of witnessing the growth of the fish in all their various stages and metamorphoses, and by the means he adopted was able to prove beyond all question that the *par* was the young of the salmon, and that in the fulness of time it changed into a smolt, became next a grilse, and finally *Salmo salar* in all its beauty. Shaw had conducted his experiments, of which these few lines give only the barest idea, with so much care that no objection could possibly be offered to them; he had proved to demonstration that *par* were young salmon, and by the means adopted had re-discovered the lost art of 'pisciculture.'

Strange to say, however, the old leaven of doubt was difficult to efface. Every now and then there has broken out in Scotland a renewal of the *par* controversy, and that in the very face of all which has been done and proved at the Stormontfield salmon nursery near Perth, where, for more than a quarter of a century, pisciculture in the form of salmon breeding has been most successfully carried on. At the Stormontfield breeding ponds the plan adopted is rather a rude one when compared with that of Sir James Gibson Maitland at Howietoun. The boxes which contain the impregnated eggs at Stormontfield are open and therefore exposed to all the varied atmospheric influences of the season, to the frosts and snows of the winter time as well as the genial rains of the spring season. The consequence is that the eggs take a longer time to hatch (from one hundred to one hundred and thirty days usually) than if they were sheltered entirely from atmospheric influences and kept as nearly as possible in a uniform temperature. At Stormontfield, too, it is asserted that a larger number of the eggs fail to hatch than would be the case if the breeding-boxes were all placed under cover, which is the system adopted by Sir James Gibson Maitland at the Howietoun fishery. The fish hatched at Stormontfield are all kept till they arrive at the migration stage of their lives, that is till they have assumed the scales and become smolts, which in the case of one-half of any particular brood occurs at the end of a little over twelve months from the date of birth, and in the case of the second moiety at the expiry of two years from the period of being hatched, and in some instances, not till after three seasons have elapsed. So many of the young fish fall a prey to the hordes of enemies that live upon them, that some pisciculturists think it advisable that the fry should be kept and fed till they are pretty well able to care for and protect themselves, and in particular to seek their own food; the time, therefore, at which the young salmon change from *par* to smolts and develop an instinct for migration to the sea, is the time which has been hit upon by the authorities at Stormontfield to allow the fish to leave the ponds. The laird of Sauchie, I believe, will carry on his operations in a different fashion, as Sir James advocates the transfer-

ence of the fish to the river as soon as they have become freed from the incumbrance of their umbilical sac, which will be within three weeks or so from the date of birth. As will, however, be explained, Sir James is not working for any particular river but for all whom it may concern; in fact he 'deals' in the young stock and sells to whoever will buy; whilst the ponds at Stormonthfield are an appanage of the river Tay, constructed at the expense of the salmon fishery owners of that stream, who submit to an annual assessment in order to provide the necessary sum for expenses. From first to last it has been calculated that about ten millions of well-grown smolts have been added to the salmon stock of the Tay; and, if these figures are not fallacious, the expenditure ought by this time to be pretty well recouped to the river proprietary.

The 'Howietoun fish ponds' are situated on Sir James Gibson Maitland's estate of Sauchie, near, that is, about four miles from Stirling railway station. The best mode of reaching the ponds is to engage a cab at the terminus and tell the driver to take you out to the place, which will occupy a little over half an hour, whilst it will require a couple of hours at least to examine 'the fishery.'

I would almost require an engraved plan or series of diagrams to aid me in describing what Sir James has accomplished; but, without being too technical, this is what one sees on arrival at Howietoun: first of all, two or three series of ponds or stretches of water, which after being looked at for some time present certain appearances of 'design,' not at all unlike what may be seen in the grounds surrounding the piscicultural laboratory at Hunningue, near Basle on the Rhine. There are six small ponds which are devoted to the reception of newly-hatched-out fry, conveyed from the hatching-houses in specially constructed iron chests; another pond is devoted to the common burn trout; two ponds have been allotted to American trout and some experimental 'hybrids,' between salmon and various members of the trout family—burn trout, sea trout, yellow trout, &c. Next we have a suite of ponds devoted to 'springlings' (young salmon a little over one year old), which are usually in fine condition for transport to other waters. These ponds vary in size, the first series of six being only a few yards in length and a few feet in breadth. The dwelling-place of the American trout and 'hybrids' is about ninety feet in length by about forty in breadth, containing some sixteen feet of water. The three largest ponds will measure three hundred feet in length, and there is a fourth sheet of water having in the centre an ornamental observatory, which, although different in shape, will contain quite as great a surface of water.

At the time of my visit all these receptacles were full of an active finny population of different ages and many sizes, from tiny, timid, newly-hatched fish, to comparative monsters of the deep, six or eight pounds in weight, and from one to five years of age, all of them with keen appetites and a most intelligent knowledge of feeding time, most of them being agape and expectant at the hours when food is usually distributed. I believe it is no great secret that the chief

item of the piscine commissariat at Howietoun is horse-flesh ; at all events, some three horses a week are killed by the attendants and duly devoured by the denizens of the various ponds ; only healthy animals are received for this purpose, and before being despatched by means of the poleaxe, they are allowed for a period of three weeks or a month to roam over the juicy grasses of some of Sir James's fields. Other food stuffs are also in use, particularly clams, which are brought to the ponds in enormous quantities from the fishing port of Newhaven, near Edinburgh ; snails are likewise in request, and a particular snail which is found at Loch Leven has been acclimatised at Sauchie, and will in future years play a prominent part in the feeding department, as the fish eat that particular snail with great avidity, and thrive and grow fat upon it apace. As one of the labourers at Sauchie says, 'the meat for the fish is a great *'eaten* in the expense,' and the feeding arrangements of all kinds at the fishery seem to have been carefully devised, and have, of course, to be very systematically carried out.

Interesting as is a study of the ponds, and beautiful as is the sight of three or four thousands of lively, active fish of all ages disporting in the waters, in my opinion the hatching processes are of still greater account. As in most other industries of a peculiar kind, it is what is not seen at a glance that is most interesting ; there are a hundred-and-one little things and circumstances at Howietoun which are passed unseen or not inquired about by the casual visitor, and yet it is just these things and circumstances which have *made* the fishery a success. There are, for instance, the hatching-houses which produce the fish ; what about them ? They are the very head and front of the whole affair ; the foundation, in fact, of the fishery. So far Sir James has been working in what, for want of a better phrase, may be called 'temporary laboratories,' fit-ups, in short. Still, in these places the honourable Baronet has hitherto been enabled to accomplish a vast amount of hatching ; with his two houses in full go, Sir James may be given credit for a hatching power of a million eggs per annum, two crops being matured in each house. The original hatching-house at Sauchie used to turn out 250,000 fish each year, principally trout ; but at Howietoun, as all anglers will be pleased to learn, business is conducted on a more gigantic scale.

As has been already indicated, Sir James Gibson Maitland is in favour of hatching under protection—the eggs being carefully deposited by hand on glass bars and covered over with a wooden lid ; by this mode of working the mortality during the period of incubation is reduced to a minimum, not more than about fifty eggs in ten thousand 'going to the bad.' It is this fact which confers such value on the piscicultural system. In natural hatching in the streams and lakes the waste of eggs is prodigious ; thousands, indeed, never receive a supply of the fecundating milt, while other thousands are eaten by various animals, which find them a toothsome morsel, and numerous wild birds in particular prey upon them with avidity.

It is wonderful to note the regularity with which the eggs progress in the hatching-boxes at Howietoun, but the great care bestowed on all the processes ensures wonderful success, there being no great changes of temperature to contend against, and the purity of the water used being ensured by various sanitary contrivances of the proprietor's own invention. Sir James, it must be stated, has been throughout his own engineer, and his inventive powers and fertility of resource have everywhere been called into requisition. I need scarcely explain, I daresay, that the fertilisation of the different eggs is accomplished by means of water which is kept perpetually on the flow, and which, to ensure success, must be thoroughly free from every kind of impurity; and, moreover, it is absolutely necessary that the temperature of the water should not vary more than 5° Fahr. during the period occupied in hatching. Sir James has been fortunate in his water supply, the variation of temperature seldom reaching two degrees. Any stoppage in the flow would be dangerous to the ova; in the event, for instance, of a cessation of the water supply for a period of five hours at certain stages of the process of incubation, that stoppage would undoubtedly prove fatal to nine-tenths of the stock affected.

In the Howietoun hatching-house during my visit in the egg season, I saw three rows of five boxes, each of which was large enough to contain ten thousand ova, which will afford a slight idea of the scale on which hatching operations are carried on at this interesting place. But, not satisfied with his present means of production, the proprietor is at present 'going in' for a fish manufactory on a very much larger scale, a building being now in course of erection (I daresay at this date—middle of June—it will be finished) which will be the biggest thing of the kind in existence, not excepting Huningue, if the Germans have not enlarged that place since it fell into their hands. In short, Sir James, who has more expanded ideas about fishery matters than any man I know, has designed a fish hatchery capable of bringing out one million eggs twice in each season! Another of the plans of the laird of Sauchie is, to throw into the Firth of Forth during the next two or three years a million of young salmon per annum, of a size able to seek their own food; from such intentions it will be seen that there is now living in Scotland at least one man who has faith in the power of pisciculture, that man being Sir James Gibson Maitland, who, by the way, contributed a capital essay on the Salmon Disease to the Norwich Fisheries Exhibition, which I understood was to be printed, but which I have not yet seen in the form of book or pamphlet.

I do not think I can say much more about the Howietoun fishery. As has been already indicated it is not worked in connection with any river, nor is it confined to one particular fish, although it is the fact that the *specialité* during these first years has been the breeding of Loch Leven trout, an operation which has been attended with a very large degree of success. The Howietoun fishery is an esta-



blishment founded for the supply of fecundated fish eggs, eyed ova, and young fish of various ages and sizes, to all who are in want of them. Its utility in rendering aid to those who desire to stock newly-constructed ponds, or who wish to repopulate exhausted waters cannot be gainsaid; and at the present time when gentlemen have to let their fishing waters along with their moors and forests, and a good stock of salmon and trout is made a *sine quâ non* by tenants in all such bargains, a 'deal' with the manager of the Howietown concern affords a ready means of keeping up supplies so as to prevent that incessant grumbling which is so apt to take place when trout and salmon are not plentiful as had been expected. Angling societies renting a stretch of water will also possess a ready means of throwing in an occasional supply of young fish, and of improving present stocks by crossing with good strong strangers from the county of Stirling. There is no difficulty in transporting either eggs or fry, the conveyance of both being quite practicable, as will be seen from the following extract from the Howietown fishery circular: 'The difficulty of conveying trout depends principally on the number of hours occupied on the journey. Intending purchasers are requested to state their nearest railway station, and the exact distance from it to their water. From the experience of previous years it has been found that although there is no difficulty in carrying trout in iced water for any journey not exceeding twenty hours, unless the water which is to be stocked is of a similar temperature, some loss will arise from inflammation of the gills. Trout will, therefore, only be forwarded in cold weather. The fish are sent by express passenger trains in tanks of two sizes—40 gallons, weighing between 5 cwt. and 6 cwt., and 18 gallons, weighing about 1½ cwt. It is particularly requested that a lorry or other suitable cart be sent to meet the fish on arrival.' These hints are of exceeding value, and will prove of use, perhaps, to some of the readers of 'Baily' who may be desirous of extending their angling resources.

As to the £ s. d. of the fishery contrived with so much cunning by Sir James, I was not so rude as to ask him how it *paid*, but that gentleman stated incidentally that he had expended upon it about 12,000*l.*, which will require some getting back; the annual interest upon that sum will amount, at the rate of 5 per cent., to 600*l.* per annum, whilst the expenditure in wages and miscellaneous expenses will, in all probability, exceed that sum by a hundred or two; the food alone must cost 'a deal of siller.' Yet the prices of produce have been fixed at a moderate tariff; the eggs of the Loch Leven trout (the finest trout in the world) can be supplied at fifty shillings per quart, or eyed ova of the same fish may be obtained at the rate of one pound for a thousand; young salmon (*Salmo salar*) cost only three pounds per thousand fish, whilst American brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) cost just double that sum. I must now take leave of Howietown; it is the most interesting place of the kind which I have yet had the good fortune to inspect. And that 'fish culture'

as a business may prove a great success both at Sir James Maitland's place and all other establishments of the kind is my sincere wish, and will, I feel certain, be that of all true brothers of the angle who desire to continue and promote their delightful pastime.

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## A WORD IN SEASON.

'THOSE who in quarrels interpose  
Will often get a bloody nose.'

sang Butler in his immortal 'Hudibras.' You and I, Mr. Baily, should look ridiculous appearing in public with a bloody nose or a 'mouse' over our right or left eye, and you and I are wise enough now, I hope, to leave others' quarrels alone; but it is no sin to say a word in season to good men gone wrong, whose line of action, if continued in, may alienate the affection and sever the tie between the supporters of our noblest and most popular English sport, which is common to the peer and the peasant, and their retainers in public sports.

A cloud, the size of a man's hand, has appeared in the cricketing horizon, which requires careful watching. We are quite easy (if the parties are reasonable) about the difficulty being equitably settled by the highest and only real authority in the world, the Marylebone Club, who have for nearly a century given laws to the cricketers of England and the Colonies, should they be appealed to. A small section of players have issued a kind of manifesto, the purport of which is a *quasi* dictation to a county cricketing tribunal as to how county elevens shall be formed—in fact, the players have attempted to change places with the Committee.

It may be as well very briefly to recall the relative positions of gentlemen and players as they were forty years ago, and now. With the exception of the Marylebone Club a staff of players then had no existence as a body. In cricketing counties there were a few experts who followed their trades, or were attached to noblemen's and gentlemen's estates, and played occasional matches in their county, and occasionally for their county, and the best of them were brought to London for grand matches. Travelling elevens were unknown until Clarke's first venture in 1845-6, and professionals at schools, universities, and local clubs as an institution were never dreamt of. But in these days county contests have multiplied to such an extent that it has become necessary to retain a staff of players, and to have standing committees, and in many instances salaried officers, to conduct the enormous amount of business which has to be done. These committees are composed of noblemen and gentlemen, who spare themselves no amount of time and trouble, and often expend a good deal of money for the honour of the county. They neither expect pay nor reward; they do not profess to be infallible, and they are

elected by subscribers, nine-tenths of whom take no part in the game, and get nothing for their subscription but a seat in a tent or pavilion on match days. When a player is in difficulties, or takes a benefit, the majority of the members of the clubs all do something, and as many hands make light work, the result to the players is highly lucrative. An old player when past work who retires into private life, carries with him the good wishes and respect of hundreds of people of all classes, and if he goes into business or keeps an Inn (which many do), the public do not forget to do him a good turn if they can. When in active service the player is utterly independent of all risk of failure by accidents of bad weather, counter-attractions, or otherwise, and no matter if it rains for three consecutive days, and the stumps are never pitched, every player is paid just the same, and the club bears the loss. As things now are, young fellows in out-of-the-way parishes, and on village-greens, suddenly find themselves brought into notice, and if they are civil and respectable are put in a position which enables them to get a good living. All these things are done by amateurs who are fond of the game and support it, and the history of the game is, and always has been, that the success of counties wholly depends on the influence and support of a few gentlemen of wealth and position, who devote themselves wholly to development of cricket, and inoculate hundreds of others with a patriotic desire to back up the county and to furnish the means.

Let us hope that the temporary cloud will pass away, and no attempt will be made by the body of professional cricketers to raise any question which will disturb the hitherto satisfactory relationship between the patrons of the game and themselves. Cricket is only a game, and if it once becomes tainted with any bitterness of party spirit, public cricket as it now exists will be public cricket no more, and will drift into gate-money speculations, and we know what that means.

It would be by no means an unmixed evil if the gentlemen were driven back on their own resources a little more for bowling and wicket-keeping, and the hard and responsible part of the game. They can make good cricket enough if they are forced into it. It is only a question of time and practice. Mr. Herbert Jenner, Mr. W. Nicholson, Mr. Anson, Mr. William Ridding, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, were, and the latter is, quite up to the standard of any professional player as regards wicket-keeping. To mention a few, Sir Frederick Bathurst, the late Mr. A. Mynn, Mr. Harvey Fellows, Mr. George Yonge, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Gilbert Grace, and Mr. Steele were, and the latter four are, as deadly bowlers as most of the players have produced; and as to the batting the number of brilliant men is legion. To tell the truth, the keeping on the same players for years is not by any means essential to the enjoyment of the sport, and the sport would be benefited occasionally by dropping out men who are past their prime, but who are retained for 'auld lang syne.'

The university oarsmen are trained by ex-members of their own body, and their rowing will flourish if professional oarsmen disappear, and there is quite sufficient talent amongst existing amateur cricketers to train up worthy successors for their counties.

When steam became a fact and the Ring fell into the hands of sporting publicans, who made prize-fighting an excuse for getting a large profit by excursion trains and steamboats, noblemen and gentlemen turned their backs on it. Yet, now that the Ring is dead, boxing is kept up to an enormous extent, and there are many amateurs now who would give a good account of themselves 'without the mittens' in a twenty-four foot ring. Racing, to a great extent, is, or is supposed to be, influenced by bookmakers and unscrupulous owners, who scratch a horse as soon or as readily as they will eat their dinner, and has ceased to become the proud national sport it once was. Excursion trains bring the scum of London by thousands to race-courses, and the few real supporters and patrons are lost in the crowd. I watched the Derby crowd returning from a garden within half a mile of the 'Cock,' at Sutton, this year for two hours, and with the exception of private four-in-hands, I did not see six private carriages.

Therefore let us, in love and not in anger, say a word to the professional cricketers: 'The great supporters of the game don't want you to bow or cringe to them, and are anxious that you should share with them the glories and pleasures of the sport. If you had a complaint that the gentlemen only wanted the "white kid glove" part of the game, and left you the drudgery, they shirking the post of difficulty or danger, and claiming the credit, and that complaint was founded on fact, the public would support your cause, but the fact being precisely the reverse, rest and be thankful, and don't risk a rupture which can do you no good. And remember that gate-money matches only exist now owing to the expense of paying the players, and that clubs who own cricket grounds but for the expense of public matches could close their gates to-morrow, if need be, and play private matches only.' In a few years county elevens of amateurs would create quite as much excitement as matches of to-day. It is only a question of trouble and training. But for the plethora of cricket occasioned by the Australian visit of 1878, the Cambridge Eleven of that year would have played and probably have beaten All England. This *émulate*, or whatever we may call it, must be settled or stamped out at once and for ever, if the old relationship between gentlemen and players is to continue. Utter and entire confidence must exist between every member of an eleven to make the game worth the candle. I am one of those who protest as earnestly as any one against the Tom, Dick, and Harry familiarity and pothouse friendship with players, but it is a happy reminiscence of my life that I have known and still know a large number of the best players of all counties, and I have a great respect for the straightforward men, many of whom I have known as boys on village-greens. And by no

means the least pleasant reminiscence of them is that many of those in trouble of any kind have come to me and told the whole truth straight out, and I have been the means more than once of standing between a committee who have justly been very angry, and a player who has done very wrong and forgotten himself, owing to provocation which was aggravating in the extreme (and of which the Committee know nothing), and which would have justified an appeal by the player against his captain. In one case an ardent cricketer and excellent fellow who was on the Committee told me, on the quiet, when a gross case of bad language and insubordination was before them, 'I think the poor fellow is in the right as regards facts, and every word he said to that infernal snob Blank (who was captain) is true, but his language was so strong, and the insubordination so glaring, that we can't entertain the question even until next season, unless Blank, as he ought to do, demands an enquiry.' Blank was well advised and appeared no more, and escaped the inevitable cold-shoulder which was awaiting him, and the culprit made an apology to the *Club*, and things became as they were. I have known as many as a dozen players at the end of the season when their engagements were over, come, out of goodwill, at their own expense, and without fee or reward, and play their very best cricket on a village-green, and join the wind-up dinner in the evening, which many of the best gentlemen of the neighbourhood made a point of attending, and I never know any gentleman or player sacrifice his self-respect by one of those annual social gatherings, at which songs were sung which ladies might have listened to, and which were utterly devoid of the sly innuendoes, shafts with poisoned tips, and *without* Attic salt, which have crept into modern fast so-called ladies' society. Honest men never forget those who first taught them the A B C of cricket, or how to sit tight on the pony when he trotted or cantered, or initiated them into the mysteries of accomplishing the fall of a sparrow with an old flint gun, loaded with a pipe of powder and a pipe and a half of shot, or catching their first fish; so if a change comes over the spirit of the dream (and our pleasures exist in dreams of the past) and the cricket world is turned upside down, and there comes a trial of strength between Gentlemen and Players, which heaven forbid, the old-fashioned fogeys, whose hearts, although in the past, are large enough to do everything in their power to encourage the game, and to help to find the sinews of war for carrying it on, will be content to hang up their harps on the *Willow* tree, and sit quietly down on the ruins of the sport, as regards public cricket with professional players. The young England of to-day, too many of whom are already far too partial to garden-party cricket, and colossal scores off weakly amateur bowling, will never carry out real county cricket without the fogeys, who insist on the rigour of the game and hard training, at their back.

## SUMMER MEETS.

Two pleasant meets were enjoyed by hunting men during June. At Lord's, on the 4th, when the Huntsmen and Jockeys played their second annual cricket match, and at Peterborough, on the 22nd, where sportsmen gathered from all parts to see the fourth show of hounds held there. Those who can play the game all round—hunting through the season, then off racing, yachting, cricketing every day, or driving a coach—do not so much appreciate these gatherings; but others not so fortunate have, perhaps, neither time nor means for more than one sport, and there are others besides, and we are not ashamed to own that we care for nothing but hunting. We think of nothing else, care to talk of nothing else, and dream mostly about it when asleep. We, then, who live only for the best of all sports, weary through the dull summer months, so look on these meets which bring us all together as a traveller who finds an oasis or green spot in the midst of a desert. Having rested and refreshed, he plods calmly on his way more hopefully to reach his destination, while we who have not only enjoyed pleasant days, but knowing that these meetings have done practical good to sport in many ways, look forward happily to the season when men, hounds, and horses will be at work again.

The claims which the two societies, Hunt Servants and Bentinck Benevolent, have upon followers of hounds and lovers of racing have been so often advocated and are so well recognised by all true sportsmen, it need only be mentioned here that the proceeds of the match at Lord's is divided between the two; and thanks to the M.C.C., who again generously placed their ground free of charge at the disposal of the two captains, Frank Beers and Mr. Macgeorge, while subscriptions to defray extra expenses were collected by the Hon. E. A. Pelham and Frank Goodall, huntsman to Her Majesty's stag-hounds, a goodly sum should be gained, as the spectators numbered between two and three thousand.

The Saturday after the Derby was a glorious summer's day. In the Pavilion were congregated many M.F.H. and huntsmen as spectators, besides faces well known across country and between the flags, and several ladies also, with many others who may be better known on cricket grounds, come to see what to them must be amateur cricket, but there was good cricket to be seen, and some of the players were as good at the wicket as on horseback.

The Jockeys won the toss and went in first. R. I'Anson, who is well known as a cricketer, made 17 before being bowled by A. Summers, of the Hursley, whose bowling as well as batting told well. J. Bailey, of the Essex, also bowled well. T. Jennings, jun., made 15, Mr. Macgeorge hit to leg for 6, and was run out with a score of 7. All out for 57. The Huntsmen made 105, of which A. Summers made 49, J. Bailey 16, R. Summers 15, and G. Summers 9, thus winning by the first innings, as there was not time

to finish the game. In their second innings the Jockeys played well, making 175 for five wickets, when the stumps were drawn at seven o'clock. As one of the best judges of the game said, it was good old-fashioned cricket all round, and there was plenty of quiet fun and chaff amongst the spectators, so we had an enjoyable day and met our friends, many of whom had stopped in town after the exciting week's racing. It is to be hoped that the match will be played yearly, and that for so desirable an object good sums may be forthcoming in future.

What sportsman would miss Peterborough show of hounds and horses? When first the great Hound Show was moved from York, which was rather too distant, three years ago, every one predicted a success which has been fulfilled, for the same faces seen round the ring that year have been seen since with increasing numbers; and this year the attendance was the largest yet seen, in spite of the regretted absence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, as President, would have been there as in former years had he not been detained in London.

The Peterborough and Northamptonshire shows having amalgamated this year, extended over three days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The great meet for hunting men was Wednesday, 22nd, but there was what may be called a bye-day with hounds on Tuesday, when drafts from the Fitzwilliam and Blankney packs were sold by Messrs. Tattersall in the ring where the Hound Show is held. Here by twelve o'clock many masters of hounds and huntsmen congregated, amongst them the Lords Worcester, Zetland, Macclesfield, Willoughby de Broke, Rocksavage, and Burghersh; Hon. Ralph Neville; Messrs. Arkwright, Carnegie, G. Lane Fox, Harvey Bayley, Forbes, Baird, Russell, Rigden, Tabor, Lant, McNaughton, Jarvis, Mansel-Richardson; Ramsley, and of huntsmen, Charles Payne, Hill, Clayden, Worrall, Maiden, Gillard, Frank Beers, Neal, Atkinson, Scott, and of course Wilton, of Notting Dale, for no hound sale would be complete without him.

George Carter first showed his hounds in lots in the ring, then Dawkins brought out the Blankney, and it might be truly said, 'What a pack they must each have, to be able to spare such hounds as these!' At two o'clock Mr. Pain, after a short speech, began with Lot 1 of the Fitzwilliam—Cruiser, 7 years, knocked down, after slow bidding, to Mr. Rigden, for 10 gs.; Spanker, 7 years, that took two first prizes here in 1879, made only 8 gs.; Monarch and Struggler fetched 15 gs. each. Mr. Russell, of Dundas Castle, who has taken the Linlithgo and Stirlingshire, with Atkinson from the Kildare as his huntsman, bought the next lot, Storm King, Sepoy, and Royalty, for 41 gs.; also Reference and Runnymede for 26 gs.; Sally and Sinful, 21 gs., thus securing a lot of hounds to improve his pack that will gladden the eyes of his countrymen. Twenty couples sold averaged 20 gs. a couple, which may be considered satisfactory as times go.

The Blankney were a good lot, but did not fetch so high an

average. Charles Maiden secured the pick of the ladies. Two couples, 52 guineas, for Mr. McKenzie, of the Old Berkeley West. Captain Carnegie had a bargain, two couple dog-hounds, 36 guineas; and those who bought the rest of the seventeen couples must be satisfied, for the whole draft only averaged 13 guineas a couple. Most of the company then returned to the show-ground to look at the hunters and watch the jumping competitions. It is the fashion with most sporting writers to run down these 'circus performances,' as they call them, and if scribbling could have done it they would have crushed them long ago; but those who have the management of shows know best what draws people together, so jumping competitions become more and more popular, and when well managed in a large show-ring, giving plenty of room, as they have here, with fair hunting fences, it is not only amusing but interesting to watch the fun, and any one wanting to buy a horse can do so after seeing his performance. Lord Coventry, Colonel Lutterell, and Mr. Muntz had a busy day judging and trying horses, and were now deciding the merits of the fencers. A bold five-year-old chestnut, belonging to Mr. John Clark, of Stamford, well-ridden, took first prize, and was bought by a noble M.F.H. at once; Dr. Waller's grey Canteen taking second; while others jumped well, and there was plenty of sport for spectators till dinner-time.

On Wednesday morning the townsfolk and visitors were early astir. Huntsmen and whips from a distance, who had brought their hounds over-night, were busy with them, or having put that last finishing touch before taking them to the show, were grouped together chatting and chaffing, while others kept arriving by van or rail. Scarlet, the best of all colours, gladdened the hearts of those spectators gathered round the show-ground doors watching the arrivals, reminding of happy days; while, as the air was fresh and cool and rain falling, it seemed as if hunting were really the object of this meet. When George Carter and his whips trotted up on their hacks, with fourteen couples of hounds, it looked so like hunting that one felt that thrill all sportsmen know so well, which the first sight of hounds always causes when waiting at the meet. The Hound Show has been described before, so it need only be said that the same excellent arrangements which have made it what it is were carried out this year. The same committee—Messrs. John Core, Barford, Beecroft, Bird, Edwards, Gordon, Little, Moore, and Walker, all good sportsmen, who know so well how to manage and arrange for the comfort of their visitors, took their places as usual round the ring, and in the yard working quietly together, so that all is done without hitch or hindrance, and to a casual observer all seems to work like clockwork, as if by itself. Twenty-one packs of hounds were represented: the Atherston, Blankney, Brocklesby, Sir B. Cunard's, Earl Ferrers', the Fitzwilliam Grove, Heythrop, Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, West Norfolk, South Notts, Oakley, Puckeridge, Pytchley, Sir N. de Rothschild's, South-



down, Tynedale, East Sussex, Warwickshire, York and Ainsty, and Earl of Zetland's. Round the ring might be seen Lords Worcester, Waterford, Craven, Ferrers, Fitzwilliam, Macclesfield, Yarborough, Zetland, Waterpark, Willoughby de Broke, Galway, Spencer, Burghley, Burghersh; Esme Gordon, Ravensworth, Rocksavage, and Francis Cecil; Hons. T. W. Fitzwilliam, E. A. Pelham, and Hugh Lowther; Sirs Bache Cunard and Vincent Corbet; Messrs. Ames, Arkwright, Beach, W. Baird, C. Brand, Carnegie, Cookson, Corbet, Coupland, Fenwick, G. Lane Fox, Frewen, Gosling, Howard, Knowles, Langham, Lindsell, Lant, Macan, Maynard, Oakley, Rankin, Russell, Wickstead, Wilson, Wright; Colonel Buchanan, Colonel Arthur, Major Dent, Captain Park Yates, P. Elmbirst, Colonel Lutterell, Captain Soames, most of whom are M.F.H. In the pavilion many ladies watched the judging—the Ladies Yarborough, Willoughby de Broke, Gordon, Grace Lowther, Grace Fane, and Rocksavage, the Hon. Mrs. T. W. Fitzwilliam, Miss Kinglake, and Mrs. Froude Bellew; and amongst the best-known faces in the hunting field, Captains Fox, Fist, Fairfax, and Tryon; Revs. Cecil Legard and Ramsden; Messrs. W. Tailby, St. John, Mansel-Richardson, Chandos Pole, Westley Richards, Foljambe, S. Soames, Gordon, Gladwin, Greenfield, Eyre, W. N. Heysham, Dr. Adams, Archer, Sworder, Waller, Holliday, Muntz, Custance, Gilpin, John Darby, and Walding, of Rugby, of course. Huntsmen as spectators—F. Goodall, F. Beers, F. Gillard, Hamblyn, Roake, T. Firr, Worrall, Maiden, C. Payne, Hayes, Enever, Dickens, Gosden, J. Bailey, Neal, Will Dale, Atkinson, G. Kennett, Dick Yeo; and Nimrod Long must not be forgotten, though he has left their ranks. The Earl of Portsmouth, Squire T. T. Drake and Mr. Scrutton commenced their labour of love soon after eleven, when the storm cleared off, judging the young dog-hounds. To say that their verdicts gave universal satisfaction would be almost too much, for even judges in another sense who (instead of a new hat jauntily set on one side, or set forward to shade the eyes in true hound-judging form) assume a black cap and address a few solemn words when giving their verdict, have at least one who disagrees with them on personal motives, so better to use the term general satisfaction, and no one can find fault. Unentered dog-hounds were the first under notice, and these were not so good as usual.

The Oakley won with Leader and Flier, while the Pytchley Forager and Foreman were second. A storm of rain drove all under shelter, so most of this class were judged in the theatre, where the proceedings could not be seen so well as outside.

In Class 2, dog-hounds under seven seasons, the Fitzwilliam came to the fore and took both prizes with Sultan, Selim, Roman, Rhymer, Nigel, Senator, Wellington, and Reveller, most of which will be remembered from previous shows.

In Class 3, for stallion hounds, there was nothing to beat the Fitzwilliam Selim by Somerset out of Benefit, and the Atherstone Solon by Somerset out of Fallacy second honours. Other kennels

showed in this class hounds that they might well be proud to bring. The Oakley Rodney, South Notts Stormer, and West Norfolk Trueman were worth going all the distance to see. After this came a break for luncheon, with the usual fun and speeches from the high table, which we all cheer so heartily, whether we hear or not, when all are in such good temper as no one can help being here.

What though the storm may have come down through the tent to soak the edibles, though you may have to wait a bit while waiters are scarce, they all do their best—and are we not at Peterborough Hound Show, halfway through the dull season? So why should we not rejoice and be happy, like our foreign cousins in what they call *mi-carême*, a *fête* they hold halfway through Lent? (Happy individuals! the only dull season they know, and that only lasts six weeks; but then they have not our enjoyments.)

After luncheon, the ladies, and they always show well.

Surely the Judges had their work cut out for them now to decide the merits of so many beauties. We have all seen the picture of 'The Judgment of Paris,' but his task with the apple was a joke to this; and perhaps in years to come the photograph that was taken on this day may be copied and become as famous as that. After long deliberation the highest honours were given to the Warwickshire; and Lord Willoughby de Broke may well be proud of Amity and Amulet, by Grove Reginald out of Affable by the Quorn Alfred.

The Fitzwilliam half-sisters Wimbrel and Bangle, by Wrangler out of Shameful and Beatrice, took second prize, while the South-down ran them so close with Rosebud and Mimic, that most of those round the ring thought that Champion would have it. Sir N. de Rothschild's two couple, Active, Actress, Agnes, and Garnish, with which Fred Cox made his first appearance at Peterborough, were handsome as pictures, with more bone and substance than most of them.

Pity there is no separate class for Stag-hounds! Perhaps now that he has given the lead, others may follow, and next year Her Majesty's may enter the ring, especially as Goodall has been at last successful in getting a litter of puppies by his favourite Rummager, whose biography appeared in these pages in January last year. The Surrey Stag-hounds might also show some of their big, strong hounds.

In Class 5 the Oakley ladies showed to the front, Lady, Lavender, Redrose, and Lavish taking first, and the Tynedale Vestris, Redolent, Rarity, and Ruthless, a beautiful lot, were second. The Fitzwilliam were beauties, and Fred Cox showed two couple, Barmaid, Audible, Dairymaid, and Handmaid that were worth going any distance to see, and those who have followed them over the Vale know that they are as good as they look.

In Class 6, for matrons, the Fitzwilliam Sarah, by Somerset out of Benefit, was well placed first, and Oakley Redrose, by Skirmisher out of Liberty, second. The Champion Cup for the best three couple dog-hounds went to the Fitzwilliam, and the Oakley ladies secured the other, amidst much cheering. This ended the Hound Show,

which was admitted on all sides to be the best that has been held as yet, and the company was larger than in any previous year.

May these summer meets flourish in future years, bringing sportsmen together in increasing numbers to enjoy such happy days as those spent this year at Lord's and Peterborough!

D.

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## HUNTING IN AMERICA.

DEAR BAILY,

Probably the majority of your readers know little of hunting in America, or have formed very false impressions of American outdoor sports from reading a number of articles which have appeared during the past few years from the pen of Mr. R. G. White, or from accounts of the 'drag hunts' near New York and Newport. Possibly, therefore, an account of a regular American hunt may be of interest.

The 'Rose Tree Hunt' is one of the best types and shows very good sport, though the *ménage* will appear crude to men accustomed to counting the expense of a kennel by thousands (of pounds) not hundreds (of dollars). From the earliest settlement of Southern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, hunting has been a recognised sport, but the hounds have seldom been kept in large kennels. Each lover of the sport kept from one to a dozen couple of hounds, and the first man out in the morning, with a few halloes and the cries of his three couples of hounds, quickly brought out his neighbours, and by the time the scent had warmed and there was a prospect of a find, there was a very respectable pack of hounds and a good field of horsemen of all descriptions, from the more wealthy proprietors mounted on well-bred hunters, the farmers and butchers on active well-boned market horses, the country doctor on an easy saddle-horse of greater bottom than speed, to the small farmer's boy bareback on the colt or screw left him by his seniors, and the drunk darkey cabman who dropped his harness and cart when he first heard the hounds, knowing that when he had had his hunt they would be there—for they were not worth stealing.

In many parts of the country this is still the manner of hunting. The country south-west of Philadelphia, extending to the States of Delaware and Maryland, consists of numerous valleys, each one with a stream running east to the Delaware river in the upper part, and further south the streams westward to the Susquehanna, with high ridges of hills between.

Many of the hills are rocky, and the fields, from five to thirty acres, are divided by post-and-rail fences, or the Virginia worm-fences, with an occasional stone wall, and, rarely, a hedge and a few ditches.

Here the hunting had been carried on as before mentioned, each man with a few trencher-fed hounds, until about twenty years ago,

when a few gentlemen concluded to kennel their hounds together, and buying up the best hounds from the surrounding farmers, started a subscription pack.

During the first few years the location of the kennel was changed several times, until several members of the hunt bought a picturesque old tavern, called the Rose Tree, with a farm and small race-course attached, and here the kennel has remained.

A good landlord, with an excellent cook for his wife were put in, and have remained in charge since, and afford good accommodation for the hunters and their riders who wish to lie out the night before hunting.

Here the masks, brushes, hunting engravings, and silver prizes at bench shows are kept, and are ready proofs to support a tale of a hard run or the great merits of some special hound.

The direction of the kennel is vested in a M.F.H., who is also president of the social part of the club, a secretary and treasurer combined in one, and an executive of three.

During the hunting season, which here is from October until the middle of March, the regular meets are three a week: Mondays at 9 A.M., Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 A.M., and usually two byes in addition. The early hour is necessary here, as in a country where the foxes are not thoroughly protected and in a dry climate, at a late hour, they would have to depend upon jumping the fox and would often have a blank day; whereas, while there is still dew, the hounds will work up the drag of the night before, often for a number of miles, and generally end in a run. The hounds were of course originally English, but have been bred here for generations: about 23½ inches high, long heads, long drooping ears, and moderately feathered sterns; the colour the same as English hounds, but there is a strong strain of blue pies and black and tans.

They have tried importing English hounds, but have not been successful, as they prove unable to run scent on a dry day and did not give enough tongue. Perhaps they failed to get the best.

On the Saturday night on or before each full moon the members meet for a dinner, which of course during the season follows a hunting day, and during the rest of the year is preceded by informal races or other out-door sports. Just before and at the close of the hunting season they give a race-meeting, offering prizes to the farmers over whom they hunt, for both flat-racing and steeple-chasing.

Although most of the farmers hunt, there were some who objected to a horseman even crossing their fields; but the feeling has been almost entirely done away with, and in a great measure probably by the introduction of the red coat; for they now recognise that a regularly organised hunt is interested in the country, and the red-coat is responsible for damage that may be done, and for which a number of the former irregular hunters were not.

The Master (Mr. G. W. Hill) has hunted for forty years, and by instinct knows where to cast for a loss, and will hunt every day of

the season, except Sundays, if there are half-a-dozen couples fit to run. The oldest member of the hunt (Mr. H. E. Saulmier) has just passed his threescore years and ten, and last season rode eight miles to the meet, hunted for six hours, returned home, and by dinner-time had ridden a fresh horse eight miles to the kennels and returned home late in the evening. An old family of the county (the Lewises) always are well represented at every meet. Two brothers of sixty and sixty-five years, a nephew who always has his 220 lbs. well to the front, and half-a-dozen sons, the youngest a boy of eight years, who will get his pony through what he can't get over, and considers himself greatly wronged if he cannot come home with the hounds, even if they run till night.

There are but few ladies who ride, as the hilly country and thick woods with undergrowth require a good deal of courage to face; but one specially well known, the descendant of a Quaker family, is usually pointed out to a stranger in the country as a sure but not a safe pilot to the finish.

The present winter has stopped hunting, as there has been a great deal of deep snow; but the usual few inches of snow does not interfere except to string the hounds out and give a few extra falls. Frozen ground here is no bar, but the horses are shod with calks and toes, and an occasional cut to the horse and harder cropper are considered necessary evils. The horses need more endurance than speed, as over the hilly, stony country and frozen ground of an average winter the hunting is not fast, and a death is the exception rather than the rule, and the runs are long. On the best days they sometimes kill or run to earth, which here is seldom stopped, in thirty minutes to an hour, but usually the run is from two to five hours. At a hunt two years ago, just after breakfast, at Mr. Hickman's, in Chester county, the hounds started a big dog-fox, at 10 A.M., in view of over sixty horsemen, and, after crossing two counties, killed at 5 P.M. across the Brandywine, in the State of Delaware—fifty-five miles in seven hours and forty minutes, as the crow flies, from the kennels which the hounds had left that morning. The excitement over, the seven couples of hounds and six hunters who got there could barely reach the nearest tavern to spend the night, but no one of them would have missed it for double the value of one of the horses, who never hunted again.

Last season they hunted another forty miles in four hours and a half, with but two losses, and a 15½-hands mare, carrying 190 lbs., was never twenty yards away from the hounds till three-quarters of a mile from the death, when she dropped, but hunted three days after.

Should any of your readers chance to be near Philadelphia, in the hunting season, they will find good foxes, honest hounds, true lovers of hunting, and a hearty welcome if they feel inclined to see a little American hunting.

## MASTER OF THE HORSE IN A CIRCUS.

[Anxious to know as much as possible about the keeping and training of circus horses, and how far pedigree animals are superior to the common run as regards the routine work of the arena, I some time ago placed myself in communication with a well-known performer who was kind enough to permit himself to be 'interviewed.' For obvious reasons I do not give exact names or localities; the subjoined narrative, however, is no way dependent on places or even persons, the information conveyed being, so to say, the kernel of the whole matter.—ELLANGOWAN.]

'THAT's what I call a fine bill, sir,' said to me, Senor Henriquez Doncleman, as I sat down at a little table in his lodgings, to talk over the work of a circus with him, having been invited so to do by the Senor himself, to whom I had been introduced by a press friend who knew him well, and assured me of his general intelligence and knowledge of the business.

'Yes,' I replied; 'it seems grandiloquent enough at any rate; but no doubt the public like that sort of thing better than plainer prose.'

'They do, they do; no mistake about that: how much finer it sounds to read that, "Senor Henriquez Doncleman, late of her Majesty the Queen of Spain's private Amphitheatre, Madrid, Master of the Horse, will introduce his magnificent performing blood steed *Bucephalus*," than that Harry Duncley will do so. It would not matter in the least if the exhibition was as clever, or even cleverer; the public prefer to be gulled—and we gulls 'em you see, sir, accordingly.'

'Just so,' I said; 'it is about that very matter of gulling I have called to see you. My friend, George Musgrove, of the "Chronicle," tells me he has mentioned to you my desire to know a little of what you do in the way of training horses in the Circus, and how the business goes on from day to day and place to place; it is simply for a literary purpose I wish the information; I have no desire myself to turn a showman; indeed I am too old now to change my way of life even if I were willing.'

'Ah, you had better not, sir; it is not quite so easy to be a showman as some folks think, and you must begin young or not at all. I have had a pretty long spell at the business now, and speak from experience.'

'Well, then, if you please, speak out at once.'

'But first please say exactly what you want to know, sir; there are so many things connected with a circus that I might go off the rails, so if you will put a few specific questions I shall be better able to satisfy you; is it about our salaries, our work, or our horses, you are chiefly interested? As I have been on the road for about twenty-five years, there are few things about a circus of which I am altogether ignorant; so you go ahead with your questions.'

'Very well,' I said; 'just give me, by way of beginning, a little

‘ sketch of your own life, and by the time you have finished with that I shall have one or two other questions shaped out and ready for you.’

Thus invited, my informant, the Circus Signor, began a very interesting little narrative of his career as a showman.

‘ My real name, as I have hinted, is Henry Dunckley; I was born in Berwick-upon-Tweed, some forty-five years ago; my father being a schoolmaster, I received a pretty fair smattering of education. It was at one time, at the solicitation of a rich aunt, intended that I should be brought out as a minister of the Scottish Church; but as I never would give in to that, it was at last resolved that I should be trained as a veterinary surgeon. It was my own choice. I had always been fond of horses, and at one period hoped I might be a jockey and ride the winner of the St. Leger! As a sort of preliminary canter to the veterinary business, I was sent, at the age of fifteen, to learn how to make horse-shoes, or, in other words, to study farriery, and for a year and a half stuck in to the work. Having tired of the smithy, I then went to live with a cousin of my father’s, who was a veterinary surgeon at Kelso, and stayed with him for about sixteen months; at the end of which time I went off with what were then called “the show folk.” It came about in this way.\* I had become acquainted with one Billy Purves, a noted showman of the border districts; the fact is, I

\* Billy Purves was a well-known showman of his day and generation. His ‘pitch’ was all over the North of England and the South of Scotland; many old racegoers will doubtless recollect him, as he was a constant attendant of the Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland meetings, and was not a bad hand at spotting a winner for his friends and followers. Billy in the course of his career tried all kinds of shows with varying fortunes; at one time he would exhibit his skill as a conjuror, at another time he would run a small circus, nor was he afraid of engaging a lot of ‘mummers,’ as players are called in the slang of the fair, nor did he eschew, when they came in his way, an occasional giant or dwarf or spotted boy. I saw only the other day one of Billy’s ‘exhibits,’ the ‘Albino lady,’ now an old woman doing any kind of humble work in a large city that she can get leave to do. I recollect an occasion upon which Billy purchased a ‘Dandy’ horse, the precursor of the modern bicycle, for five pounds, on which to ride from place to place. It was then a great novelty, so great that Billy made it a part of his exhibition, and found people who paid to see it, as well as others who gave money to obtain the privilege of riding upon it for a few minutes. Billy used to declare that ‘the Dandy’ was by far his most profitable horse, as it never required even a drink of water, let alone a feed of corn! Billy Purves erected a wooden theatre upon one occasion at Newcastle-on-Tyne, none of your common booths, but a house that measured ninety feet in length by thirty in breadth. It was called the ‘Victoria,’ and opened with the grand spectacle of the ‘Flying Dutchman,’ followed by the ‘Jewess’ and similar pieces, much to the chagrin of the proprietor of the Theatre Royal and Mr. Ducrow, who was running a circus at the time. In 1848 Billy paid a visit to the great metropolis, which was one of the events of his life, his appearance at Jem Burns’ crib was noticed in the sporting and theatrical papers of the period. Another feat of Billy’s was his appearance at Dewhurst the clown’s benefit, when he sat as chairman in an assemblage of twelve clowns, and carried on a great deal of good fun. ‘Baily’s Magazine’ is not, however, the place for a memoir of Billy, but I thought it necessary just to pen these few lines to explain who he was—he was a droll fellow, and a real good-hearted man.

cured an old horse of his which had taken the megrims, and poor Billy was so pleased with the celerity with which I got his useful nag all right that he made a speech about the affair in his booth, or "pavilion," as he called his show, which speech being heard by a person named Ford, the well-known proprietor of a travelling circus, that gentleman offered me a small share in his concern, thinking, no doubt, my veterinary knowledge would be useful, as he had at that time fully a dozen of horses and ponies of the old circus kind. To make a long story as short as possible, I travelled with Ford up and down to the various race meetings and fairs; sometimes we had a booth, at other times we did "mountebank business" on a village-green. Ford was himself one of the ablest equestrians I have ever seen in the course of my travels, and he had a few very clever people along with him, one or two of them being apprentices. In the course of the performance we occasionally gave away prizes, a cheese, a fat pig, a lot of tea-trays, anything and everything; we always managed, of course, to have the best prizes drawn by confederates, so that, although the draw was only threepence each, Ford made a good profit. He became so successful in the course of one season that he was able to devote money to the purchase of a couple of horses; I strongly advised him to buy blood stock, if he could obtain a couple of animals cheap enough, and he was so fortunate as to purchase two pedigree horses from a trainer at Malton, in Yorkshire, and in conjunction with one of Ford's riders I trained both of these horses for the work of the Circus; they were really beautiful animals, and very cheap too, as it turned out. I christened them "Castor and Pollux," and they, along with myself, made their first appearance during race week at Newcastle-on-Tyne. We were a great success; the animals had been taught by much perseverance and patience to do a great number of tricks, and the performance became so attractive as to arrest the attention of other circus proprietors; but so far as I know I made the first attempt to utilise blood horses in that line of business.

'Was there, then,' I asked, 'previous to the advent of these blood horses a special breed for circus purposes—these ancient-looking piebalds and skewbalds that we still find in use?'

'Oh dear no, no special breed. As a matter of fact I may tell you that the old stagers you ask about were quite, as I may call them, miscellaneous horses, and were just a "fancy," picked up wherever they could be obtained. Many a time indeed they were made, at least so far as their spotted appearance was concerned, on the spur of the moment. I will tell you a little story about that. Old Tommy Griffin, our clown in Ford's, had been himself in his young days owner of half-a-dozen horses, and ran a small circus at the Scottish fairs and carters' plays, once so common. One of his gee-gees was an aged brown mare of good quality and well up in circus work, but it was thought nothing of by the rustics because of its not being piebald like the *real* circus horses, and



'so poor "Nancy" was very nearly being sold, when the bright idea of painting the venerable mare entered into Tommy's wise head, and no sooner had the thought taken root than he determined on having her chalked all over in the most fanciful manner, and so transformed into a horse of the approved circus pattern. It was unfortunate for the success of Mr. Griffin's nice little plan that he did not adopt some mode of fixing his colours, because one day whilst he was out with his little stud of horses and company engaged in a parade a sudden plump of rain washed poor Nancy's paint off and restored the mare to her original complexion, much to the merriment of all who saw the transformation. Poor Tommy was so much chaffed about the business that he was glad to escape from the place.'

'That was rather a *contretemps*, but such things, I suppose, have often been, and will, no doubt, be again.'

'Oh yes, we are up to all sorts of dodges, and have no scruple in resorting to them when occasion serves; they are generally harmless enough, and, as a rule, do no ill to any one.'

'Just so; but I suppose that the large equestrian establishments of to-day never resort to such practices; they do not require to do so, in fact.'

'Well, no; such establishments as that of Hengler's is quite above that sort of dodging. I don't think that Mr. Hengler even goes out tenting now, he has so many establishments of a permanent kind that he can generally contrive to house himself and stud all the year round. Tenting, however, has been a great source of profit to some circus men; the brothers Sanger, for instance, still carry on tenting summer after summer, one brother going one route and one another. I know all about it, having acted as agent in advance for a pretty large concern. You may have seen an account of Sangers' tenting in "All the Year Round," the brothers, nice fellows they are too, are called "the Brothers Chirper." The Sangers buy a lot of blood horses, and their tenting season is usually very profitable; indeed, so are the tenting seasons of most of the big concerns.'

'Yes; but, if you please, do not let us forget about the horses, and how they are trained. You say there is no special breed for equestrian purposes?'

'No, not that I know of. A circus stud has been to my knowledge gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and has embraced every variety of the horse kind, mules, mustangs, American trotters, and Derby winners! Talking of the Derby, do you know what I would do if I were to continue in this business, and had the money to do it with?'

'I cannot say that I can even guess; but I shall be very glad to hear your views.'

'Well, I would purchase some very popular winner of the Derby, and train him for the work of the Circus—that would be a go. Suppose now you could have bought such a horse as Blue Gown,

‘and travelled the country with him, you would have drawn the people out in their tens of thousands; all England would have rushed to see such a great equine celebrity, and then, after taking the round of the United Kingdom, you might have hired him out to Barnum, and shown him over all America, and then——’

‘He would have been as good, or even much better, for stud purposes as ever he could be, eh?’

‘Exactly; is not that a fine idea now?’

‘Well, but you cannot always purchase a popular Derby winner, even when you are well supplied with the funds. Owners will not sell, and if they did the price, I fancy, would be nearer ten thousand pounds than five.’

‘The price, my dear sir, would be nothing. I was once travelling with a big tenting affair, in which on some days we took over a hundred pounds at each performance, and on one day we gave no less than three shows. With a horse like Blue Gown, or a mare like Marie Stuart, sir, we could have taken double the money.’

‘But what could you teach such horses to do?’ I asked, with some curiosity.

‘Oh, anything you liked, everything; I could learn it to pick up a handkerchief, to fire a pistol, to waltz, to dance in a set of quadrilles, to stand on a pedestal as a statue; in fact——’

‘Well, that is just what I came to see you about. I feel curious to know how you train a horse, for instance, to pick up a handkerchief or fire a pistol; pray describe the process. Do you begin with them as Rarey did? I was acquainted with Rarey when he was in England.’

‘I saw Rarey at work; he was undoubtedly a smart fellow, but we knew his business and practised it long before he came to England. I have myself seen Pablo Fanque, a well-known circus manager, break in no end of wild horses. Man, sir, is the horse’s master; the finest blood horse in the world can, as a rule, be completely controlled by a pigmy of a jockey. The noble animal has almost no brain in comparison to his size, and “ill-conditioned brutes,” as they are called, are often troubled with some unknown or hidden affliction which causes their bursts of temper. Why, sir, I saw an animal opened that had broken his leg on the race-course at Doncaster, and had to be killed in consequence, and when opened it was found that he had two broken ribs! That poor horse while in training was accused of being vicious—no wonder!’

‘Rarey’s system appeared to be very successful; I know myself of several good cures of vicious horses which he effected.’

‘No doubt; and in addition to knowing how to do it, he was a capital showman, and used to get up a good exhibition for the benefit of you gentlemen of the press; in fact the best proof of his ability is that he made plenty of money at the business.’

‘I must say for myself that I liked his style; he had no fear, and always took care, I noticed, to let the horse see what he was doing: before he began to beat the drum on its back he took care to beat

'it before its very eyes. He seemed to me to ingratiate himself with the horse in double-quick time, and had it conquered and at his mercy almost before you thought he had begun work.'

'Just like a clever dentist, who pretends to be examining your tooth whilst all the while he is at work drawing it, and to your astonishment has it out and in his hands before you think he has fixed upon which one to draw.'

'Exactly; a very fair simile.'

'Oh, I do assure you we of the circus understand the horse in all his various moods and tempers; we study his likes and dislikes, and in a very short time have him completely at our command, and know almost by intuition what we can make of him. We do not deal in the vicious kind of brutes which were submitted to Rarey, although I do remember when I was in the service of Pablo Fanque in his Circus at Shude Hill in Manchester, that a very ill-natured beast was brought to the circus one day and was bought by Pablo for a five-pound note, and that horse, I can tell you, was broken into a nice animal, and figured for many a night as a "trick" horse; it could fire a pistol and lift a tea-kettle off the fire, or chase the clown, or lay himself down and sham dead, just for all the world as if he had been endowed with reason.'

'How on earth was it managed?' I asked. 'How did you do it?'

'It's "patience as does it all," sir, the old story; but I must tell you that sometimes the horses which we teach to perform trick acts are really of little value compared to our ring horses; these should, in my humble opinion, have courage, wind, and staying power, and, above all, be obedient; in fact a ring horse must work like an automaton, because he has the life and limbs of the rider in his power; for ring purposes I would have blood horses only; any common sort of nag will do for the fancy business, or, as I call it, "the trick act trade;" you can get ten horses for that purpose for one which will suit as a ring horse.'

'Still, in my opinion, the spectators like the tricks best—they think it a wonderful thing to see a horse rushing round the ring, suddenly stop, and scraping up the sawdust with its foot, discover a hidden handkerchief.'

'Just so; but all that is wonderfully simple, and even a stupid horse soon learns how to do it; it is wonderful to see the progress that is the result of a daily half-hour's lesson. You wish, for example, to learn a horse to walk in measured time, or to lift its foot as if it was dancing; this, then, is our way of doing that: you fasten the horse by side-reins between two pillars, so that he can neither move forward nor backward, and then you touch him quite gently with a long whip and give the *klk, klk*, that you hear so often used by jockeys; the animal finding that he cannot advance or even go sideways, naturally enough in his impatience moves his legs to the *klk, klk*, of his trainer; that is the first lesson, and after that has been repeated for a time or two, and the horse has taken

'in the idea of what is wanted of him, he very soon begins to move  
'to time. He may then be mounted by his teacher and taken  
'slowly round the ring for a score of times every day, the rider giving  
'a very gentle tug with the rein at each side alternately, so as to  
'give the horse the hint of what is wanted, the *klk, klk*, being  
'uttered as before. Fine hands are required for this part of the  
'business, as also a lithesome body on the part of the teacher, who  
'must instruct the horse by the pressure of his thighs and the  
'swaying of his body, as well as by the touching with the whip.  
'Some sit the horse during the time he is between the pillars, but I  
'never do that myself, but I like to mount as soon as I can and let  
'the horse have his freedom. Some horses are much quicker in  
'learning than others, just as is the case with men and women, and  
'there are not a few animals that fail altogether, which never  
'become amenable to either whip or spur; these of course we  
'discard, it does not pay to put off one's time teaching them. But  
'I am afraid you are a little wearied with these details.'

'On the contrary, I am delighted; pray go on, I consider your  
'information as being of great interest.'

'When once we get a horse this length we consider that he may  
'be put into rehearsal for the dance, in company with three or four  
'others, which have all been taught their work in a similar manner.  
'Some horses learn all the quicker when put together, and after  
'some twenty rehearsals a novice may at length be suffered to  
'make his *début* in the Lancers or Sir Roger de Coverley, or some  
'other dance. A good deal of his success will now depend on his  
'rider; he must have patience and be of good temper, or all will be  
'spoiled. Some circus riders are so fiery and hot that we do not  
'allow them to ride in dancing spectacles. As I have already told  
'you, "it's patience as does it all," and of course a little brain power  
'is requisite as well. Teaching a horse to *passage* and to mark  
'time while standing still are all achieved pretty much after the  
'same fashion—the teacher of intelligence becomes wonderfully  
'successful in a very short time.'

'I see, a horse soon learns to do what is required of him under  
'a good teacher; but do not you reward the poor animal with  
'something after he has taken so much trouble for you?'

'Yes, invariably. I always give any horse I am teaching a carrot  
'or an apple or two, or in some instances a feed of corn or a penny  
'loaf, but something or other always; that is part of the system, and  
'the horse comes in time to look for his reward, just as a little boy  
'or girl would do.'

'In that he shows his wisdom; it strikes me that animals are  
'endowed with a greater amount of reasoning power than we are  
'inclined to credit them with.'

'I have no doubt of that,' said Mr. Dunckley; 'look, for instance,  
'how soon they learn to pick up a handkerchief or cloth, or to fire  
'a pistol.'

‘Pray explain to me how they are taught that part of their business.’

‘I have always taught a horse to do that in the simplest possible manner. I never use the whip or any kind of force, but content myself by appealing to the animal’s stomach—an appeal which as a rule is never known to fail. First of all I lay down a large white cloth containing some oats in some part of the ring, and trot or walk the horse up to the place; I let him have a mouthful or two of the oats. I repeat the process five or six times perhaps, and then adjourn the lesson for a day, when I go through the same process; after a few days the animal stops voluntarily at the white cloth, having been taught that by doing so he will obtain a reward of a mouthful or two of oats. This is a great deal gained, you see, in a very simple fashion, no flogging or force having been necessary; just a little tact and ingenuity that is all. By-and-by farther stages in this part of the horse’s education are attained, the oats are covered up and well tied in the towel or cloth, but the horse knowing that they are there, or thinking they should be there, lifts the napkin and gives it a good shake; and having got the horse to this stage the business is more than half done. Understand, however, that although I can tell you all this in a brief space of time, the lessons given to the animal necessarily extend over many days, and require to be given with the most unwearied tact and good nature.’

‘I quite understand so,’ I replied. ‘Pray proceed with your narrative, I quite follow you throughout.’

‘Of course the system of rewarding the animal must be kept up. When he finds the napkin tied he shakes it with the view of getting at the oats; I open up the bundle and let him eat a good handful. As he lifts the tied-up parcel I fall back a few paces, but to obtain his little feed he follows me. Day by day I walk farther away, and he follows me quite patiently in order to get his reward. This completes his education, all the rest is easy; as Tommy Griffin used to say, “it’s patience as does it!”’

“Patience as does it” is a fine maxim for all kinds of work as well as training horses. I must say the patience necessary is wonderful, and it is not given to all men to exercise it as you appear to have done. I have often noticed that the horses in a circus spectacle are engaged in eating, which of course keeps them quiet.’

‘Of course they are rewarded in that way, and it is wonderful how a horse comes in time to remember all its business. I taught a horse to do all the Dick Turpin business, or rather, to be perfectly truthful, I taught two; one did the celebrated ride to York, leaping all the gates, &c., whilst another came in to do the death scene. I also taught a horse to perform some fine business in the spectacle of “Mazeppa.”’

‘And they were all taught very much in the same patient fashion, I suppose?’

‘Yes, pretty much so. There is no difficulty, for instance, in

‘ learning horses to stand up in a *tableau* with their fore-feet resting on a platform, or to fall down and die and stretch themselves out quite stiff, and then get up again ; as old Tommy used to say, “ there is nothing that labour and practice won’t accomplish ; ” and I am quite a disciple of Tommy’s, although the work with a dull horse is a tedious affair ; but by devoting two hours a day to any task, no matter how onerous it may be, one gets through a wonderful amount of work. Firing a pistol fixed on a post is taught in the same way by means of a handkerchief tied to the trigger of the pistol : the horse thinks, by seizing the cloth, that he will obtain a feed of corn, that is ever the motive power, in the case of an animal ; I know that from experience.’

‘ No doubt of it ; and I fancy your work has been varied enough in its time ; you do not always keep at the training business.’

‘ Oh, bless you, you know, as Shakespeare has said, “ one man in “ his lifetime plays many parts,” and such has been my experience of life. I have gone through the entire curriculum of circus life, I have written a horse play, and have also played the part of clown, have acted as agent in advance, have officiated as secretary to the boss, have taken money at the doors, and have exhibited a performing elephant. I have had as much as ten pounds a week, and as little as a shilling a day, according to the fortunes of war. I have visited nearly every market-town in the three kingdoms, and have travelled to all the various centres of horse-racing ; in short, I have been everything by turns and nothing long ; and still I like the life I lead, it has many fascinations.’

With this summary of Mr. Dunckley’s labours in circus life my interview with that most obliging gentleman came to a conclusion, and if, as is most likely, he should peruse this number of ‘ Baily ’ he will perceive that I have made good use of the information which he so kindly volunteered to give me.

## Literature.

### A BATCH OF BOOKS.

‘ FANCY Pigeons.’ By J. C. Lyell. Bazaar Office. A very elaborate work of 320 pages devoted to the various breeds of pigeons, their peculiarities, uses and propensities, together with their ailments and suitable treatment. It would be hardly possible within the compass of space at our command to treat the subject in an exhaustive manner of the contents of this volume, but its perusal has convinced us that it may be safely consulted by those in search of reliable information, and that on several matters Mr. Lyell has contributed some original and valuable remarks.

'The Practical Fisherman.' By J. H. Keene. Bazaar Office. —This is an exhaustive treatise of some 400 pages on the *modus operandi* and natural history of fishing. It sums up the general history of fishing, and gives some notes on ichthyology, which are well worth reading and are of good service to the practical fisherman. The information about tackle and fly-making, the most inexperienced could not fail to understand. We think this work will hardly fail to please those who admire the art and science of angling.

'The Gun and its Development.' By W. W. Greener. Cassells. —This, the latest work of Mr. Greener, is most certainly a valuable addition to the literature of firearms. It traces up the gun in its present development from the time when gunpowder was invented, and when most peculiar instruments were used for making use of that invention. There is a large space devoted to the introduction of the percussion system, and the differences of opinion regarding that system and that of the flint lock. According to the account there appears to have been a large number of different inventors of the percussion system, and necessarily a lot of disagreements as to who was the original. A chapter on gunpowder is very instructive, as is also one on bullets.

Mr. Greener goes extensively into the subject of hammerless guns, which are now so much in vogue, and gives some excellent illustrations of the various kinds.

He finishes with some notes on foreign shooting, which give a good general idea of the shooting obtainable in different countries.

The book is well got up, and all the illustrations are excellent, and should form a valuable work, not only to those interested in shooting but also to the trade.

'Encounters with Wild Beasts.' By Parker Gillmore. W. H. Allen & Co. In this work Mr. Gillmore has presented us with another of his delightful sketches, which, while being facts and not fiction, afford us good opportunities of learning as well as of amusement. We quote an encounter with a grizzly bear, and we are personally thankful that Mr. Gillmore rather than ourselves had the encounter, and although we quote we can hardly prevail upon ourselves to believe it in its entirety :—

'At last our propinquity became so close that I could not defer firing. I did so, aiming at the mouth; but the result was not satisfactory, for it only resulted in smashing the lower jaw of my foe. As bears do not hug you (an error that has crept into natural history I know not how), I felt convinced that the principal weapon that my antagonist could employ against me was now *bors de combat*. A reader who has not been engaged in the chase of this animal would think that I was comparatively safe; but not so, for with their forepaws they will hold you to them, and with their hind ones scratch or tear you to pieces. However, fortune favoured me. Breathlessly I reserved my fire till the grizzly was close at hand—almost touching my gun—when the white crescent mark on his breast was exhibited, and at such close quarters I must have been a duffer indeed if I did not place a bullet in it.'

An analogous story was told some years ago by the 'Old Shekarry,'

the only difference being that the 'Shekarry's' antagonist was a mighty lion and not a grizzly bear.

'Horses and Stables.' By Major-General Sir F. Fitzwygram, Bart. With illustrations. Second edition, enlarged. Longmans & Co. 1881. pp. 710.

When the first edition of this work appeared in 1869, the present writer reviewed it at considerable length. There will therefore be less occasion to give any extended notice of this volume, though it has been increased in size by nearly 100 pages. The increase, however, is chiefly attributable to the fact that the author has incorporated in this volume his first *brochure*, entitled 'Notes on Shoeing 'Horses,' and which was published in Bombay exactly twenty years ago, and of which we gave a very extended notice in our contemporary, the *Sporting Life*. We then thought, as we think now, that Lieut.-Colonel Fitzwygram was the first writer who had treated the subject of shoeing horses and the treatment of their feet in a sensible manner. The chief point in his system is his decided objection to the rasping away of the greater part of the front of the hoof, as farriers are in the practice of doing, and which pernicious habit weakens the foot to a very great extent. The author candidly admitted that 'the theories, principles and practice advocated in 'these pages are not my own. They are wholly derived from Mr. 'Hallen, late veterinary surgeon to this (the Inniskilling Dragoon) 'regiment.' He has suppressed this generous acknowledgment in the present work, but acknowledges his indebtedness for the articles on canker and navicular disease to be permitted abridgments from Professor Williams's 'Principles and Practice of Surgery,' which work was noticed by us in 'Baily' a few months back. He also acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Fleming for some very sensible and simple observations on 'Roughing,' which we could fain hope all horse-owners would insist upon being carried out by their farriers in frosty weather. We could have wished that the last chapter in the book (Chapter LXVI.) had been omitted, and that it will be suppressed in future editions. It is a lecture delivered by the author to the Portsmouth Literary and Scientific Society, and its subject is the 'Progress of Veterinary Science.' In our opinion, not for the first time expressed, veterinary science, if there be such a thing, has made but vastly little progress during the last forty or fifty years, and any increments of knowledge have been derived from other sources, and have not been the personal researches of the 'professors' of the veterinary art themselves. But the lecture savours so strongly of cant and humbug that we could have wished its suppression for the author's sake. Moreover, it drags in names such as the Deity, Divine Soul, the Saviour, and the Christian religion, which most persons in this country hold in reverence, and do not wish to be prostituted and paraded by undue and unseemly irreverence, and few of whom would expect to find made familiar mention of in a book professing to treat of 'Horses and Stables.' Besides, the professing Christian is not the only person who is apt to treat horses with any



tenderness or sympathy. Who, let us ask, treats his horse with more tender thought and care than the Arabs, who certainly do not profess the Christian religion, and do not bow down before the Deity meant by the author. Few persons, we should suppose, would accredit the renowned Dick Turpin with much Christian feeling or Christian virtue, or for a very large acquaintance with the Books of Moses, yet his tenderness to his famous Black Bess is unquestionable, and which Christian virtue has been immortalised in some thrilling verses, which have a rhythm and flow of music but seldom found connected with such a subject. Dick is made to say or sing—

‘Let the lover his mistress’s beauty rehearse,  
And laud her attractions in languishing verse;  
Be it mine in rude strains but with truth to express  
The love that I bear to my bonny Black Bess.

\* \* \* \* \*

O’er highway and byeway, in rough and smooth weather,  
Some thousands of miles have we journeyed together;  
Our couch the same straw and our meal the same mess,—  
No couple more constant than I and Black Bess.

By moonlight, in darkness, by night or by day,  
Her headlong career there is nothing can stay;  
She cares not for distance, she knows no distress—  
Can you show me a courser to match with Black Bess?’

There are thousands of professing Christians—men whom we sincerely believe do think they are Christians in deed as well as in word—to whom humanity or any feelings of tenderness to the brute creation are entire strangers, but who, on the contrary, treat animals, horses especially, with the greatest cruelty and neglect.

As Sir F. Fitzwygram’s book is by far the best that an owner of horses can consult who wishes to understand the nature, constitution, and suitable treatment of his animals, it is somewhat of a reproach to the veterinary profession that it should be the handiwork of a military officer instead of emanating from a veterinary ‘professor.’ The lecture at Portsmouth was therefore singularly out of place, for we suppose literary and scientific societies care little or nothing for the ‘progress of veterinary science,’ and that it has made little progress was evident in the recent ‘Bend Or’ case, in which it was admitted that an incompatible compound of ginger and sulphate of iron was administered to the Derby favourite a few days prior to the race.

Most of the subjects are treated with the hand of a consummate master, and are all but exhaustive; but we could have wished that some, even though a slight, notice had been taken of William Day’s work on the ‘Race Horse in Training,’ and of the series of papers contributed to the pages of ‘Baily’ by the late Thomas Coleman, two of the most reliable and sensible of modern writers on the ‘Condition of Horses;’ but despite these shortcomings, Sir F. Fitzwygram’s book is a very valuable contribution to horsey lore.

We would suggest to the author two substances which in a future edition he might add to his paragraphs, numbered 180 and 181, and

which treat of 'Bedding' and of 'Horses which eat their bedding,' materials with which he does not seem to be acquainted. Fern or bracken, the common *Pteris aquilina*, makes an excellent bedding, and it is abundant on most commons and in many of the parks in England. It abounds, for example, in Richmond Park. In many cases it is far preferable to straw as bedding, whilst it is not more than one-tenth the price of straw, which latter commodity in or near London and other large towns is a very costly article indeed. For horses who eat their bedding, we have found deal shavings to be much superior to sawdust, peat, and sea-sand, so strongly recommended by the gallant baronet.

'A Treatise on Diseases of the Ox, being a Manual of Bovine Pathology.' By John Henry Steele, M.R.C.V.S., &c., &c., Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Royal Veterinary College, London. Longmans & Co. 1881. pp. 498.

The author does not lay claim to much originality, but appears to have ransacked every author worth consulting, so that his work must be regarded rather as an encyclopædia of bovine pathology than as an original monograph. It is profusely illustrated, though none of the illustrations are original, still their source is acknowledged, and is on the whole the most complete and reliable 'Manual' which either veterinary practitioner, student, dairyman, or farmer can consult. Though it makes no claim to elegance of diction, it is very clearly written, and brings within one focus, so to speak, all that is at present known about diseases of the ox.

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## CRICKET.

It would be the basest ingratitude to write in anything but flattering terms of the cricket that has been provided during the first half of this present season. It may be that the ground has been on the whole a little too hard and true for the bowler, but, after the long succession of wet wickets during the two previous years, it was only in the fitness of things that the batsman should have a slight compensation in the enjoyment, if but for a short period, of run-getting. As a natural consequence of fast grounds, the scoring in some cases has been high, if not quite so sensational in many of the principal matches as might reasonably have been expected from the favourable surroundings; and taken altogether the sport has been much more interesting, as it has been infinitely more enjoyable, than under the depressing influences which marked the campaigns of 1879 and 1880. Kent, Surrey and Notts all commenced the month of June under auspices far from encouraging. The unequalled form shown by the Nottinghamshire eleven during the previous season, as far as one could judge from the experience of the Eastertide Colts' match on the Trent Bridge ground, was more than likely to be maintained; and, indeed, no county team had more reason to be sanguine of a

successful record in making ready for the opening struggle. The retirement of Richard Daft from the Captaincy was practically of no material disadvantage in the presence of so able a successor and excellent a fielder as William Oscroft; and, to complete the team, the Colts' match had produced a youngster, one R. Butler, who had proved himself, both at Nottingham and Lord's, against such bowlers as Alfred Shaw, Morley, and Barnes, to be a batsman of the very highest promise. With ten such players as Shaw, Morley, Barnes, Shrewsbury, Selby, Flowers, Scotton, Green, Butler, and Sherwin, Notts indeed bade fair to be better armed at all points than in 1880; and it is very much to be regretted that, by a very ill-advised combination, the seven first named should have injured the reputation of professional cricketers in a manner which it will probably take years to remedy. For some time past there had been rumours of a disagreement between some of the principal players of Notts and certain members of the governing body. More than once the outside public had been made acquainted with small disputes which suggested a feeling of resentment at the treatment by some one in authority; but though this may in some small measure explain the course Shaw and his fellows took, it must be added that no such plea was urged by them in any way, and had they only sought the counsel of some disinterested person before committing themselves to open rebellion it is quite certain that they would never have occupied a position which they must have seen themselves could only have one ending. The bond between professional players and the executive of county clubs has always been dependent to a certain extent on the mutual good feeling of the two parties, and hence the rupture in the case of Notts is the more deplorable. Whether it might have been avoided by the display of a little more tact is a matter best known to the authorities at the Trent Bridge Ground; but though it really in no way can be accounted as a justification for the action of the seven men who seceded, it may be stated that the presence of Richard Daft as a judge in the question of the fixture arranged by Shaw and Armstrong under the title of Yorkshire and Notts was a little galling to those who were in reality only claiming what Daft had been allowed to do, if not with the sanction of the Committee, at least without the same expression of disapproval as shown to the fixture which formed one of the points of dispute just settled. That Shaw and his six comrades felt a grievance of some kind is evident, but that they acted in a hasty and ill-advised manner, which demanded a firm and determined example, must be the verdict of all who are interested in the welfare of county cricket as well in the maintenance of proper relations between professional players and those who employ them, is equally certain. Indirectly the disagreement may no doubt be traced to the commercial spirit which was introduced into this country by the first Australian team; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the claims of the Nottingham professionals in the match against the Australians last autumn had something to do with the action of the County Committee in the present matter. A

lengthy correspondence between the rival parties only showed that the seven professionals insisted originally on three concessions, (1) that the match arranged by Shaw and Shrewsbury should be played as Yorkshire and Notts; (2) that every one who played so many years for the county should be guaranteed a benefit match; and (3) that the seven, to wit, Shaw, Shrewsbury, Morley, Barnes, Selby, Flowers, and Scotton should one and all be engaged for the whole season. That it should ever have been contemplated that the Committee would yield to such pressure for a moment seems so unlikely that it is difficult to comprehend the action of the men; but they must have hoped to have produced some effect by their secession, to judge by their refusal to take part in the first match against Lancashire at Manchester except on their own conditions. Under the circumstances the Committee had no other alternative than to hastily improvise a new team to meet Lancashire at Old Trafford; and considering the brilliant form shown by the Lancastrians during May it was quite certain that the match could only have one conclusion. To fill up the places of the absentees, Wild, Daft, Lane, Mills, Marriott, Shore, and Brown were introduced into the eleven, the two last-named having a good local reputation in Lancashire, the former as a slow left-hand round-arm bowler, the latter as a punishing hitter. Against such bowlers as Nash, Watson, and Barlow it was hardly likely that the new team would make a very brilliant show; and indeed it was only a missed catch by Crossland that prevented the victory of Lancashire in an innings. It was a little to the credit of the Nottingham players that they should have been able to get rid of the fairly strong batting side brought against them on a good wicket for a total of 239; and there was some slight satisfaction in the discovery that the county, in the absence of Shaw, Morley, Barnes, and Flowers, had a bowler so well qualified to take the place of one of the absentees as Shore, despite that on this his first appearance the four wickets he took were somewhat more costly than might have been wished. It was unfortunate, on the other hand, that the three batsmen on whom the county on this occasion chiefly had to rely, Oscott, Gunn, and Butler, were all unsuccessful in the first innings, and it was not a surprise in any way when they were only able to account for an aggregate of twenty-four, that the side were all dismissed for such a small total as 67. This poor performance was considerably improved when they went in a second time by a very creditable score of 175; and on the whole, considering that the players were all unused to each other, and they were some of them lacking in the confidence necessary to show their best form in so important an encounter, this defeat at the hands of Lancashire was less decisive than many might have expected.

The poor exhibition of the Surrey eleven against Middlesex at Lord's had proved that the efforts of the Committee of the former shire in search of young professionals had been unattended with success, and the excessive weakness of the bowling on that occasion justified the well-wishers of the county in anticipating an even more

than usually disastrous season. It was evident that some of the older members of the eleven were in anything but the best form, and with no young talent at all up to county standard, there was little hope that they would make anything of a fight with the northern shires unless favoured with a more than ordinary share of good luck. What odds would have been laid against them in their meeting with Yorkshire at Huddersfield it would be difficult to tell, but on such a wicket as that provided on the St. John's ground in that town a decisive defeat was a foregone conclusion, more especially when the privilege of going in first was found to have fallen to their opponents. Ulyett had treated the Surrey bowling so mercilessly on both occasions when he was opposed to it last year, that there was good reason for predicting a long score from his bat, and he gave Barratt such punishment as that bowler is not likely to forget for a long time. For once the Surrey fielding was fairly good, but even with this to help them the Southerners were utterly unequal to the task of dismissing their opponents at anything but a very heavy cost, and before the innings was completed a total of 388 had been reached, to which Ulyett (112) and Lockwood (109) had contributed 231. It said much for the fielding of the Surrey eleven, and more particularly for Mr. W. W. Read, who had to take the wicket in place of Pooley, that there was not an extra in this long Yorkshire score; but this was only a small satisfaction to place against the crushing defeat they had ultimately to suffer. That their batting was of the feeblest will be gathered from the fact that Hill and Peate were unchanged in the match, and but for the brilliant play of Mr. Lucas, whose first score of 62 was one of the best innings he had shown this year, the result would have been as inglorious as can well be conceived. As it was, in their two hands ten Surrey batsmen were only accountable for an aggregate of 88 runs, and their defeat by an innings and 217 runs is hardly likely to be outdone by another shire during the season.

Kent, on the same day, was equally unfortunate in a trial with quite a second-rate eleven of Marylebone Club and Ground, and the utter collapse of the eleven in the second innings against Rylott's bowling, was something of a curiosity. The presence of seven professionals, four of them untried players, will show that the county was only represented by a very moderate eleven; but, on the other hand, the opposition did not include one batsman who could justly be described a first-class, and with the exception of Mycroft, Rylott, and Mr. Ford, there was not a change bowler of any kind, nor a wicket-keeper, to judge by the large number of thirty extras in the first innings of the County. Up to a certain point the scoring had been very high on both sides, and at the close of the second hands of Marylebone as many as 717 runs had been registered. There seemed to be no possible chance of anything but a drawn game, when Peate went in with only an hour and twenty-five minutes left for play, but unluckily for them Mr. Frank Penn, who had contributed as many as 102 out of 194 made from the bat in

their first attempt, was unable to go in owing to illness, and his absence undoubtedly lost Kent the match. Rylott began by dismissing four of the best batsmen on the side for only three runs, and it was entirely due to his bowling, which resulted in the downfall of six wickets at a cost of only thirteen runs, that the club was able to claim a very easy victory, with 216 runs to spare.

Some extraordinary scoring marked the annual match between the Gentlemen of England and Oxford University, and the meeting presented the novel feature of being begun on one ground and removed to another for the purpose of recommencement. In our notes of last month we called attention to the excellence of the new pitch in the Parks granted by the Oxford authorities to the University Club. There was only one objection to the ground, that the conditions enforced prevented the establishment of any charge for admission, and hence, with a view to improve the exchequer, the managers of the University cricket determined to seek the shelter of the enclosure belonging to the Christ Church Club. Unfortunately, it was evident that one important item had been neglected to ensure a good display of cricket—the proper preparation of a wicket; and after three batsmen on the side of the Gentlemen had been dismissed and another had received a blow in the eye, it was by common consent determined to retire to the safer soil in the Parks, even at the sacrifice of the gate. Here the players had the satisfaction of knowing that they were at least secure from risk to wind and limb, and the result was the highest scoring that has been recorded in a match this season. The Gentlemen were, it must be admitted, very weak in the attack with Messrs. Buchanan and Robertson as their two first bowlers, but if this was all in favour of the University, it is equally certain that the batting on the side of the visitors ought not to have given such trouble as it did had the Oxford bowling been at all up to the mark, though it is to be added that Mr. Evans was absent. The rather unexpected resistance of Mr. A. O. Whiting, who was probably only played as an emergency, gave the University a lead of 86 runs on the first innings, but a determined stand in the follow on by the two old Harrow Captains, Messrs. I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe, who added 137 runs while together, entirely changed the aspect of the game, and the second innings of the Gentlemen realised a huge total (415), to which two batsmen, Messrs. Vernon (119) and Webbe (112) contributed over a hundred. Even making every allowance for the weakness of the bowling to which they were opposed, it was a creditable performance for the Oxford batsmen to make 271 out of 330 wanted to win for the loss of six wickets, and it was a convincing proof of the excellence of the wicket on the new ground of the University that as many as 1061 runs should have been realised in the course of the match for thirty-six wickets, or an average of nearly 30 runs for each batsman.

The Whit Monday fixture at Lord's, Over Thirty and Under Thirty, judging by the close finish of the previous year, would have produced an interesting game, as well as been a great financial

success for Farrands, an old servant of the Marylebone Club, to whom the proceeds were given, had the rain not come inopportunistically on the eve of the match. Messrs. W. G. Grace, Hornby, Lucas, Ridley, and I. D. Walker, were all engaged, and but for the absence of Alfred Shaw from the seniors and the want of a wicket-keeper on the side of the juniors, owing to the defection of Pilling, the two elevens were fairly representative. Last year Under Thirty were able to pull through, as will be remembered, by the bare majority of 2 runs after an interesting game; but this time the condition of the ground caused the cricket to be altogether unreliable, and, with the exception of Mr. Ridley and Midwinter, the batting all round was very uncertain. Had the juniors possessed a qualified wicket-keeper the result of the match might have been different, and though Mr. Pearson up to a certain point filled the position by no means discreditably, it will not be considered a reflection on him, strange as he was to the post, to argue that it was the want of a more expert stumper that greatly contributed to the defeat of his side. Mr. Hornby was missed as many as four times in his first score of 43, and the best innings of the match was Mr. Ridley's second contribution of 32. Mr. Pearson was unable to bat in the second innings of the juniors, but as the wicket played his presence would not have materially affected the result, which was in favour of the seniors by 79 runs.

Though the Hon. Ivo Bligh and Mr. Frank Penn were both absent, Kent sent a fairly strong eleven to Derby on the Bank Holiday, and had the satisfaction of securing a well-earned victory from Derbyshire on its own ground. It was feared, from the erratic deliveries of Hay in the match against M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's, that that hitherto reliable bowler had lost much, if not all, his deadliness for the time, and the Derbyshire team were thus placed at a great disadvantage. On the first innings there was only a difference of 6 runs in favour of the home shire, but the batting of the Northerners was quite as uneven as it had been during the two previous seasons; and it is worthy of remark, that out of an aggregate of 331 runs from the bat, as many as 237 were contributed by Mr. P. R. Smith, Foster, and Mr. S. Docker, an amateur colt, whose first score of 60 was a very creditable display of batting. The outlook was certainly rather in favour of the Northerners, when Kent went in with 173 runs to win, and had the fielding only been at all up to the mark it is very doubtful whether Kent would have been able to pull through. As it was, the mistakes in the field gave the Southerners more than one life, and it was in some degree owing to the consideration of their opponents that Lord Harris and Mr. R. S. Jones were able to claim the victory for Kent by seven wickets, the former contributing 72, the latter 51, both not out. So far fortune had smiled on Kent in its first county match of the season, but this opening success was not maintained in the contests with Lancashire and Yorkshire, which followed in completion of the northern tour. On the form shown by Mr. Hornby on previous

occasions it was very probable that he would score well off the by no means formidable bowling of Kent, and, as he was favoured with some of the luck which often attends him, he was not dismissed until he had secured 102. At one time it looked as if Lancashire was in for a very long innings, but Robinson (90) and Briggs (40) alone of the rest gave any trouble, and when the side were all out for 285 it was found that the three batsmen had subscribed as many as 234 out of 274 from the bat. In their two efforts the Kentish eleven failed to reach the one score of their opponents by 46 runs, and at Huddersfield, on the following Monday, they had to endure even a more decisive defeat at the hands of the Yorkshiremen. Ulyett contributed 73 to the Yorkshire total of 213, but the Kentish batsmen, who missed the services of Mr. W. H. Patterson on this occasion, were utterly unable to play the bowling of Peate, Hill, and Bates, and the only noteworthy feature in the two innings of 62 and 64 was the excellent show of Mr. Mackinnon, who went in first after the follow on, and carried out his bat for 33, or more than one half of the total.

While Surrey was making a poor attempt to resist a strong eleven of Gloucestershire at the Oval, Middlesex, with only a moderate eleven, was successfully combating the team doing duty for Notts in consequence of the secession of Shaw, Shrewsbury, and their five supporters. Whether the result would have been different had the ground been true must be a matter of opinion, but the treacherous state of the wickets caused the cricket to be unreliable and the Middlesex seen at their best beyond a doubt. The Nottingham batting depended chiefly on Gunn, Butler, and Oscroft, and as they were all comparatively unsuccessful the chances of the Northerners were considerably reduced. Wild's second score of 34, not out, was the highest individual contribution of the match; and at the end of the four innings, which only showed an aggregate of 419, it was found that Middlesex were 51 runs to the good.

To add to its defeat by Middlesex and Yorkshire, Surrey, in quick succession, had to acknowledge three more reverses at the hands of Gloucestershire, Notts, and Lancashire, and in each case it owed its want of success in a great measure to defective fielding. 'The Doctor' (E. M. Grace) treated Surrey to an exposition of his own peculiar and effective if inelegant cricket to the tune of 77, and the only redeeming feature in Surrey's defeat by eight wickets was the good batting of Mr. Lindsay, who played steady cricket each time for 37, not out, and 50. Some excellent cricket by Messrs. W. W. Read (93 and 11) and Lucas (16 and 72 not out) helped the eleven to make two respectable scores of 208 and 187 against the second team of Notts at Nottingham, but weak bowling and loose fielding enabled their opponents to reach a big total of 377; though in extenuation of the Surrey defeat by nine wickets it must in justice be added that the wicket cut up badly after the long innings of Notts. With Messrs. Lucas and Shuter both away Surrey's chance against Lancashire at Manchester was in reality



hopeless, and the innings of 324 made by the Northerners was the third in which the Southerners had to field for over three hundred runs since the commencement of the season. With really only Mr. W. W. Read at all in form with the bat, Surrey's prospects against the bowling of Nash, Watson and Barlow were of the poorest, and an aggregate of 199 in the two innings was perhaps quite as much as could have been expected of them. The meetings between Middlesex and Gloucestershire have occasionally been productive of some very high scoring, but the first match of the season at Lord's failed to realise even the average that had been reached this year on the Marylebone ground. Middlesex was only represented by a moderate eleven, but even this would hardly explain their ill-success in being dismissed by such bowling as that of Gloucestershire for a total of 77. Mr. Vernon in the second innings showed what can be done with the medium-pace deliveries of Messrs. W. G. Grace, Gilbert, Midwinter and Woof by a resolute batsman, and his hitting—he scored 88 out of 109 while he was in—was the best that has been seen at Lord's for many a day. At one time there seemed just a chance that Middlesex would be able to make a good fight, but their opponents always had a little in hand, and the victory ultimately rested with Gloucestershire with six wickets to spare.

Cambridge did a good performance in defeating Lancashire by nine wickets, but the new ground of the Liverpool Club, on which the match was played, was in anything but an agreeable condition for the batsman, and recent rain had not improved what would in all probability, even in fine weather, hardly been a good wicket. Chiefly through the accuracy of Mr. A. G. Steel's bowling, the county team were dismissed for 71 and 153; but the great feature of the match was the excellent batting of Mr. G. B. Studd, who went in first for the University and carried out his bat for 106 out of 187, a fine performance on a queer wicket.

The two trial games of the Universities in London threw no fresh light on the prospects of the Oxford and Cambridge match, and as by the time these lines are in print the victory in that important contest will have been decided, lengthy comments on the form of the two elevens in their metropolitan engagements are unnecessary. An analysis of the performance of the two sides against very similar teams representative of the Marylebone Club and Ground suggested little difference between the Universities, as Oxford were at the finish only eleven runs better than their opponents. So far there was no perceptible disparity on paper, but in reality the Cantabs had so much the worst of the luck by comparison with Oxford that their exhibition was intrinsically a much better one. Though Cambridge had an easy victory over Surrey at the Oval, there was really nothing in their batting, with the exception of a really fine innings of 102 by Mr. A. F. J. Ford, who had been showing a great advance on his form of previous seasons, or in their bowling to impress any one with the idea of exceptional merit. On the other hand, though Oxford had made a good fight with a strong

eleven of the Marylebone Club and Ground, who only beat them by fifty-nine runs, their subsequent exhibition against a very moderate team of Middlesex was so poor that, except on the supposition that they were a little stale on the latter occasion, there was ample justification for the confidence generally felt in the success of Cambridge.

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### YACHTING AND ROWING.

It is no exaggeration to say that a general gloom has been thrown over the yachting circles of the Thames by the sudden death of Mr. W. N. Rudge, for some time Vice-Commodore of the New Thames Club, and at Gravesend, where his fine schooner *Nina* was generally moored off the Club House during the season, expressions of regret were alike general and sincere. Possessed of ample means, he had long abjured the possible glories of the racing yacht-owner in favour of the possession of a comfortable well-found cruiser, and though from time to time taking part in a handicap with more than average success, he was generally found at the club matches on board the steamer acting as officer of the day, which his perfect acquaintance with yacht sailing and the requisite duties enabled him to fulfil to perfection. Amongst club-mates his obsequious visage will long be missed at the north-east corner of the coffee-room, where on most notable occasions the Vice was wont to preside over some half-dozen of intimate friends, while at other times Mr. Rudge did the honours in the comfortable saloon of the *Nina*. His illness was but of short duration, and within a few days of his death he was taking the accustomed place in the circle at Gravesend.

After a rather tame commencement in the cutter matches of the Royal and New Thames Clubs, the yachting season round and about the Mause has been unusually satisfactory, and fortunate in weather beyond all precedent. *Samona* having run away from her opponents on the first day, they refused to 'appear again,' so the New's first-class fell through; and *Buttercup*, the big ten-tonner which had won by time on the first occasion, could not get home quite soon enough on the morrow, Mr. Hewitt having to content himself with second honours, while Louise (Mr. Wynne Eyton) this time took first prize, a feat which she repeated the following day in the Nore Club Match, when the wind was very mean and paltry, in strong contrast to the pipers of the previous two days. It is generally regretted that *Vandura's* new owner has not brought her to the southward this year, for a meeting with *Samona* in some of the more sea-going matches of the Thames clubs would have been a most attractive item. The match of the R.T.Y.C. to Dover might have given a capital opportunity for testing their quality, but we may hope it is only a pleasure deferred until the Isle of Wight gales are in full swing.

The Royal London expected a greater cutter day with first-class and forty-tonners. The big 'uns, however, did not fill, and much of the interest attaching to the fighting forties was lost when *Sleuth-hound*, the latest addition to the Marquis of Ailsa's kennel, came to grief between the first and the starting gun, her bowsprit cracking up, which of course involved hauling down the racing colour and a retirement from the match. From the Lower Hope to round the West Oaze Buoy, and home to Rosherville, the new ship *May* (Mr. N. Stewart), *Coryphée* (Mr. R. Richardson), and *Norman* (Major

Ewing), kept well together in a hard nor'-easter down to Holy Haven, where May slipped the others, and got home a winner two and a half minutes ahead of Coryphée, which took second prize. The schooners and yawls of the Royal Thames were to sail the same day, but schooners there were none, and of yawls the crackest were conspicuously absent. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Commodore, came down with the match, which proved a good thing for Mr. Leask's Gudrun, a new 'cruiser,' so called, built by Camper and Nicholson; she made a very satisfactory *début*, and, as several lunatics hastened to remark, had a *good run*. (It is earnestly hoped that most readers will survive this atrocity.) Another cruiser, Mr. Trower's Spindrift, did well in the strong breeze, getting home second, but she could not give away the necessary time allowance to either Christine or Arethusa, which took the other prizes. In a Sealed Handicap Match promoted by the New Thames, the wind proved so poor as to spoil the day's sport, and it was not much better in the race to Harwich, for which there was a capital entry, but no breeze. Eventually Samœna took the prize, while in other rigs, Egeria represented schooners and Gudrun yawls. At Harwich matters were nearly as unsatisfactory, the number of fine yachts in attendance apparently not moving the compassion of the clerk of the weather. The race back to Southend began nearly as badly, but before long matters mended, Daphne, Latona and Miranda gaining the prizes.

The Royal London, or rather Sir Curtis Lampson, started what may be called a novelty in Thames yacht sailing, i.e. a match with very little Thames in it. Sir Curtis offered a hundred pounds for all rigs to start from Southend to the Mouse, round the West Oaze Buoy, Nore Light, and back to Southend, twice round. A splendid entry came up to do justice to the liberal gift, Miranda, the schooner of this and recent seasons, Samœna, last year's south-country crack, and the new forty, Sleuth-hound, while Florinda and Latona adequately represented the yawl division. The breeze, which was a light S.W. at the start, freshened during the day. The solitary schooner had the best of it, and won with Florinda close on her stern, while Latona and Samœna made a very close match, finishing by the cutter's taking third place, thanks to Latona's topsail splitting off the West Oaze Buoy the second time round. Owing to something being wrong with her machinery, visitors on board the club steamer Albert Edward saw but little of the day's sailing, getting down to Southend at a snail's pace just in time to witness the finish of the first round, and being, it seemed, quite unable to follow the racers on their *encore* journey; indeed, they could have seen little or nothing beyond the finish of the match.

Nore to Dover over the orthodox, round the Goodwins' course, has been the scene of many a fine race, but this year's match exceeded all predecessors, and with a piping south-westerly wind, the fastest time on record was likely to be made. Of a splendid entry several were absentees, when it was found that reefs, and no topsails worth mentioning, were the order of the day. Fiona and Latona alone carried topsails (jib-headed), and the latter for a long time could not get within hailing distance of Miranda, which was spinning away with Latona next, and Samœna, Florinda, Fiona and the others at a more or less respectful distance. After rounding the Tongue, however, Latona forged ahead, and a rare tussle now took place between schooner and cutter, Samœna at last doing Miranda and taking second prize, leaving the third for the two-master. Latona, of course, took the first, and her performance in going from the Nore to Dover, the long way round,

between 9h. 35m. and 3 P.M., was a very fine and probably an unrivalled one. The day was made for the match, and the match for the day, a fine entry, and strong breeze combining to ensure the charm of the race. There seems, however, no just impediment to the steamer accompanying starting from or at any rate calling at Southend, or perhaps Sheerness, which would give lie-abeds three hours more, and the difference between 6.30 A.M. and some three hours later is too marked to be easily ignored.

During the past month, a wordy war of violent description has been going on in the sporting and daily press, consisting chiefly of irrational abuse of the Henley authorities, whose refusal of the Cornell entry met with a deal of thoughtless condemnation. It is all very well for rowing clubs, at the universities and elsewhere, to petition the Henley Stewards, as the London Rowing Club and Oxford University have done, in favour of admitting the American so-called collegians, but the plain and inevitable duty of the regatta executive was to act according to their rules, which may be reasonably supposed familiar to all interested in them. In case of a general request being expressed that the Transatlantics be received, it was quite within the province of the officials to yield to the wishes of the rowing world, but the stewards would needlessly stultify themselves by going out of their way, to abrogate their own regulations on the first occasion when they come into operation, and had they done so, their opponents would have been equally ready to decry the course of action adopted. Not content with foolish denunciations, some critics senselessly asserted that a part of their duty is to communicate with any foreigners whose probable entry at a forthcoming regatta may form the subject of a cutting from American or other newspapers. This is opening up a vast and practically illimitable sphere of action to the Henley magnates and their secretary, for nearly every spring, rumours come across the water of the intention of sundry aspiring oarsmen to compete at Henley, and in the majority of cases the intention, if it ever really existed, is not persevered in as far as the starting-post. This year a Toronto crew were supposed to be coming from Hanlan's birthplace to contest the possession of some of the principal English trophies, but nothing more has been heard on the subject, and though of course readily welcoming visitors who comply with the published conditions, we are by no means surprised at their absence.

An important point which seems to have quite escaped the notice, or to be beyond the ken of those most anxious to find fault with Henley management, and one to a great extent confirming the policy of their much-discussed regulation, consists of the fact that though 'college crew' has a most unimpeachable sound in English ears, habituated to associate such a designation with facsimiles of Oxford or Cambridge oarsmen, it may mean something very different in the United States. Our lively cousins, in their zeal for victory in athletics, are not unfrequently in the habit of qualifying artisans, or indeed any likely specimens of humanity, as members of a college, in order to make use of them in sporting contests, and the question of previous disqualification is seldom or never raised. Over here we do not profess, or possibly aspire, to so excessive an elasticity in our notions, so that from an English standpoint, and taking our accepted notions of amateur qualification as the criterion, a certain amount of time for inquiry into the 'who' and 'what' of foreign candidates becomes more than desirable, it is imperative. It has been already pretty clearly shown that the Cornell men are at any rate not representatives of a college according to the usual English meaning of the word, but rather of something equivalent to an entire university, and there-

fore ineligible for the Visitors' Cup, which is especially restricted to college and school crews, although on the other hand, if the Coopers' Hill men are eligible for the Ladies' Plate, it is hard to see how Cornell can be 'ruled out' of the Visitors' Four. The Stewards perhaps thought, and with a great show of justice, that they had conceded enough to the unpunctual Yanks. Really Cornell seems to be a naval institution, judging from their entry being 'Cornell Navy Boat Club, Ithaca, New York,' and it is for those better acquainted than ourselves with American definitions, to decide such vexed questions.

The fact of the Henley Stewards accepting, in compliance with a wish, pretty generally expressed, the American entry for the Stewards' has had by no means the result of tuning down the virulence of *ignemai* (is that the plural?) and we can only hope that our visitors will afford us an exhibition of American rowing worthy of the excitement which their arrival caused. They are not solitary specimens of foreign talent in England during the coming season, as 'la belle France' is assuredly represented, and Gallic or Transatlantic competitors may alike be assured of a hearty welcome, *malgré* the discussion which has preceded the American oarsmen.

The regatta, unfortunately for 'Baily,' takes place at the end of June and first day of July, so that anticipations or notice are, at least during the non-arrival of magazine printing by electricity, equally impracticable, but we have referred at some length to the Cornell men, as on both sides of the Atlantic the matter will afford a subject for a good deal of discussion, and maybe recrimination.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—A Midsummer Medley.

WHAT a blessed and welcome change was that which ushered in 'the leafy month,' when we felt indeed that summer, long looked-for, had come at last—come to do fitting honour to our great Race Meeting and to gladden our souls and bodies with the delightful and almost forgotten feeling of warmth and heat. To climb the hill on to the Downs through shady lanes white with May blossoms, to know that you were hot and to feel that you were thirsty, to be able to wear a white waistcoat and envy those superior persons who, regardless of *convenances*, walked up in their shirt-sleeves to clutch the proffered 'cup,' with an eagerness that was almost fierce in its intensity, to return to that 'cup' at intervals and still find the longing unappeased—all this was delightful, and doubly so because it was so novel. We had begun to despair of ever having that feeling again. In long-forgotten summers there was a thirst that used to come upon us at Epsom and abode with us up to—we can scarcely say when, perhaps York August, and we *have* known it last to the Leger; but this was an awful long time ago. And now it had returned, and if only Peregrine had won! But we are anticipating.

There ought to be a prize given to the man or woman who could find something perfectly original to write about the Derby; or rather, we should say, a prize offered—for we feel confident it would never be won. The wonderful adventures met with and sights seen in and about Epsom by our gifted contemporaries, and given to the world in their columns, the brutal rough and the virtuous little flower-girl, the drunken tramp and the noble gipsy, we are sorry to say, have never come across our path. We can only

envy our brethren of the pen who find them out and write us the charming accounts they do of the days and nights they spend in their company. We spent *our* nights while at Epsom in a modest cottage, the cottage of content, where the laburnums shed their golden blossom and no virtuous flower-girls intruded on our solitude; so, consequently, we have nothing to say on this department. Our knowledge of the Epsom 'carnival' (the word *will* crop up) is limited to the business department of the Stand, to the Paddock, a daily visit, about the luncheon hour, to a hospitable enclosure known as 'The Mickleham,' and to an occasional look at 'the hill.' All these things done our knowledge of Epsom, outside the racing, begins and ends. Besides, it is an old story now, and so many wonderful things have happened since, that we feel it would be an insult to our readers to tell them what perhaps they are tired of hearing. Still, the Derby must have its record in these columns, above all must *the* event of the week, the meeting of Bend Or and Robert the Devil be duly set forth, for these will be pages in the Turf history of the future.

How tired we were of hearing and talking about the moderate character of the field for weeks before the race, we all know. Needless to refer here to the Derby 'certainty,' created by Peregrine in the Two Thousand, and which, gaining force as time went on lived with him up to the day. Our ears got tired of hearing that question, to which there was no satisfactory answer, of 'What is to beat him?' If a much-badgered respondent ventured to suggest Geologist, or Passaic, or Iroquois, or Cumberland, or Culloden, or Fortune's Favourite (personally we went for outsiders in desperation), he brought on his head that rich, but at the same time mild vocabulary of abuse, rich in its coarseness, but mild in its point, with which a dissident from public turf opinion is usually assailed. The question was, indeed, one hard to answer satisfactorily, and most people felt in their inmost hearts that Peregrine ought to win, the only doubt being Iroquois, with that terrible Archer on him. What might not that horse and man do—the latter especially? Besides, Iroquois had great pretensions, as the horse who was only a head behind Bal Gal would necessarily have. It was not, so said his backers, all Archer, for Iroquois had run manifestly unfit in the Two Thousand, and would be on the Derby day, we forget how many pounds, improved. There was no doubt that he did look a far different horse in the Epsom paddocks from what he was in the Birdcage. If anything he looked a little overdone, trained too light, and many were the good judges, Newmarket men to wit, who thought that his trainer had 'slipped it into him' beyond what he ought to have done. However, they were wrong, and the trainer was right. Iroquois was probably trained to the hour, well-nigh to the minute; he was a great horse, and he had a jockey on his back with, we do not hesitate to say, full four or five pounds in hand. He won his race fair and square, and though something was said at the time about Peregrine being disappointed, and not so much use being made of him as there might have been, we are content to take the Derby as a true run race. Glad too to congratulate the American nation on an American win, and to assure them how heartily we accept the beating. After all, we it is who ought to be proud of the win—for it is to our teaching and example, and above all our blood, that it is due. They are no strange dwellers in a far land who have crossed the ocean to wrest our greatest prize from our grasp, but bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—at least, we can swear to the horse being so. Mr. Lorillard was not present to see Iroquois win, but Mrs. Lorillard was, and felt deeply gratified at the hearty greetings which Archer and the horse received on returning to the paddock. It takes something to get a cheer from us when we have lost our money, as the majority

of us had on this occasion, but we remembered the occasion, and did our best. Hail! Columbia.

But after all, what was the Derby (we dismiss the Oaks entirely) to the Epsom Cup and the match between Bend Or and Robert the Devil? All the racing of the week went into a nutshell by the side of this event. There had been plenty of gambling, of course, but the excitement was reserved for the Friday, and the question of which would win was almost fierce in its intensity. There is a partisanship in racing which it is almost impossible to avoid. The quietest man who bets but rarely, and then in the smallest of sums (perhaps, however, a more genuine sportsman than the plunger in 'monkeys') gets fond of a horse, identifies himself with his fortunes, makes him in his own mind the best horse of his year, and sticks to him through good and evil report, through victory and defeat, until he comes to believe in him with a faith that, supposing it was not a racehorse, would be touching. We rather approve of this feeling, holding it to be a genuine one, and showing that we have something in us apart from the filthy lucre, which entitles us to the name of sportsmen. There are partisans every year, but we think that the spirit of partisanship was never stronger than it is now at the present time between what we will call the rival factions of Robert the Devil and Bend Or. Of course it arose out of last year's Derby; the 'fluke,' as 'the Devil's' friends termed it, the brilliant win as it was regarded (and we think rightly) by the partisans of Bend Or. Our readers will see that we have shown our colours, but they will not, however much they may disagree, think the worse of us for that. Bend Or in our belief won the Derby under exceptionally adverse circumstances. Robert the Devil had the first run, Bend Or was seriously interfered with, and Archer only saw a clear course before him when once in the line for home. How he then made up his ground, we all remember. His great speed was then shown to perfection, and the way Archer brought him from the distance was a sight that his opponents ought to have remembered. To be sure, they had seen him in evil case on the Town Moor and the Rowley Mile since then, and they had also seen the Derby defeated one prove himself a very great horse—the greatest, so said his admirers, of modern times. We have not the slightest intention of decrying—in fact, we cannot—the pretensions of Robert to be a very great horse indeed. He shall remain the 'wonder' he has been called.

But we Bend Or men claim that the son of Doncaster, over his own course, is the better of the two, and we point to the Epsom Cup as our proof. It was a grand race, and a most exciting one; indeed, we have rarely seen a race crowd so stirred as that was when Archer brought up Bend Or to Robert's shoulders, and Cannon was seen to move on the favourite. Then began a cheering which, renewed again and again, never ceased until long after Bend Or had passed the post, and Archer returned with him to the paddock. The police with difficulty cleared a way for them, and their path was one long ovation. Robert Peck, too, came in for hearty and deserved congratulations. No doubt he had had many an anxious moment with Bend Or, particularly prior to the Leger and when he ran at Newmarket. He had had to possess his soul with patience and listen to sneering remarks, sometimes ill-natured ones. A deposed favourite is fair game for any amount of kicking, and only a comparative but staunch few stuck to their colours. It would have been supposing them to be more than human if they did not exult when the truth of last year's Derby received such confirmation, and the son of Doncaster proved himself worthy of his sire.

The week between Epsom and Ascot is an awful week of tearing about from one end of London to another; days that seem to commence at ten in the morning and finish at an indefinite hour. Days when you are hurried off to the Agricultural Hall by one batch of friends 'dead' on the Horse Show, and pulled out of the sawdust thereof by another batch who are equally 'dead' on the Fancy Fair. Then your presence is demanded at Hurlingham, and you are bound to go to Sandown, so what between all these distractions, together with an opera or two, and a third visit to 'Patience,' we hailed the approach of Ascot and its comparative quiet with relief. Of the Horse Show we will speak further on; of the other exhibition at the rival hall of Albert, we can only say that it disappointed us very much, and though we tried to feel respect for the good intentions of the ladies and gentlemen who dressed themselves in strange garments for the sacred cause of charity, and our amusement, it was a very difficult task. To think that one cannot be charitable, or give to the rich and poor without all this tomfoolery, is rather humiliating to our poor nature, and though, of course, the plea that the end justifies the means will be put forward, it is painful to think that the end cannot be attained without such help. That the hospital benefited largely by the show we are glad to hear, but we trust we have seen the last of this peculiar form of Fancy Fair. The tawdry decorations, the pasteboard and canvas castle and booths hid the beauty of those who are called *vendeuses* and the attractions of the wares they sold. Nothing could be more wretched-looking than what the great majority of the spectators had to look upon, the backs of the said booths, a medley of ragged canvas that would not have been met with in the old days of Bartlemy Fair. There were many pretty faces; there were others that could not lay claim to be so called. About the whole affair there was a sort of 'Vauxhall-by-daylight' look which was depressing rather than otherwise. Let us hope that as this was the first so it will be the last 'Olde Englishe Fayre.'

And now there is a visible stir and bustle in the West End world (which, sooth to say, has not been as yet very lively or bustling this season) and hard worked *modistes* and their unfortunate assistants have a very warm time. So do tailors and men milliners generally, for the great racing festival is at hand, and many of us have not got our festive garments. But all is ready that Tuesday

In flowery June  
When brooks send up a pleasant tune,

or they would have done, no doubt, if there had been any about Ascot Heath; but in lieu of them we had

The songs of birds and stir of leaves and wings,

real Ascot weather, such as we had not enjoyed for some few anniversaries. We cannot add that we had real Ascot sport, for the first look of the programme was disappointing in this respect; but still the racing improved as it went on, and there were some notable events and notable performances that will cause this year's Ascot to be remembered and talked about. Despite some predictions to the contrary, it was about the most crowded Ascot we ever remember, and though there was a flatness about things generally, particularly among the upper crust of the royal enclosure, the multitude, we think, were very happy, and there were no complaints of dullness about the coaches, particularly at the luncheon hour. Neither did Mr. Verrinder, the



courteous traffic manager of the S. W. tell us that he or his staff had found it dull ; nor did Mr. Superintendent Gernon complain that he and his men had nothing to do. Mr. Robert Oades, too, the excellent C. C., did not eat the bread of idleness during the week, and must have rejoiced when Sunday arrived and he found himself among his lares at Egham. The S. W. resources were never so highly taxed, and we think the service was very well done. Of course, there was grumbling here and there, for there are always sure to be people who expect to be taken down to Ascot and brought back again at the rate of thirty miles an hour, even if they were brought back in pieces, which would be the highly probable result of such travelling. The S. W. has its shortcomings occasionally, we know ; but we cannot help admiring the way in which of late years their Ascot business has been carried on. If the public would only think a little they would see what a very big thing in traffic the four days of Ascot mean ; but, as we have above hinted, the public is not given to thinking, and only wants to know why the blank blank they are not taken to Ascot and brought away again with the dispatch they deem their due.

But now for the racing. We will imagine the royal procession, the cheering up the line, and the stentorian voice of Mr. Steel leading the chorus of acclamation that greets it as it drives into the enclosure. About the procession the less said the better. It has not been a very distinguished procession of late years—we are speaking, of course, of the carriages and horses—and this year it was a rather humiliating procession, which only the presence of our Prince and Princess redeemed. But Englishmen are getting so accustomed to humiliation nowadays, that shady horses and shadier carriages are accepted with calmness and resignation. Still we would humbly suggest that foreigners, especially the distinguished French and American republicans who come over in such numbers about this time, expect from imperial England something a little better than what they see in their own country. We feel sure that M. Gambetta would have been very much shocked if a first 'turn out' from the Palais Bourbon was not far superior to anything seen on the New Mile ; but we will not dwell on this painful subject further. Here is the A Division clearing the course, and we are all anxious to bet on Archer on Cradle instead of Archer on Valour. The latter, spotted as the very good thing of the day in the Trial Stakes was an absentee, reported coughing, the forerunner, in fact, of many followers, for that terrible epidemic (we see it is called 'dry influenza') was heard of again and again during the week. Cradle, who, by the way is as sound as on the day he was foaled, of course, won in a canter, and Lady Vesta defeated Leghorn for second place easily. The latter was backed for some money ; but Sir John Astley's star was not yet in the ascendant. We are very fond of Scotch Whiskey, so fond that we wish Mr. Craven had found a better representative of that honoured name than the colt who was favourite for the Maiden plate, but who failed to run up to the (perhaps) moderate form he showed in the Craven meeting. Kingdom's running at Sandown, and his good looks to boot, had stamped him as something superior, if there is anything really superior in the very mild form of the early spring. He won very easily here, and no doubt is something better than the common run.

The race for the Queen's Vase was the medium of a very sensational event. There were only three runners, Peter, Monarch, and Ambassadors, and it certainly looked a simple exercise canter for the first named. Odds of 3 to 1 on him could not be called extravagant under the circumstances, and many a

plunger girded up his loins and laid his 300 to 100 out of the fulness of his heart. It was only putting it down to take up again; and so his sporting owner thought too, and went for getting back some of his losses at Manchester. It was, then, with something approaching consternation that, just after passing the Swinley turn and opposite the Hotel, Peter was seen to stop deliberately, stick his forefeet in the ground and begin to kick. Wood tried fair means and foul, but Peter would not budge, and as the other two were in the Swinley bottom by that time, Wood brought him back to the enclosure, of course much disconcerted. Sir John Astley, however, like the good sportsman he is, took it very calmly, only saying to Wood, 'So he wouldn't go past his stable, eh?' and did all he could to show his jockey that he did not consider him to blame. It was most vexatious, of course, and the value of Peter seemed much deteriorated. Everybody lamented it, because 'The Mate' is a universal favourite, and it was felt that his chance of getting again the large sum he had given for Peter was very remote. But we did not yet know Peter, and had to wait four-and-twenty hours before we got thoroughly acquainted with him. However, for the rest of that afternoon there was plenty to talk about and give a fillip to what at one time promised to be a rather dull afternoon. Of course the absence of Peregrine—suffering, like Bend Or, from the epidemic we have above referred to—from the Prince of Wales Stakes was a disappointment not only to his new owner, Lord Alington, but to all men who dearly love to see a turf battle fought over again between good horses, and his meeting Iroquois would have been the feature of the day. Very many people fully expected to see Peregrine defeat him, but they must now wait until the Leger before that knotty point can be settled. Iroquois had nothing to beat but Geologist, who had plenty of backers, on the supposition that he would perform much better here than he did in the Derby (which he would need to do, goodness knows!) and that the course would suit him. But our private opinion, formed on this and subsequent running is, that the course has yet to be made that will 'suit' Geologist, we mean in any good company. We may be wrong, indeed if the worthy people who are backing him for the Leger are right, of course we are, but *nous verrons*. Iroquois looked hard and well, and with Archer confident, it seemed good business to lay 5 to 4. He won easily enough we think, and we will do Geologist the justice to say that he made a better fight of it than we expected. Still, as the winner was giving him 9 lbs., and as we have no reason yet for thinking that the former is a wonder, we must adhere to our opinion that Geologist will be best 'suited' in moderate company. The two-year-olds in the Twenty-fourth Biennial were not a very striking lot, and Purple and Scarlet was perforce the favourite. There was a tip about Lady Maura, and good reports about Haverhill, who would have been a better favourite, perhaps, if his stable companion Scotch Whiskey had run better in the Moreton Plate an hour previously. However, he ran well enough, and the issue of the race showed two or three of them to be very much the same animals. It was a fine finish between four, of which Purple and Scarlet got the best, beating by a head, while the same distance behind Lord Zetland's colt, Haverhill and the Zee colt made a dead heat of it. Lady Maura ran badly, and Spring disappointed her stable very much. One good two-year-old we did see at Ascot, later on, but the majority are, we fear, very far behind Derby form. Despite his top weight Exeter was a good favourite for the Ascot Stakes, though there was plenty of money behind two or three others in the race, and Seahorse and Teviotdale we should say carried as much as any. The latter had run better at Manchester, it was said, than most people supposed, and we noticed a number of sharp acquaint-

ances of ours getting on. Beauchamp II., though with a cross-country jock on him, found plenty of friends, and Retreat and Charles I. were in fair demand. Exeter was never very prominent in the race and was beaten at the distance, where it looked any odds on Teviotdale, but opposite the Stand Retreat bored him right across the course, putting the horse entirely out of his stride and defeating him by a length. Everybody, consequently, was prepared for the objection that Osborne, on returning to scale, lodged against Lord Bradford's horse; and the Stewards taking prompt action, went into the matter at once. There was little doubt about the conclusion they would arrive at, and after a brief investigation Retreat was disqualified and the race awarded to Teviotdale. He was said to have spoiled the handicap last year when he got in with 5 st. 10 lb., after running Toastmaster to a head at Chester, and he certainly was not too harshly dealt with now. He must have had a lot in hand, and to win the Stakes two years in succession is a feat of which Mr. Jardine may be proud.

We have had to remark of late years how much the attendance on the Wednesday has increased. Six or eight years ago the Hunt Cup day was the most enjoyable of the four to those who cared for the racing done. The *flancurs* were absent, you could move about in enclosure and paddock without a crowd, and could easily find your luncheon. But these times have past and people have found out that the Tuesday and Wednesday see the cream of Ascot racing (though there is good sport on Friday), and leave the Cup day very much to a well-dressed mob. Looking down along the line of the New Mile this year there seemed very little, if any, falling-off in the crowd we saw on the Tuesday, and there was the same array of coaches; there was not a gap to be discovered between the head of the Four-in-Hand enclosure and the Spagnoletti's telegraph. The sport too was quite up to the mark, and the race for the Hunt Cup one to be remembered. The first event, the Ascot Derby, was a heavy blow to Lord Rosebery, for the hard ground settled Town Moor, who broke down in the straight, and Maskelyne, who had made all the running, beat Passaic easily. The latter had been backed by his stable for the Derby, and those who knew most about him declared he was a good horse and backed him here; but as he had the maiden allowance of 7 lbs. and was defeated so easily, we do not think he can be what his stable suppose. Lord Rosebery has been unfortunate certainly, for Town Moor was no doubt a much improved horse and one also that would improve yet more. When we first saw him, this time twelvemonth, at Ascot we were much impressed by him and thought him then more of a Leger than a Derby horse; he evidently wanted time. We never have seen him at his best and probably never shall, for so serious was his mishap considered, that Lord Rosebery at once struck him out of the Leger—not the first good horse that has met his fate on the hard ground of Ascot Heath. After Mazurka's recent moderate display we hardly expected to see her beat the so-considered 'good thing,' Isola Madre, in the Coronation Stakes, which she did very easily. There was much plunging on Mr. Gretton's mare, the rather absurd odds of 11 to 8 being laid on her, we presume because it was thought she had nothing to beat. Lord Cadogan did not dare trust Mazurka with much, so the bookmakers were jubilant. By the way, Mr. P. Lorillard ran a mare called 'Seneca' in this race. Surely there must be some wrong nomenclature here, and we should like to know the meaning of it. Golden Eye had a very easy task set her in the Fernhill Stakes, when she beat C'enone and Scotch Whiskey in a canter; and then we set our minds intent on the race of the day, the Hunt Cup, the trophy this year being a very handsome silver-gilt shield from the *atelier* of the Hancocks.

There had been about the usual speculation on this event, and favourites had come and favourites had gone in a rather bewildering way. After Peter's exhibition of temper on the previous day his case was considered hopeless, but a change came over our ideas when it was known as soon as we arrived on the course that Archer would ride. This altered the case very much. Faith in Archer in the first place is now almost boundless; again, Peter would be running towards his stable this time, and finally we knew him to be a good horse, though perhaps few estimated him at what he really is. But it is a singular circumstance, and one that will make the Hunt Cup of this year memorable, that as little as 3 to 1 was taken, and eagerly taken at the last moment, about a horse who had made such an exhibition of himself as Peter had done the previous day. The sudden coming of Ercildoune, a horse that last year Peck had considered a Derby one, was another feature, while Out of Bounds was driven back by the money on Peter, Ercildoune, and Petronel, the latter at one time rather under a cloud owing to doubts as to his running. His owner appeared at one time to be left without a jockey, and as Petronel is rather a lazy horse and wants riding, the Duke of Beaufort naturally objected to trusting his horse to a boy. However, as Archer rode Peter, Wood was free to don the blue and white hoops, and as the horse was known to be very fit and well, very many good judges went for him. Fugitive and Sword Dance were also backed, and there were outside prices about the others. On their way to the post Peter's backers received a mental shock at seeing him rear up nearly on end, and evince a decided intention of getting rid of Archer; nor were their feelings soothed by the considerable delay at the post, a delay caused by his vagaries. At length, however, the flag fell; but a shout of 'Peter's left,' was yet another blow; indeed, it seemed a final one, as all hope was then abandoned, but before the Spagnolette telegraph board was reached there, *mirabile dictu*, was Peter seen well in the van, and opposite the stand he disposed of Petronel and Fugitive, and a few strides farther challenged the leader, Sword Dance, and ultimately won a fine race by three parts of a length amidst much cheering and excitement. This continued on Archer's return to the paddock, and when the 'all right' was pronounced, the cheers broke out again, and the number of times Sir John Astley's hands were shaken would exceed belief if we could tell it. The public always like a good horse to vindicate himself as it were; and then Peter's owner, as we have before remarked, is so universally popular, that as we sympathised with him on his disappointment of the previous day, when everyone thought the Peter money was gone, so now we doubly rejoiced to see our doubts and fears set at rest. It was certainly a remarkable win, for not only had Peter lost ground at the start, but after going about two hundred yards he had deliberately begun to back and evince intentions of stopping, but Archer, with excellent judgment, just patted his neck with a 'go on, old man,' and Peter rushed into his bridle, and the rest we know. A very good-looking daughter of Wenlock and Black Lily, Foxglove, who had run a dead heat with Spring at Epsom, took the Triennial easily, and has no doubt much improved since she last ran. There were rumours of the Blankney-bred Whipper-in being smart, but he cut up badly, and the only one near the winner was Mr. Jardine's Whin Blossom. Considering what Scobell had been doing lately, journeying to France and back, &c., to lay odds on him for the Biennial seemed rash, moderate as was the field. He showed his backers that he was not what is called an every-day horse, for he was soon beaten, as was Sir Charles, Monarch, and Stratheden, and a magnificent race from the distance between Voluptuary and Limestone resulted in the head victory of the former.

Master Walker took the Visitors' Plate without much trouble, and brought an excellent day's racing to a conclusion.

We began proceedings with the Eighteenth New Biennial, for which only Elizabeth, last year's winner, Valentino, and Toastmaster appeared at the post. Valentino, who finished second last year, and who was in receipt of 9 lbs. from Elizabeth, and 4 lbs. from Lord Wilton's horse, was a slightly better favourite than the latter, their prices being 11 to 10 and 5 to 4 respectively. He held a similar position in the fray, being in front all the way, and winning cleverly in Fordham's hands by a neck, after a pretty race with Toastmaster from the Spagnoletti board, the heavily-weighted Elizabeth, who had run so moderately in the Hunt Cup, not being beaten more than half a length from the second.

Although it was amongst the conditions of the old fashioned St. James's Palace, which last year produced such an exciting and misleading finish between Bend Or and Fernandez, that the third should save his stake, nothing ventured to oppose Iroquois but Léon, whom Archer, on the Derby winner, simply played with, and allowed to remain within a neck of him till the end. Iroquois has earned some rest, and if he doesn't get it at home as well as out, he will do no one but his few backers any harm at Doncaster.

Ten came to the post for the Rous Memorial, and Count Lagrange and Tom Jennings, who took it last year with Rayon d'Or and in 1879 with Phénix, furnished the favourite in Poulet. Next to him in the quotations came the brother to Plunger, Ishmael, Mr. Jardine's maiden colt, who it was said was unlucky not to have beaten Scobell for the Epsom Grand Prize. The race was virtually a match between the pair, the Frenchman winning very cleverly indeed, though only by a neck from Ishmael, who appears rather a difficult horse for a boy to ride. Notwithstanding his previous effort early in the day, Toastmaster got third, and at one time was going so well that it almost seemed on the cards for Maidment, who rode 'poor old D.'s legacy,' as he is called amongst the initiated, to repeat one of his startling surprises. In the ruck were Sir Charles, Don Fulano, and Ambadress. Poulet, who once in his life beat Le Destrier, has been a disappointing horse to his party, who have stood him on two or three occasions this season, notably in the City and Suburban, when he got badly off, but here he looked big and well and fresh, and had not to bustle himself at starting.

The Rous Memorial over we had an hour in which to lunch and inspect the *toilettes* of the competitors for the Cup. As the first thing we heard on reaching the course at 12 o'clock was the announcement that Chippendale had broken a bloodvessel, we were not surprised to find him an absentee. Every one, we need hardly say, sincerely sympathised with Lord Bradford, who had sacrificed the Vase in order to keep his 'glutton' fresh to have a cut at Robert the Devil, though he did not expect to be able to lower the colours of the latter if he were in his 'back end' form. There was really nothing with the smallest pretensions to oppose the champion, as the field against him consisted of Exeter, Petronel, Zealot, and Foxhall, but the ring fielded wildly all the same, and took 9 to 4 freely till the fall of the flag. Some benighted ones backed Foxhall, the Grand Prix winner, and he was decidedly second favourite. The story of the contest is easily told. They started in a horrible shower of rain, and went, Exeter leading, at a moderate pace for the first mile, when the pace began to mend, and ultimately became pretty strong. Coming into the straight Foxhall was done with, as might have been foreseen by those who reflected that he was quite 18 lbs. behind Peregrine, and only a head better than Tristan. About this point Robert deprived his stable companion of the lead, and cantered in a ridiculously easy

winner by five lengths from Petronel, who finished before Exeter, though the latter could have secured the prize if any accident had happened to 'the Devil.' Robert presented a very different appearance from what he did at Epsom, and had evidently had a few rousing gallops during the fortnight. We were informed by an excellent judge that his last Ascot gallop was the best ever seen, and why they 'fielded' so furiously and fondly we cannot imagine. Fortunately for themselves they accepted the 4's to 1 and 7's to 2 which the plungers laid on Golden Eye for the next event, the Nineteenth New Biennial, in which nothing else was backed but Roysterer, Lord Rosebery's amusingly-named colt by Cremorne out of Caller Ou, on whom his party were rather 'sweet,' and Skipetar, a good-looking but hitherto moderate animal of Mr. Craven's. The favourite had to run 136 yards farther than when she cantered away from Cenone, but it is by no means certain that she would have won *anywhere* on this occasion, whether owing to being 'off,' or from inheriting her father's 'softness,' or for what reason it would be hard to say. It was a truly disastrous affair for the punters, who very naturally selected her for a plunge.

As far as the public horses were concerned, the New looked like a match between Kermesse, the heroine of the Stanley at Epsom, and Kingdom the winner of Tuesday's Maiden Plate; and so it turned out, for Lord Rosebery's charming filly, who we fear will not stand training next year, won in a canter from the good-looking and improving Kingdom, the third being Mr. Jardine's Shrewsbury, by Brown Bread, out of Voyageuse, who fetched 1800 guineas at Doncaster last Leger morning, and who, backward though he be now, will do those who wait for him more than one good turn.

The All Aged brought out only Charibert and Océanie, the shadow of her former self, the horse winning as Archer pleased by a length. On Friday, six put in an appearance for the twenty-eighth Triennial New Mile. Four of the party were well supported, Limestone being in the greatest demand, and next to him Great Carle. No one who really saw Limestone's race with Voluptuary on Wednesday could have imagined him inferior to Lord Rosebery's horse, and on that ground in danger from Great Carle, but a good many people, particularly at Ascot, cannot see the finish, and such people stood Lord Falmouth and Archer. In spite of his 5 lbs. penalty, Johnny Osborne took Limestone to the front after crossing the road, and going on, won extremely cleverly by half a length from Thora, who was a head before Great Carle. Limestone is a nice clever, useful nag, but a good way at present from the top of the tree, and we all know Great Carle's form. Were we not well inspired, therefore, when we refused to allow our readers to believe that Thora had a chance with Thebais for the Oaks?

A field of eighteen, quite enough, contested the Wokingham, for which most backers, owing to the fine speed he showed in the Hunt Cup, had something on the brother to Springfield, since named Wokingham, though he was not as good a favourite as Sword Dance or Valentino, who hadn't a 50 to 1 chance. Mr. Savile's Lincolnshire, ridden by Maidment, Elf King, Discount, Fugitive, and Edensor, had friends, and so had Skipetar. Wokingham, ridden this time by the highly-promising Barrett, made all the running, and came home a pretty easy length in front of King of Scotland, a rank outsider fancied by no one but his owner, Edensor finishing third. Lincolnshire, Discount, and Fugitive ran well, but Sword Dance, who did not seem able to go the pace, disappointed his connections, and only got fifth.

The Windsor Castle Stakes brought out a lot of such apparently moderate two-year-olds that the 5 to 4 was freely taken about the penalised Red Rag filly; but she was done with at the distance, when Maidment, on Haverhill,

came out and tried his old game of 'slipping' his horses. He caught a Tartar, however, in Bruce, a handsome, strong, but backward and untrained colt of Mr. Rymill's, and a stable companion of the favourite. The moment he reached Haverhill the issue ceased to be in doubt, for he fairly galloped him down and won a neck. We heard before the race that Bruce was the best two-year-old in England, but that we must not back him till later on. He started at 100 to 7, the exact price, which has been lately accepted about him for next year's Derby. As Chippendale's bloodvessel was to the Gold Cup, so was Bend Or's cough, which had been on for some hours, to the Hardwicke. Peter found himself with nothing to beat, for though Chippendale was amongst the starters, he couldn't, after what had occurred the morning before, be at all dangerous, and the Manton 'swan-goose' Geologist will not kill anybody just yet. There was of course the more than 'off-chance' that Peter, as he would be galloping away from the hotel, might wish to stop and kick, so 5 to 4 was forthcoming against him up to the end. He was very properly taken to the post the reverse way, and an almost immediate start was effected. Prestonpans made play all the way till about five furlongs from home, but the strong running intended to serve Geologist hadn't the slightest effect on Peter, with whom Archer waited at first, got into a nice place rounding the bend, and coming away at the half distance fairly romped in by eight lengths. Bonnie Doon's Newcastle admirers declare he was second best, but we are inclined to think that 'barren honour' belongs to Prestonpans. In any case, either could have 'done' Geologist, who will probably win a good handicap just as we have got tired of hearing his name. That a good handicap was thrown away with Prestonpans none can deny; quite uselessly, as it seems to us, for Geologist would probably have run better if the pace had been slower. The victory was *cela va sans dire*—well received, for the British public, with all their faults, dearly love horses like Peter, jockeys like Archer, and owners like Sir John. It was indeed a lucky day for the baronet, Peter, and the turf, when Windsor, also lucky, was picked up in the Selling Race last June. But for that fortunate buy Peter might have gone to the stud as merely a brilliant T.Y.C. horse, or, at best, miler, whom it was safer to leave alone in a handicap. We are not at all sure that Bend Or, fit and well, would have beaten him, but we look forward to the battle of the giants in the Goodwood Cup with the keenest anxiety. The other two have got their jockeys. Let us trust that Sir John will find no difficulty in securing George Fordham or John Osborne before the day.

The Alexandra Plate was another exercise canter for Robert the Devil, who had only his friend Exeter, and Reveller, to deal with; but backers received another nasty 'facer' when Ishmael, liking a man and a T.Y.C. better than a mile and a boy, upset the 5 to 2 laid on Charibert by a head. Lord Bradford, winding up the meeting, took the last race of the day, the High Weight Plate, with Sword Dance, who just 'did' L'Eclair, who won last year's Coronation by a head.

We cannot take leave of Ascot without, at the request of many fair and other correspondents, expressing a sincere hope that the refreshment department will see its way towards modifying its present unconscionably high tariff, and that it will be possible for a lady to leave a cloak or shawl in the cloak-room of the Stand without paying half-a-crown for the privilege.

Newmarket promises to make as brave a show of yearling talent as usual, and the time not occupied in racing will be pleasantly filled up at the ring side, where business should rule brisker than last year, if we may accept as indications of better times the prices already realised at Sandown, Cobham, and Hampton Court. Peregrine, and many other good winners by Pero

Gomez, will inevitably bring the Bonehill sire to the front this season, and Peter Scott has a very strong hand to show, with plenty of trump cards in it, including no less than half a score by the gallant brown, now in the very prime of sireship, and the picture of hard, healthy condition. His fillies from Grand Duchess and Flighty's dam, are certain to please, both being full of good points; while Hilarity contributes an elastic, racing-like youngster, and it will be noted that two of the above are out of King Tom mares, a cross which seems to suit Pero 'down to the ground.' While among the filly contingent, we may as well take stock of the remainder, all by Childeric, and for the most part doing credit to Lord Falmouth's horse, who was a sojourner at Bonehill last year. For size, substance, and symmetry, his bay daughter of Bargain bears away the bell, and she is a Scottish Chief all over; while Pompadour's chestnut is quite as likely-looking, albeit built on a smaller scale, but she has plenty of depth as well as breadth, and looks like one of the speedy sort, and likely to ripen early. Childeric's Young Lady filly, on the other hand, is just a trifle backward as yet, but rapidly making up for lost time, which her blaze-faced relative out of Astonishment gives but little sign of doing as yet; and in all four a likeness may be traced to their progenitor, especially about the head and neck, and our summing must be decidedly in their favour. Pero Gomez is essentially a colt-getter, and it would puzzle the best of judges to decide between the merits of his sons out of Miss Hungerford and Fleuriste, the former a very lengthy, deep-bodied colt, standing on capital limbs, and the latter with a decided cut of Peregrine about him, but a better horse both to meet and to follow, and it will not fail to be noted that he is somewhat similarly bred. A very neat, well-formed, if rather 'set' colt, is he out of Happy Thought, with square muscular quarters and strong back; but Geoffrey's dam colt was foaled as late as the 26th of June, and is consequently far behind his fellows in point of development, and the My Lady colt quite puts him in the shade, and will do credit to the establishment if he goes on in the right way, being just a trifle shy and calfish at present. A black colt out of Vainglorious took our fancy especially, as there is a look of old Newminster about him, with all the substance of the Beadsman tribe; the characteristics of which are prominent in the Nightjar colt, quite the biggest of his sire's get we have yet seen, and with running blood on both sides of his pedigree. We shall be surprised if buyers do not evince their partiality for a strain of blood so thoroughly well tested as that of Pero Gomez; and we may add that there is plenty of promise for next year in the paddocks bordering upon one of the best administered stud farms in England, where order and neatness seem to be the ruling powers. We dare not venture upon a description of Isonomy in this place, but the readers of 'Baily' shall have it in due course, and meanwhile we must hasten to do justice to other items in the Newmarket July *menu*, the next course of which is furnished by Finstall, another halting-place in our Midland circuit, whither we must now turn our steps. Cardinal York and Pellegrino still occupy the stallion boxes on the hill-side, and of the former it may safely be said, if he had begun by getting the sort of stock he shows this year, his success at the stud would have been better assured, though we do not even yet despair of his making a name and reputation. His well-moulded filly out of Celosia none can help admiring, while his colts out of Nell Gwynne and Patronage are big enough for anything, and his pledges from Selly Oak and Devotion leave nothing to be desired in point of symmetry and quality. Indeed, 'his Eminence' seems to have turned over an entirely new leaf, and we never could quite understand the reason of so handsome and well bred a horse, and a performer of his calibre over all sorts of distances, failing to transmit



some of those qualities to his offspring. The late lamented Paul Jones is represented by two colts in the Finstall collection, both out of Beadsman mares, and of these we prefer the brown from Sister of Mercy, though not nearly on so large a scale as Mulberry's son, and somewhat backward in condition. Still he must have our vote of confidence in preference to the Goliath of the team, whose relationship to Corydalis, however, should put purchasers on the alert, for he is far from badly put together, if he has slightly overgrown his strength, and is somewhat of the legs and wings order at present. Last year we had a very good word to say concerning the first batch of Pellegrinos, and we now are able to ratify and confirm the opinion then expressed, for he gets all his stock after the Palmer fashion, with plenty of length and liberty, and with the grand muscular development peculiar to the Beadsman descent. Thirty-four mares have been the portion of Pellegrino this season, some of our most successful breeders having accorded him their patronage; and the samples at Finstall can hardly fail to please, if we may judge from the excellent average realised by his first batch of yearlings in 1880. His colts out of Miss Lizzie (a charming Oxford mare) and Corybantica (by Fandango out of sister to West Australian) are quite in the first class, fine movers, good doers, and perfectly quiet and docile in the stable; qualities amply matched by make and shape, and such good wine needs no bush. Zelle (the dam of Zuccherro, Zealot, and Incognita) shows a Pellegrino colt the very epitome of herself, and certain to attract those ever on the alert to secure the produce of dams of winners; while Nanny Thormanby's colt, by the same sire, is well topped, and the biggest yet thrown by his dam, who could hold her own well enough while in training. Pellegrino's fillies, too, are quite up to the level of his representatives of the sterner sex, and it would be difficult to match the pair from Laura and Ethel Blair respectively, while Vicar's Daughter has likewise suited him to a nicety, and all are early foals, and from dams likely to suit Pellegrino in shape as well as in blood. It was a happy thought on Mr. Everitt's part to fill the place of Paul Jones at Finstall with a son of The Palmer, for the longer we live the more valuable do we find such a strain become, and now that The Palmer has left these shores for ever, it is gratifying to find the services of so worthy a successor available, and on such moderate terms. It is not surprising, then, that things in general are 'looking up' at Finstall, where the management is all that can be desired, and Mr. Everitt may be congratulated upon having secured so able a 'first minister' as the late head of affairs at Eaton Hall.

Lord Rosslyn returns to his old vantage-ground at Newmarket this season, and the Easton Lodge contribution to Tuesday's catalogue numbers ten, among which Toxophilite comes out strong with no less than half-a-dozen, the very last of his get, and showing throughout a deal of their sire's character. Two fillies, both May foals, and therefore undeveloped buds of promise as yet, claim Jessica and Thrift for their dams, and the latter especially struck us as likely to go fast, while their relative out of Ravenswing is built on a much more commanding scale, and if plainish (after the manner of the Melbournes), with her lop ears and drooping quarters, there is yet a deal of use about her, and she looks likely to stand the ordeal of training. Of the Toxophilite colts Sagittarius, though by no means at his best as yet, impressed most favourably, and he will furnish into something useful if all goes well with him; while Round Shot, out of Rotunda, a Buccaneer mare, is reckoned the very spit of old Tox., and certainly a better topped horse we do not set eyes on every day, though Scottish Archer, out of another daughter of Buccaneer, does not altogether please in this respect, if his legs

are better calculated for the wear and tear of work. Blue Boy, by Blue Gown, improves vastly upon acquaintance, and purchasers should not fail to take stock of him out of his box, when he shows to far greater advantage; but Boabdil, by Kingcraft, out of Murcia, needs no further commendation than that he may be classed quite A1, and the very best of his sire's produce yet led into a sale ring, which assertion we make with the worthies by the same stallion sold at Cobham fresh in our recollection. Camilla is one of Macaroni's very best efforts, with any amount of style and quality about her, and of the slashing Psaltery it may be said that she is Lord Clifden over again, and if Grey Palmer intends to get them after this type, he is not destined to linger long in the ranks of unfashionable stallions.

Thursday at headquarters is big with the fate of Lord Rosebery's, Mr. Chaplin's, and Mr. Alexander's lots, but as all three of the above-mentioned breeders are also racing men, in a greater or less degree, it is only fair to believe that in case of reserve prices not being reached, their owners will put them into training on their own account. Lord Rosebery's eleven are pretty equally divided between the home sires, Macaroni contributing four, Kisber five, and Lord Lyon and Controversy one each, but the youngsters are mostly out of young or untried mares, Verdure being the only one credited with a winner in Mr. Savile's Lincolnshire.

A solitary Thunderbolt relieves the succession of Hermits in Mr. Chaplin's collection, and she is out of Chanoinesse, an own sister to the lord of the harem, who is responsible for five fillies and three colts, among which is an own sister to Ambergris, and others with a dash of the good old Glasgow blood in their compositions, which has nicked so well in Peter's case. The colts include an own brother to Charon and The Abbot, a brother to Alone, and another by Hermit from Stray Shot, and if all is true we hear concerning their merits, there is likely to be some 'tall' bidding for their possession.

Out of Mr. Caledon Alexander's fourteen, eight are by old Thunderbolt, but none from mares of any particular note, while Tibthorpe has been patronized to the extent of three representatives, and The Speaker claims a couple, and Galopin one, the latter out of a Hermit mare. Mr. Alexander breeds mainly for power and bone, and in these points his lot will be found to excel, and doubtless a fair proportion will change hands.

Prince Batthyany sends up half-a-dozen brood mares, several with Galopin foals, and all due to the same horse, who is represented by a brace of yearling fillies, the produce of Graciosa and Agapanta, and it is high time the speedy son of Vedette was giving token of his ability to uphold the prowess of the Blacklock family, which at present rests its claims to consideration mainly on the natty Speculum.

The small breeding stud of the late Count Jaraczewski is put down for dispersion one day during the week, and among the mares will be found the two Blair Athols, Lapie and Eva, the former with a John Day foal at foot, besides a yearling and a two-year-old by Salvator, and the last-named with a filly by Cymbal, and due to John Day, Turtle Dove having visited Silvio this season.

Five yearlings, the property of Mr. Bennett, are by Carnelion, Skylark, Onslow, Mogador, and Hampton, out of mares which read well enough 'on paper.'

Lord Exeter seems determined to try and restore the ancient glories of Wothorpe Paddocks, where so many celebrities have lived and loved, and in addition to a Volturino filly and a Pero Gomez colt, is the fortunate breeder of three colts by Onslow, two out of the dams of previous winners by the handsome son of Cambuscan.

There are hardly so many Sterlings as usual from Yardley, but among his five colts and three fillies there are sure to be some good specimens, though the dams neither of Isonomy or Beaudesert are represented. The Dukes, however, number four (two of each sex), the Playfairs a brace, the Blandfords four, and Jolly Friar one; so that there is plenty of variety among the number, and it will be seen that most are early foals, the latest having been dropped in the first days of April. Some of the Sterling mares are exhibiting their first-fruits, and the names of innumerable winners crop up in the catalogue, to whet the appetites of those who go in for running blood.

Before the issue of our August number, Mr. Carew Gibson's sale at Sandgate, on Saturday in Goodwood week, will have become a thing of the past; so that we cannot do better than give our readers an inkling of the feast which is in course of preparation for the 30th July. To attempt more than an analysis of the programme would be labour lost at this distance of time; but the catalogue of twenty-seven lots is strong as ever in fashionable blood, which may be regarded as Mr. Gibson's *specialité*. Accordingly, in addition to eleven young Rosicrucians and five Paganinis representing the Sandgate sires, we find no less than four by Kingcraft (whose stock have run and sold so well this year), three by Hermit, and one each by Adventurer, Macaroni, Cremorne, and Strathconan, which speaks volumes for the enterprise of a breeder with such magnificent material to his hand at home. There are several 'nailers' by Rosicrucian, notably his Bonnie Katie colt, and Hawthorn-dale and Adrastia fillies, while the 'fiddlers' are a useful lot, with plenty of wear and tear about them; but we hear still greater things concerning the Hermit colts from Mantilla and Dark Blue, and Sphynx's Macaroni filly is admitted to be one of the gems of the collection. For the Cremorne colt and Adventurer filly there is sure to be plenty of brisk bidding; and Kingcraft being all the rage at present, the quartette by him are likely enough to swell the general average, which we venture to predict will exceed that realised last year. Mr. Gibson rightly makes a great point of condition in his yearling team, which will bear comparison with that of any other batch offered for sale during the season, the happy medium between the lusty and lean state being generally attained.

The Islington Horse Show was by common consent not up to the usual high mark. The hunter classes for some reason or other showed a great falling off, and as it has done that also in subsequent shows, we are forced to believe in a nakedness in the land in this respect. The arrangements were all excellently carried out, and Mr. Robert Leeds and Mr. Sydney laboured to the utmost in their several vocations to make the show a success. This we should say it was, financially speaking, though we have seen the Agricultural Hall more crowded than it was on the Wednesday and Thursday, generally considered the big days of the show. They are the jumping days *par excellence*, and whatever may be our opinion as to the value of the exhibition or to any useful purpose it serves, one thing is certain, that the public like it, and that it is what the public come to see. Against the money argument we feel there is no appeal. The Horse Show that did not give jumping prizes might be a very excellent show, but we much fear it would not be a paying one. So it is, and we cannot help it.

The judging called forth the usual criticisms, and with reason. Prior to and since the Islington show judges' awards had and have to be called in question, if it was only for the fact that, like doctors, they disagree. What was first at Manchester was second at Islington, and since then Alexandra Park and Peterborough have yet further complicated matters. The judging, in fact, has been a little 'mixed.' And yet the noblemen and gentlemen

who officiated were all selected for their well-known judgment and thorough acquaintance with the horse, both in the field and on the road; so we must perforce believe that as men do not look with the same eyes on women, however beautiful, so it is with regard to horses. There will always be differences of opinion, but we hardly remember such discrepancies as have occurred. In the matter of soundness, too, veterinaries have disagreed, and Mr. W. B. Cookson's Old Boy, disqualified by Professor Pritchard for incipient cataract at Islington, was the next day pronounced sound by Mr. Mavor, and moreover has since taken the champion prize for the best hunter in the Alexandra Palace Show. Then again, Mr. Harvey Bayly's The Robber, temporarily deprived of his Manchester honours at Islington, had them restored to him at Alexandra, and Hercules had to take second place, all of which is curious and instructive.

A well-known Cheshire sportsman, who answered to the name of 'Nat Cook' in every nook and corner of that broad shire, has been rather suddenly taken away from the scene, and his face and figure (sixteen stone the latter) will be much missed in the coming season. Mr. Cook was a born sportsman, and was entered to hounds at a very early age. He lived for the sport, in one sense, and when he was not hunting, his great pleasure was to talk about it; to run the run over again on the way home, or at the dinner-table; to depict each moving incident, and (a great point) without the slightest exaggeration; and, like the true sportsman, keeping himself and his deeds in the background. A favourite with everybody, he was especially liked by the farmers. He had wonderful tact in arranging any little difficulty: quick at repartee, he would stave off an angry reply and turn it into a laugh. But if the farmers trusted him as their friend, he was the friend of the gentleman and the landlord too; and Nat Cook's advice was often sought, and generally followed, too, in other places than the hunting-field. He kept a large stud of horses, and was always ready for a little deal. Engaged in much multifarious business, he found time for hard work and the play he loved best—to be with the hounds. His heart was in the right place, in more senses than one, for he was as bold a rider as Cheshire ever saw. He was the essence of good-nature, and much given to hospitality. He could read the Riot Act too, on occasion, if necessary, and had a forcible vocabulary that was very telling. We are sorry that we have not space for the many anecdotes that have been kindly sent us of Mr. Cook's sayings and doings, but we can assure his surviving relations that everybody connected with the country, from 'Sir Watkin' downwards, has spoken to us in terms of admiration for his thoroughly straightforward, manly character, and regret for his premature decease.

At 'the Open-air Horse Show' at Alexandra Park, on the 24th of June, there was a marked falling off in the number of horses exhibited. Enough had not been done either by advertisement for the general public, or by private communication with exhibitors, to ensure larger entries. Beginning with the Four-year-old class, a very ragged lot, the judges did right in selecting Mr. Lett's Coquette by The Mallard, the winner of the Four-year-old class at Islington. She is a nice level mare, as far as she goes, but there is not enough of her, and it is absurd to call her a hunter. Mr. Hutchinson was second to her, with a chesnut with three white legs, by Highthorn, who gets rare stock in Yorkshire; this colt looked a great deal more like hunting, but he was evidently out of a very common mare. Colonel Barlow exhibited his chesnut mare by Uncas; what with racing and knocking about, she looked ragged and tucked up, but in the company in which she appeared she ought to have found more favour. The Duke of Hamilton's The Doctor,

of whom we spoke in terms of commendation at Manchester, was entered, but, being amiss, had to be withdrawn.

In the class for Hunters, up to from twelve to fourteen stone, the judges were for a long time undecided as to the relative merits of Mr. Cookson's Old Boy by Champagne, and Mr. Harvey Bayly's Black Jack. The former is a well bred, long and low one, with a nice head and unexceptionable shoulders. Of Black Jack, as a four-year-old, and again as a five-year-old, we have constantly sung the praises; every year he continues to fine down and get more bloodlike, and he never looked or moved better than on the present occasion. Between these two splendid animals the judges had to decide, and their verdict was ultimately given in favour of Old Boy, and Black Jack was placed second. Mr. Harvey Bayly was not the sort of person to enter an objection to the winner on account of the speck in his eye, which may well be said to be 'all my eye.' The horse has carried his owner, Mr. Cookson, for six seasons and has never given him a fall. Mr. Ford's grey gelding, Pioneer, by Dan O'Connell, was third, a strong useful horse, but with not the best of backs.

Amongst the Heavy-weight Hunters the judges had no great difficulty in picking out Mr. Harvey Bayly's The Robber, by Barabbas, a grand blood-horse with enormous bone, and up to any weight that ought to go hunting. But we could not understand why they should place Mr. Andrew Brown's Hercules, with his scrambling action, second! To account for it, there must be some merits in this horse which we are quite at a loss to discover. We infinitely preferred Mr. Hugh Lowther's Cock-o'-the-Walk; his shoulders may not be quite perfect, but you rarely see a clean thoroughbred one with so much bone and substance. Some persons thought that he went a trifle short, but it must be borne in mind that he never was spared last season by his hard-riding master.

Classes 4 and 5, for Hacks and Roadsters, resolved themselves into matches between Mr. F. Allen of Seymour Place and Mr. John Robinson of Hull, both ending in favour of the Yorkshireman. 'Beaten you again, Mr. Allen,' said Gipsy Jack. 'Yes, with a harness mare,' replied the Londoner.

The Hunt Servants Benefit Society's annual meeting was held at Albert Gate in the Derby week, when, after the usual formal business was gone through, the question of the removal of the office of the Society from its old quarters to new ones was discussed, and carried in favour of the removal; for the future, 40 Brompton Road will be its place of business, and we believe the change, while it is a necessary one, will be also beneficial to the best interests of the Society. Without going into details that may give rise to controversy, it is well known that one of the most active and zealous supporters of the Society, Mr. W. R. Heysham, was arbitrarily excluded from the offices at Albert Gate. This, as the Hon. Francis Scott said in his speech at the meeting, 'it was impossible to submit to,' and hence a removal that, as we have said before, we hope will be beneficial to this valuable institution.

After the meeting was over, the benefit members dined together at the White Hart, in the King's Road, where they did not forget to drink the healths of those who had contributed to this entertainment, which has been steadily supported year after year, with very few exceptions, by the same noblemen and gentlemen, who know that it is a great convenience to hunt servants coming up from the country.

During the dry weather we tried Vose's Hydropult, made by Messrs. Griffith and Browett, and can recommend it as an efficient garden engine,

a new feature being that both the upward and downward stroke of the piston eject water, thus giving a continual jet, which, falling in a fine spray, wets the ground without disturbing the soil of seed beds, &c.

Yet another sporting novel has been given to the world under the title of 'Blair Athol,' written by Blinkhoolie, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The author has attempted the same rôle as that in which the late Whyte-Melville shone so conspicuously, viz., the combination of sporting incident with the usual topics of a novel, such as 'Society,' 'Lovemaking,' &c. We need hardly say that his work falls very far short of any one of the works of the illustrious writer named, being, in fact, full of improbabilities (we had almost said impossibilities), from which Whyte-Melville's books are always free. Nevertheless, some of the descriptive scenes, especially that of the race for the City and Suburban, are extremely readable and amusing, while the prevailing theory of the book, which we take to be the influence on man which the nobleness of a horse's nature can create, is not only capable of proof, but also commends itself to every lover of the animal world.

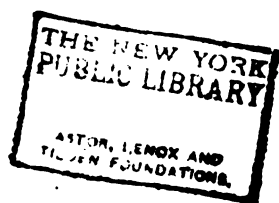
The *raison d'être* of the second edition of Mr. S. Sidney's 'Book of the Horse,' published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, is amply explained in the preface. This work, which first appeared in monthly numbers, was completed in 1873, but by no means in the enlarged and handsome form in which it is now offered to the public. Since that time the author has laid under contribution all the best authorities and writers of the present day, and has succeeded in producing a most valuable addition to the sportsman's library, whether viewed as a book of amusement or of reference. Lovers of either racing, hunting, or driving will find many new hints and details, while those who make a study of the noble animal's anatomy and physique, should read chapters 27 and 28, which are devoted to these subjects. Ladies will also find copious information as to what to do, and what not to do, when on the road and in the hunting field; and we especially commend page 456 to the consideration of those well-meaning but untaught Dianas, with whose company meets at the present day are so frequently honoured.

A very handsome monumental cross has been placed by subscription over the remains of James Southerton in Mitcham churchyard. Southerton was very much respected in his parish, where he had what our forefathers would have called the barber's shop, though for the last ten years of his life or thereabouts he kept the Cricketers' inn, on the green. He was a well-educated and well-mannered man, a pattern of industry, and by his own exertions he brought up a large family creditably and in a superior manner. He died a little more than twelve months ago, and a hundred and eighteen professional and amateur cricketers of all counties and all ages walked two-and-two in front of his coffin, and lined the churchyard on either side, and round his grave. The cross and pedestal are of solid white marble, standing seven feet above the massive stone which covers his remains. On the west side of the pedestal the inscription is, 'This memorial was erected by public subscription as a tribute of the esteem in which James Southerton was held, both in his cricketing career and in his social and domestic character;' and 'on the east side, 'Sacred to the memory of James Southerton, of Mitcham, who died June 16, 1880, aged 52. Thy will be done.'

We are glad to hear that we shall soon see another of Mr. Finch Mason's albums shortly. We all remember how good his 'Sporting Sketches' were, and now we are promised a companion work in 'Country Sketches,' consisting of hunting, racing, and shooting bits, to be published by Mr. Baily, and which will be ready, we hope, early in August.

Our readers have doubtless heard of the new order of 'The True Britons,' and perhaps wondered what manner of men 'the Britons' were, and what they proposed to do. In the first place they dine, which is a good thing, and they are socially inclined, which is a better, and they are opposed to the principles of Sir Wilfred Lawson, which is the best of all. The Order aims at protecting the social liberty of the people; it seeks to reform the laws and regulations relative to the entertainment and refreshment of the masses, to open museums and other places of interest on Sunday, and to brook any interference with the recreative liberties of the people. Lord Headley is the Grand Master, and he is assisted by a Grand Council who will administer the business of the Order. It is proposed to hold meetings, and to give lectures in the metropolis and the chief towns in the kingdom, and to disseminate as much as possible a knowledge of the principles and ideas of the new society. The 'Van' Driver was honoured with an invitation to dine with the True Britons a short time since, and was agreeably impressed with the eloquent exposition of the intentions of the Order, and the admirable social qualities of the Grand Council. Any inquiry made of the Grand Secretary, Mr. Frederick Oswald, 67 St. James Street, will receive prompt attention.

The banquet to the Representatives of Literature at the Mansion House on the 25th was worthy of civic hospitality, and the occasion which called it forth. We think it was Lord Mayor Stone, if we remember rightly, who first recognised the claims of literature to recognition at the hands of the Chief Magistrate of London; but be that as it may, there have been fewer more brilliant gatherings than the one assembled in the Egyptian Hall on this occasion. There was the venerable Lord Houghton, and also the Earl of Lytton to respond for Poetry, Mr. William Black and the author of 'Lorna Doone' were the representatives of Fiction, and where could be found more fitting respondents for Journalism than Lord Sherbrooke and Mr. Edmund Yates. The latter happily remarked that there could be no greater compliment paid to the power of the press than to find Lord Sherbrooke endorsing the words of Robert Lowe. Mr. Archibald Forbes was a 'War Correspondent' in every sense of the word, and none of the speeches were too long. Lord Rosslyn, in returning thanks for the House of Lords, evoked loud cheers by a touching allusion to the late Lord Beaconsfield, and spoke with a fervour and animation that won him much applause. It was most enjoyable. Old friends met and new ones were made. Everybody was genial, and not a false chord was struck during the evening. May we meet again!





Wm. H. H. H.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. ADRIAN HOPE.

OVER Leicestershire pastures; on the banks of Norwegian rivers; formerly in the vicinity of 'the Birdcage;' very frequently at the Magazine; always in society,—few faces are better known than the one on the opposite page our artist has so successfully limned.

Of an old Dutch family, the Hopes have been long settled in this country, and their name has become well known in the political and social world; some as active members of the Legislature, others the munificent patrons and lovers of art and literature. The subject of our present sketch is grandson of the late Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, the author of 'Anastatius,' and the son of Adrian John Hope, an officer in the 4th Dragoon Guards. Born in 1845, Mr. Hope received his education from a private tutor, and took from an early age, like most young Englishmen of position and ample means, to those sports by flood and field which are one of our national characteristics. Mr. Hope, though still a young man, has certainly 'played the game all round,' but whether he would add, with his lamented friend Whyte-Melville,

'the best of my fun  
I owe it to horse and hound.'

we can scarcely say. We know he has gone, and still goes, well over Leicestershire; but then he has also tasted of the dear and costly delights of winning, and seen the yellow and blue stripes well in front within the rails. He had one or two good horses in his time; and Vestminster, whom he purchased of the late Lord Anglesey in '72, won him the Lincolnshire Handicap the next year. But the old horse had seen his best day by that time, and he did not do much more for his new owner. Young Sydmonton, who ran in Cremorne's Derby, was rather a disappointing horse, and Mr. Hope, whose trainer was Balchin, of Newmarket, soon gave up active participation in racing pursuits, and his colours have not been seen for the last two or three years.

But if we do not see his colours, we do his coach, with the dark browns that Londoners had got to know by heart, and which are always singled out at Magazine meets among the half-dozen or so selected teams. We do not think Mr. Hope, who is a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, has been out this year, but the browns are still in existence, and look as well as ever. He generally manages Norway in the season, and has done a good deal of yachting, his *Fortuna* schooner being a well-known craft, both on home and foreign stations.

As the grandson of the late Thomas Hope, and the nephew of Henry Hope, of Deepdene, the possessor of the Blue Diamond and innumerable art treasures, Mr. Hope is the only representative of the direct line of the family. Few are better known in the best circles, or more a welcome guest at the best houses, than the gentleman who is the last addition to Baily's gallery.

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## GAME BIRD GOSSIP AND FISH TATTLE.

### APROPOS OF 'THE TWELFTH.'

ONCE more we are within hail of 'the 12th,' my dear Baily, and according to promise, I shall now endeavour to give you some 'grouse gossip,' and what I can of 'fish tattle,' although, as it happens, it is much easier to promise to do so than to perform that promise. You have already, in the swiftly-speeding years, printed various articles in your classic pages bearing on the subject in all its varied phases, and how or where to find anything that can really be called *new* about grouse or any of the other birds of sport, or how even to present some of the more interesting old features in the natural history of the bird in any shape of novelty, is a problem that is somewhat perplexing. This year very little is being said about the prospects of 'the 12th,' and an old sportsman to whom I recently put the question, 'What news of the grouse?' replied vigorously, 'Oh, the best of all news, my boy; none at all!' My friend's theory is that if there were anything wrong with the birds, or any calamity impending, we should, on the principle that 'ill news travels fast,' speedily learn or hear the facts, and that this year, as there has been no grouse or other game news to speak of, all is serene; no disease, at any rate, and a fair supply of birds on the best managed shootings.

As you are aware, Mr. Editor, I have during the last ten or twelve years made an annual pilgrimage to some of the moors, in order to judge for myself how it is with 'the birds,' whether or not they are plentiful and in good condition; in honest truth I try to gauge the prospects of sport as well as I am able. This year I have made a little series of prospecting tours and detours in our greatest Scottish grouse county, as well as going a hundred miles farther north, occupying some eight days in my perambulations,

and receiving in the course of my tour a wonderful amount of highland and other hospitality which, as a matter of course, involved the drinking of quite a wonderful quantity of what a facetious friend of mine calls 'the wine of the country,' and which you, my dear Baily, may know under its proper title of whisky,\* a liquid that some of the 'unco guid' designate 'the curse of the country'—

'Puir Scotland's scaith is whisky rife,  
The very king o' curses:  
Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife;  
Ruins health and empties purses.'

So they say, and it may be so; but I am as yet neither ruined in health, nor empty of pocket, and I hope the day is far distant that shall find puir auld Scotland deprived of her cakes and ale.

That, however, is a digression, and I shall now come to the point. Well, sir, a few days ago (I am writing, be it noted, on the 19th day of July) I was in the enjoyment of what I call a rare treat. Standing on the old bridge of Perth—my custom often of a morning whilst waiting for breakfast to be served in John Kennedy's good old hostelry of 'The Royal George,' I noted in the clear water below me three very fine fish coming up the river in full sail. Salmon *in the water* are not a little deceptive, as I have more than once found a supposed twenty-pounder turn out to be four pounds less; but judging by the eye, I should say my three fish would, if put together, have brought down the scale with a hundred pounds placed against them. It was a fine sight, although it only lasted for a moment or two; they were Tay beauties indeed! They sped through the arches with great rapidity; so much so, that when I had crossed to the other side of 'the brig,' they were already a good way up the water, and soon became lost to view. How I longed to handle them you may well believe; and how they had escaped the deadly devices placed for their capture since they left 'the deep green bowers of the great salt sea,' set me a-wondering, because the greater number of the engines of capture now on the Tay are situated below the town of Perth, and it is well known that fish which escape at one point of capture are taken at another place; the fish had therefore to run a terrible blockade. One circumstance, however, had been in their favour; it was Monday morning when I saw them, so that they had enjoyed a clear course since Saturday night, and as salmon are fast swimmers, they might have come from St. Andrews, or even the Bell rock, in the thirty or forty hours' law which they had enjoyed. Where are these fish now? I thought, as two days after, I came bowling along by the express train. Have they been

\* At one of the places I visited in Perthshire the lady of the house is famous for her brew of 'Athole brose.' On behalf of the readers of 'Baily,' I asked for and obtained the recipe, which is as follows: Put six glasses of good whisky in a bowl or basin, and add to it the yolk of an egg which has been beat up in a wineglassful of white rum, stir into the whole about a teacupful of the best heather honey you can obtain, and that is Athole brose, and no mistake. A little of the mixture is excellent during a shooting excursion.

already captured, and are they now on their way to Billingsgate, well covered with knobs of ice? or will they have successfully dodged all their enemies, till perhaps they become the prey of some of the mighty Loch Tay anglers about the beginning of September? About that time we may find it chronicled that Mr. McSprout, the great merchant of Glasgow, was so fortunate, after a prolonged struggle, as to land a fine fish weighing thirty-four pounds seven ounces, and that on the same day Mr. Parchment, the great Edinburgh writer, caught a fish of similar weight. Let us hope that the third was so fortunate as to escape, and that in the coming month of November it will add its quota to the finny population of the Tay.

I had often heard of salmon being seen from Tay Bridge, and have read that at one time it was usual to signal the passing of a fish to the nets above the bridge, which in such case was sure of being captured—but never till the other day, often as I had watched, did I obtain the sight of a single salmon; I may therefore, I fancy, consider myself fortunate to have seen at one time three such beauties of the Tay. There is another sight that I have not recently seen to any advantage, namely, the arrival of 'the gathering boat' at Speedie's packing house. It used to be one of the sights of Perth some few seasons ago, to witness the debarking of some hundred salmon, all of which had been collected from the fishing stations of Mr. Speedie, then lessee of about half the *shots* on the river, within a few hours, and brought up to Perth, *en route* to London and other markets. On one occasion I saw about three hundred fish landed from the gathering boats—quite a sight to cause a sportsman's mouth to water, I assure you; and just a few days previously (it was in 1873), no less than nine hundred salmon were brought up in one day to be weighed, marked, and despatched to the populous places of Great Britain. Of late years, however, such sights have been somewhat rare, I believe.

Apropos of the Tay and its salmon fisheries, a proposition is now being ventilated—and this is a matter in which all true sportsmen are interested—to extend by a few days the net-fishing season; to add, in fact, six days at one end and take them off at the other. It has been noted of late seasons that the take of fish—of good, clean, bright and healthy salmon, that is—might have been largely augmented if the river had been open to the 26th, instead of closing as it does on the 21st of August, as the statute renders imperative. All good sportsmen are bound to watch that the close times of our salmon streams should be vigorously observed, as the prosperity of a fishery depends on the fish obtaining a long rest from the machinations of mankind. This is a subject on which, as you know, Mr. Baily, I am thoroughly conservative, but at the same time I am open to reason and an advocate of fair play; and after hearing both sides of the question I have come to the conclusion that the short extension of the fishing season might be granted with advantage to the salmon lairds and their lessees, and without hurt to the stock of fish which in the Tay must just now be abnormally large, considering that from elemental causes it has not been drawn on for some

seasons now to the full extent which it will bear. The salmon in Scotland, I may here explain for the benefit of those who don't know the fact, is private property, except on one or two stretches of water to which there attaches a public right of fishing, and not, as in England, open to all rods for which a licence is duly paid.\* In consequence of that being so, the persons who will suffer most if the proposed re-arrangement of the close time should do any harm, will be the lairds. The public cannot in any way suffer, because the additional days allowed for fishing will add to the supply of salmon on sale, and so aid the national commissariat. Anglers, however, must necessarily have a voice in the bargain. The question which will arise with them will be—will the lengthening of the net fishing by a period of six days deprive us of any appreciable percentage of our fish? At the present time anglers on the Tay have fifty days of grace over the commercial men, as rod-fishing is not timed to cease till the 10th of October, whilst net-fishing closes on the 21st day of August. Treating the matter as a sum in arithmetic, it may be put (simply for illustrative purposes) in this fashion, namely, that in the fifty days the anglers take 250 fish, consequently the five days to be added to the netting season *might* deprive them of twenty-five of these salmon. As a matter of fact, however, on the Tay, salmon angling begins concurrently with net-fishing, and probably the best season for Tay anglers is that which begins with the opening of the river and continues till about the end of May. Whether or not, therefore, anglers will care to interfere in the re-arrangement of the close-time remains to be seen. The commercial fishers, owners, and tacksmen do not, I believe, desire in any way to interfere with rod-fishing privileges, which would therefore, in case of any extension of the net-fishing period, remain as at present. In the meantime it can be argued that the Tay proprietary has been somewhat harshly treated in the matter of their close-time, as it ought to have been included in the great group of rivers which have a fishery date of from February 11th to August 26th, which dates have never, so far as I know, been complained of. The owners of the commercial fisheries in the lower waters of the Tay have of course the best of the bargain as compared with the owners, who have, as they say, the 'misfortune' to afford the fish a place to breed in, and who are therefore seldom able to enjoy the luxury of a clean fish, seeing that the salmon only arrive in their

\* Mr. Young, an advocate of the Scottish bar, and himself an inspector of salmon fisheries, thus describes the state of the law on the subject:—'There is no such thing as a public right of salmon fishing known to the law of Scotland; and all the salmon fishings in the country, not only in rivers, but also in estuaries, and in the narrow seas, to at least one mile seaward from low-water mark, belong either to the Crown or to the grantees of the Crown. Riparian ownership by itself confers no title to salmon fishings—not even to rod-fishing; and it sometimes happens that one person possesses the land on both sides of a river and the subjacent soil, whilst another has the right to the salmon fishings. A charter with an express grant of salmon fishings is required to constitute a valid right, or a charter with a general grant of fishings, followed by forty years' prescription of salmon fishings, or a barony title, fortified by a similar prescription.'

waters to fulfil the greatest instinct of their nature—namely, to spawn, at which period they are not good for food. I have always been of opinion that the Tay season begins too early—the river in February is often so filled with ice that nothing can be done; on the opening day of the present season I do not think half a dozen salmon were caught on the whole of Tay, and it would have been more profitable to the fishery lessees had fishing been postponed till the first of March. Again, in some seasons there is not sufficient water in August to bring up the fish from the sea, so that the salmon lairds suffer at both ends, and it seems hard, therefore, to grudge what they are now about to ask—namely, power to alter the statute which regulates the fishing season and close-time of the river Tay.\*

Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, may think that I harp too much on this river and its salmon, but, sir, there is method in my music. The Tay is a representative stream; it is as important, it and its tributaries, to the angler, as the county of Perth is to the grouse shooter. It is, too, a picturesque stream, as Robert Burns says:—

‘Thou queen of Caledonia’s mountain floods,  
Theme of a thousand gifted bards of yore;  
Majestic wanderer of the wilds and woods,  
That lov’st to circle cliffs and mountains hoar.’

As an English writer has cleverly said, ‘the Tay is by much the most scenic of the British rivers.’ Some of the more wonderful of the minor monsters of the deep have been found in the Tay, as for instance an eel, a veritable sea-serpent, which weighed 85½ lbs. and was over five feet in length. A monster turbot that would have been welcomed by Lucullus and some of his Roman *convives* was also taken in the lower part of the river. It weighed about 180 lbs., not a bad fish that for Scotland! Some fine seals also frequent the Tay and afford no end of sport; as for aquatic birds of all kinds, they are plentiful, while their haunts are well known to our local sportsmen.

Angling throughout Scotland has been fairly good this year. On Lochleven some fine fish have been taken by members of the various clubs—pounders, of course; indeed, it appears to me as if the average of Lochleven fish had increased a little in weight. ‘Sixteen fish weighing 21 lbs.,’ ‘Eleven fish weighing 14 lbs., none under 16 oz.’; ‘ten fish weighing 12½ lbs.,’ are now frequent quotations. I should not be much surprised if the rent of the loch were to be raised speedily, which would of course increase the terms

\* It will gratify readers of ‘Baily’ to know that the piscicultural system so long in vogue on the river Tay is soon to be altered, and the plan so successfully inaugurated by Sir James Gibson Maitland, at Sauchie, near Stirling, recently described at some length in the pages of this magazine, is about to be adopted, a house for the hatching of the salmon eggs under cover being under consideration for immediate building. I am glad to be able to say that the takes of salmon throughout Scotland, during the last fortnight, have been greatly in excess of the captures at the same period last year; fully one-half more, in fact, which is gratifying.

to anglers. Many very fine specimens of the *Ferox* have been this year taken in various of our Scottish lochs, one or two being of great weight.

Let us now deal with the grouse. It is said by way of a proverb that wise men never prophesy till after the event, but as I lay no particular claim to the title of a wise man, and as readers of this magazine will doubtless be glad to have some information about their prospects for 'the 12th' and the following days of grouse shooting, I shall venture to prophesy—in a sense; in other words, I will put in so many words the ideas I have formed of this year's grouse supply. The touts were early at work; long before the month of May had dawned upon us we were told by these industrious gentry, for what purpose may be readily supposed, that there would be a good season! How on earth could they tell that, when at the time they were so prophesying not an egg had been seen on the heather? Even now, as I write, long after all the eggs have been laid and all the birds have been hatched that will be hatched this season, it is quite impossible to say with certainty what will happen. I have got the most opposite accounts of even shootings that are contiguous. An old acquaintance of mine, a deer herd in Ross-shire, says that he does not think, judging from what he has seen, that it will be such a plentiful time for birds as in one or two recent years, whilst a keeper not above five miles distant from my informant says, 'Birds this year are wonderfully plentiful, and likely, so far as I can yet tell, to be far more abundant than they have been any time these seven years.' Who shall decide when doctors differ? As if to give the lie circumstantial to the early touts, there came to some of the more exposed moors in the higher districts of Scotland a calamity in the form of a great rain storm, followed at once by destructive showers of snow and hail, and this almost at the moment the young birds had burst the shell. What was the consequence? As may be guessed, thousands of the tender younglings fell a prey to the storm; it was all in vain that the tender mother grouse sat with extended wings on their callow broods—indeed, many of them were drowned on their nests as they sat. The mortality for a time was not to be stayed, and for a few days the grouse moors in the higher parts of Inverness-shire and in Morayshire, Banffshire, and some parts of Aberdeenshire, as well as Ross-shire, there was three or four inches of snow. The keepers and the shepherds came upon the dead in scores every here and there, and at some places the breeding grouse were found dead upon their eggs—dead for want of food, and afterwards many others died from sheer exhaustion! None of the touts took the trouble to publish such facts as these, because at the time of their occurrence there were a great number of moors to let and silence was necessary. Very few indeed know even yet of the mortality which has thinned the supplies in many parts of the districts alluded to.\*

\* As an instance of the severity of the weather for some time in the far North of Scotland, it may be mentioned that the roads, public and private, in a certain district were snowed up for a period of eight weeks. On some estates the



It is necessary, in the interests of fair sport and honest dealing, that such facts should be proclaimed. Over and over again, the little concealments which seem to be a part of the moor-letting business, give rise to misunderstandings and disputes of a very bitter kind. At present there is no standard of moor population. You take your moor, and have to run the risk of its having on it as many breeding birds, and as many coveys of young ones as it ought to have. No one can tell how many nests a thousand acres of heather should carry. I say twenty at least. For a thousand acres of heather a rent of about 80*l.* is exacted, and for that sum a man should have the privilege of shooting his eighty birds or so, and when that is done there should be left on the ground some twelve or fourteen couples of breeding grouse in order to keep up the stock. I have calculated that on many stretches of heather this year the grouse will certainly cost about twenty-five shillings the brace, because rents have risen a little, and birds in some districts will certainly be less plentiful than in former years.

The weather, as all sportsmen very well know, is a mighty factor in the grouse question. To produce a bountiful stock the parent-birds, even if they are plentiful, must be able to winter well; then the nesting season should be dry, followed by warm weather for the young birds. This season, on some of our famous Perthshire moors, the pairing and nesting was all that could be desired; the nests were fairly filled with eggs; the mothers sat with their wonted perseverance; and the results, as in such cases was to be expected, were very favourable, especially as the birds have continued to thrive with great vigour. On the Caithness moors the grouse will be good and plentiful, and birds on the Campbeltown and Ayrshire moors, which are equal in flavour to those of Caithness, are very forward in condition, and not lacking in numbers. On the lower moors I decidedly think that birds will be numerous, and sport quite up to an average. Happily, too, there has been a tolerable circulation of the birds from place to place. The upper moors of some districts, which had been

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keepers had to feed the rabbits all that time, and the other ground game as well, and the deer in some districts suffered greatly from cold and the want of their natural food. Shot rabbits for the market, when they reached Inverness, were found to be frozen as hard as iron; a hamper which can easily hold twenty pairs or so of limp newly-killed conies, only took in six pairs of the frozen kind, and it cost the dealer to whom they were consigned a great deal of work to thaw them, a process which occupied the best part of three days. This information I have from an intelligent keeper, who tells me his 'birds'—for obvious reasons I do not name the locality—are deteriorating from 'in-breeding.' The moors under his charge are not shot enough to keep down the grouse, which is perhaps to be accounted for by many coveys being late in maturing, so that the young birds are not ready soon enough for the early sportsmen, and shooting, as a rule, is nowadays soon over on many stretches of heather. Men make a rush from the South, work like slaves for the matter of six or eight days, and then hurry home to the partridge grounds. *Apropos* of the partridge, there will be more of these birds this season than for some years past. Pheasants are likewise a good crop.

desolated by the storms and snows of winter, received in the course of the summer a migratory band of grouse that, by a happy instinct, found out a new range of ground. This is one of the modes by which old mother Nature works her wondrous spells, and prevents those evils of in-breeding which are so hurtful to our tame fowls. I may mention, as a very gratifying circumstance, that the breed of birds on the Avondale moors has of late years improved itself enormously. I never saw such fine grouse as these have now become; plump, heavy, and finely-feathered, some of them as big as blackcock. Yet, so far as I know, there has been no crossing of the breed as there was a few years ago at Arran.

On the whole, then, I anticipate (taking the average when it can be ascertained) a good grouse year, and, so far as can be ascertained at this early date, entire freedom from any epidemic disease. It is quite certain, however, that 'the grouse plague' was making itself manifest at the close of last season—earlier than that, indeed, for murmurs were heard from men who had been induced to take moors on which there had been manifestations of 'the disease;' let us hope these moors were let unwittingly; it is quite possible that the proprietor was quite ignorant of what had occurred. It is gratifying to think that we seldom now hear of any very bad cases of 'grouse 'moor swindling,' although we still hear of tenants who shoot with such untiring industry that they leave very few birds to multiply and replenish their kind. The last case I have heard about occurred some little time ago, when two gentlemen took a moor in Inverness-shire at a very good rent, both laird and keeper having pledged their word for a fair supply of game. The lessees made due preparations, and in good time were on the ground with dogs and ghillie. On the first day they shot two brace of barren birds, and, after tramping over the heather for a whole week, saw no more! That was a most flagrant case, and resulted in an action at law, which, however, was ultimately compromised. Sometimes the lairds have been more sinned against than sinning, it having often occurred that a big stretch of heather has been completely harried by previous tenants. At the present time, on some of the moors, a limit is set to the number that may be killed; but your true sportsman needs no counsel of this kind; he is only too anxious to deal 'on the square.'

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## CAHIRMEE GREAT HORSE FAIR.

CAHIRMEE Great Horse Fair, held on the 12th and 13th of July, may deserve a notice in 'Baily,' because it is the source whence a very large proportion of the hunters to be seen later on at the covert sides of England and Ireland are derived, and also because it is more or less epochal, marking the revival of hunting interests in men's minds after they had been dormant for some two or three long months, and the stirring of these dry bones, destined in a few

more weeks to attain such beauty of proportion and to be clothed with such strength of fibre and muscle, and all things pertaining to vigorous vitality.

We have heard such lugubrious litanies of late about the decline of our agricultural and commercial prosperity—the setting of England's sun, and the eclipse of her grandeur and greatness, that it might appear somewhat superfluous to dilate upon the material resources of hunting to be found in our midst; but the real fact is, that though certain interests have unfortunately been severely pinched of late by sundry causes, natural and artificial—and prominently among them the agricultural interest—the wealth of the island empire is still enormous; and if the whirligig of time brings its revenges, raising up one class and lowering another, we may be quite sure that similar fluctuations of fortune have been common to all times, and that a very large portion of the yearly income of the golden youth and plutocratic maturity of our upper classes will find its way into the hunting exchequer, seeing that the royal sport has made its base so broad, so popular, and so democratic, so to speak, that it is no longer the appanage of a seigniorial class exclusively, but the pastime of peer and prince, patrician and *parvenu* alike, if will, inclination, circumstances and opportunity set the current of life in that direction.

‘Dost think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more ‘cakes and ale?’ If these preliminary premises be laid down truly and exactly, it will follow that as hunters are of the essence of hunting, the quest for these necessary aids and adjuncts to sport will continue to be prosecuted with the utmost vigour and zest, and indeed it may be affirmed, with some colour of truth and reality, that the hunting for horseflesh is quite as interesting and exciting a pastime with some as the actual period of pursuit itself—that, in fact, the means, with certain sportsmen, are preferred to the end.

Whether the custom, which may be said to have become almost universal in its application, namely, that of selling off one's stud at the close of each recurring hunting season, be a wise or a judicious one, we do not pretend to decide here; but Tattersall's in London and Rugby, and Sewell's in Ireland, are living testimonies to the truth of the proposition. There is, no doubt, much to be said on both sides. Since second horses came so generally into vogue the size of studs has increased very much, and as the number of really good serviceable honest hunters must be very limited, it follows that the hunting world is overrun with a number of specious impostors that *must* be discarded, just as bad cards must be thrown out at *carté*, and as the microcosm of buyers will not accept the sacrifice of the culls of the flock without a chance of securing the plums and fliers in the sale scramble, these annual holocausts of hunters seem inevitable. Man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed—in horseflesh—if the best hunter that ever looked through a bridle be sacrificed for a paltry two or three centuries, hope springs eternal in the coper's breast, and though parting be never so sweet sorrow, he has thorough

faith in his own matured wisdom and widened experience in the acquisition of the genuine, sound, honest hunter; and, after town life and the social round have been varied by visits to a dozen or so of the classic racecourses of England, he embarks once more on his voyage of discovery, knowing full well that if he delays his campaign he will find himself forestalled or mulcted for his inactivity in a heavy percentage.

Perhaps if more men were content to hunt *more majorum* a few days less per week; to bound their ambition of a numerical stud power by a lower figure; if they were satisfied with plainer and less brilliant stud-grooms, and spent more of their summer leisure in the neighbourhood of their loose boxes, and altogether were less cosmopolitan and universal in their tastes and aspirations, these conditions of horse hunting might be considerably modified, and possibly not a little improved; but we write of things as they are, not as they ought to be, or might be; we are optimists for the occasion at any rate, holding that whatever is is best; so let us proceed to Cahirmee Fair Green with all due expedition. But first of all it may be as well to fix the bearings of this Cahirmee, which, for the benefit of the unlettered in horse lore, I may state here is pronounced Carmee.

The Green, then, is situated in the County Cork, which may be said to correspond to Yorkshire in England in the sporting and horsey proclivities of its inhabitants and in their judgment and acumen in breeding, rearing, and then selling horses. A merely geographical expression, with no town or village in connection with or supporting it, Cahirmee is nearly three English miles from Buttevant, a station on the Great Southern and Western line of railway, some 140 miles from Dublin and about 25 from Cork.

Buttevant is a very old town, though it has somewhat lapsed from its ancient splendour when it was the residence of that great semi-feudal family, the Barrys, whose slogan—*Boutez en avant*—raised many a time and oft in their feuds with their Irish rivals, the McCarthys—is said to have given the place its present title. Buttevant is now principally remarkable for its spacious barracks and for a single street of fairly comfortable buildings, where the licensed victuallers' seems the best trade as well as the most competitive; the river Awbeg, rendered immortal by Spenser, flows by it, and there are ruins secular and ecclesiastic to preach their sermons in stones on Solomon's famous text. From Buttevant to Cahirmee the drive is rather a pretty one, taking you through a part of the Duhallow hunting grounds, and introducing you to rather new obstacles in the way of fences if you have travelled, as most men do, from Dublin to the scene of speculation by the well-appointed service of the Great Southern and Western line—thirty miles of that trajet will be through the famous hunting grounds of Kildare, including the Curragh, after which comes a comparative Sahara so far as the chase is concerned; but from the Limerick Junction—the Croydon or Rugby of Ireland—the eye of observation ranges over square miles

of splendid grass upland, compared with which Leicestershire seems poor indeed in its capabilities and scope.

Cahirmee Fair begins nominally on Tuesday, the 13th of July, but the seeker after those rare pearls, high-class hunters, should be informed that the real business begins on the Monday, and that if he waits for the legitimate commencement of affairs he will be condemned to the residuum—the multitude of mediocrities.

Buttevant is anything but a *bed-ridden* place, and the traveller who would seek its limited accommodation for business purposes should secure his quarters a long time beforehand, as the regular dealers monopolise most of the available space. Taylor's and Coughlan's Inns seem the best spots for 'descent,' as the Gaul would put it. The dusty interval passed over, our Jarvie now pulls up at a gap in what was possibly a deer park wall (a deer park was an emblem of quality in anti-Union Ireland days) where the white-aproned toll-collectors are busy in getting in their dues from each horse and rider that passes these portals. The Fair Green is a field of, I should think, some forty or fifty English acres of pasture land, and it has an annexe in the shape of a couple of subsidiary fields, where the testing wall—a very poor affair—and the testing hill enable the buyer to form a good sound opinion as to the chances of his fancy carrying him to hounds in the coming season. If the rider be enterprising and inquisitive, he can transgress the limits imposed by the fair authorities by jumping over a three-foot wall, beyond which he can get a trial over a few banks narrow enough to gauge a hunter's handiness in 'changing his legs' in mid-career; but there is risk in the process, as I saw a farmer who did not care about having his boundary wall treated too freely in this Romulus fashion, put up a post and wire outside it, to the great danger and confusion of any trespasser in that spot.

A certain portion of the green (it is brown just now) is set apart for booths of refreshment and for those justices Messrs. Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus, whose decisions upon the soundness or infirmities of horses is supposed to be perfectly final so far as purchase is concerned, for in Ireland warranties are *not* given between buyer and seller save in rare instances, and the fiatting certificate of the veterinary surgeon is conclusive. But Cahirmee Fair is not strictly bounded by the walls of the park, it begins at Buttevant and even beyond it, and I believe many horses are picked up and sent off by rail before they can reach the barriers of the enclosure.

It is a very bewildering thing to find yourself plunged all of a sudden into such a tumult of moving horseflesh, and as riders gallop by you as hard as they can, shaving you by an inch or two perhaps, the sense of personal insecurity is the dominant feeling of the moment. Risky as the situation seems, accidents are comparatively rare, though an occasional cannon is inevitable. Perhaps in a few years' time the principles of classification and division will be carried out in this fair, and young horses will be exhibited in one section, harness horses and hacks in another, and hunters will have a space

entirely to themselves. As it is, the whole thing is a scene of the most glorious confusion, and great quickness of eye and promptness of decision are necessary to enable you to master the situation and make or attempt your selection.

Babel, we are told, meant confusion of tongues ; here is a renewal of the process and its effects.

Here is the commissioner and caterer for the Belgian and French cavalry, seeking mounts and remounts for his patrons, and giving a preference to large useful young mares, who can benefit their adopted country when their fighting *métier* is over. A portly man is Monsieur George, and a liberal buyer too, and not averse to investing in a higher class when the occasion presents itself.

Very busy in another direction are the Messrs. Manly, to whom many of our cavalry colonels look for a perennial supply of horse recruits, and are seldom disappointed. They too take as their motto *nihil equini a nobis alienum putamus*, and will buy a possible Liverpool Grand National winner as readily as a trooper or a trotter. 'Bill McGrane,' the Titan of the fraternity, who has perhaps forgotten more than most men are ever likely to learn about horseflesh, is to be seen conspicuously making the green rather a club or gossiping place than a busy mart, for with his commissioners and deputies he has long since found out that the fair is very barren of sound animals of the highest calibre and maturity, so he and such *entrepreneurs* as James Daly and Captain Quin have almost ceased their search for made hunters or chargers, as they know all about the likely-looking ones who are being paraded up and down, and have held consultations about their merits and demerits, possibilities and impossibilities.

Mr. Darby, of Rugby, whose visits to Ireland are neither few nor far between, has retired early with but few captives to his acumen and power of purse. Mr. E. Macdonald stayed on to the close of the fair, and Mr. Lausley, who represents the Andover and Weyhill Company, and who has to purvey horses for all sorts and conditions of riding men in England and abroad, remains patient and vigilant to the end, trying the likely ones, and bidding boldly for all he hopes to be able 'to do with.' The Messrs. Murphy, of Dublin, who cater for cavalry colonels, as well as for many hunting men in England and Ireland, remain patient to the end, knowing that nuggets may be picked up, even after the first washers of the dust and detritus have given up the inquisition ; indeed, nothing seems better established than the fact that no one can afford to be dogmatic about horseflesh, and that the very best judges are constantly making mistakes. Thus, one critic who is crazy about shoulders, may throw away a prize because he cannot discover that present lumpiness may by-and-by develop into those strong muscular and oblique shoulders, which time and condition develop by slow degrees.

By Wednesday busy buyers have thoroughly learnt the fair and its components. The few high-class animals are by this time, perhaps, on their way to England or the Continent, and the infirm in

wind and limb have been rejected and detected—and, alas! the tale of the former is a grievously long one, pointing the moral that as breeders we are dreadfully careless and happy-go-lucky in our mating of sires and dams, our climate and circumstances being taken into account. Of course these specious specimens of the race pass at once to the limbo of harness or road work, and it is a serious blow to the breeder or owner of highly-bred hunters to find his 300 guineas' hopeful reduced to the ranks of the forty or fifty pounders *d'un coup*. By the Wednesday, too, sellers have come down considerably in their pretensions and valuations. Comparison opens the eyes of even the most fatuously fond, and the farmer who fancied his colt worth 100*l.*, finds ere many hours that he must be classed far lower in the scale. At Cahirmee, as everywhere else in Ireland, *outréouissance* of exaction is paramount, and in dealing, as in politics, much more is demanded than is expected. Hence the expression 'ask me so-and-so,' meaning that the buyer has then a margin of reduction given him on which he can work. Thus, if A., the seller, demands 100*l.* for a certain colt, B., the would-be buyer, demurs, and says, 'ask me 80*l.*,' meaning, if he can, to beat him down to 65*l.* or 70*l.*, by which it appears that 'dealing' is not quite so simple a process, or so expeditious as might be expected in Ireland. Besides the horse-dealers, to a few of whom I alluded just now, there is a vast array of amateur talent present. Coping captains and provident peers, who wish to take time by the forelock, and to have a ready-made stud put together in October for their own riding, and possibly a few superfluities to spare to select friends who have faith in their judgment, and powers of adapting the right horse to the right man and *vice versa*. Doneraile Court, Lord Doneraile's house, is within a very short distance of the fair, and his lordship, an authority on hounds and horses, throws open his halls to a large circle on these occasions, and spreads a hospitable board for the hungry close to the fair, what time certain sinkings of the stomach remind the proprietor that at this hour, *ches lui*, he is absorbed in the duties and delights of the luncheon table. Then there is a large muster of M.F.H.'s. always to be seen here, masters present, past, and expectant. Lord Waterford has forsaken the House of Lords for the fair, and here is Mr. Burton Perse as fresh as a four-year-old, though in hunting harness for more than a generation. Here is Mr. S. Bruce on a model cob, Captain Macnaughten, who is positively cheerful about the prospects of fox-hunting in Tipperary, Mr. George Brooke, hard to please in hound or horse, Mr. Purdon of Meath, Mr. Murphy of Middleton, and that mighty hunter Mr. J. Gubbins, whose stag-hounds are the delight of Limerick. Among the Saxon masters of the craft are to be noticed Lord Coventry, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Macan, and I know not how many more besides—in fact, it would be tedious to catalogue the notabilities in the hunting and chasing world who gravitate yearly to Cahirmee as a sort of high festival in the calendar of sport and sporting business.

The absence of a town, and the proximity of several lines of railway, rob Cahirmee of half the peculiarities and eccentricities, which once marked Ballinasloe and its ordinaries, where after your fifth tumbler of punch you might find yourself minus the horse you came to sell, and plus a stock of goods so miscellaneous, that only a pawnbroker or dabbler in marine stores could deal with them. This barter was effected by the familiar processes of 'knocking' and 'handicapping' so prevalent then. Cahirmee, on the other hand, is more business-like and satisfactory, and the show of horses is far larger than in the western mart, and I think usually better, though this year, it must be confessed, the falling off in high-class hunters of age and character was enormous; perhaps such animals are reserved for the Dublin horse-show, but I think the majority of them are expatriated to Saxon land.

Captain Wardrop, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, got the highest prize going, I believe, for a weight-carrying colt, namely 250 guineas; and Mr. J. Gubbins is said to have given 150 guineas for a four-year-old of great promise, breeding, and power. With these and a few more exceptions, mediocrity of price and mediocrity of class marked the fair, and looking back for a few years, I think such sires as Citadel, Wild Oats, Joco, &c., have not been adequately replaced in the vicinity, though Bovil and York are highly spoken of.

It is a curious to watch hundreds of horses starting off in trucks for different ports and happy havens from Buttevant station. The service of the line is very effective, and what would appear a serious undertaking is got through with little apparent effort; if, however, the trucks are not packed, and a peevish man or two are introduced into the happy family of travellers, there is a real Irish ruction!

I should add, that a well-kept hotel at the Limerick Junction now makes travellers to Cahirmee comparatively independent of local lodging. Cahirmee is a big thing, and should be seen by all interested in our national horse supply.

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### STRIKING A BALANCE.

I HAVE amused myself lately in reading over records of all kinds of life, high and low—say, since the battle of Waterloo—including novels, biographies, almanacs, sporting books, &c., and trying to come to a conclusion whether the world is happier now than formerly, and for the life of me I cannot come to any conclusion. The wants of our forefathers were much fewer than ours, and classes were much more defined; and men of pleasure and business men were two different races, as were the tradespeople, the mechanics, and the labourers. Racing, shooting, hunting, gambling, duelling, and cock-fighting, belonged pretty much to the upper ten; prize-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and dog-fighting, were the principal amusements of the lower orders, though the prize ring was supported mainly by the aristocracy.



I fancy that people in London society had to keep a civil tongue in their head more than now, as there were such places as Wimbledon Common, Wormwood Scrubbs, Chalk Farm, and Battersea Fields, though I think, according to all accounts, that not five per cent. of the challenges ended in burning powder in the later days of duelling, which has ceased now for nearly forty years, when Hawkeye killed Seton, and Munroe killed Fawcett, his brother-in-law. There was a *fiasco* in 1849, in which Mr. Bernal Osborne was one of the seconds, and the party all went to Weybridge, and could only find one fly, and all went together; and as proceedings were about to commence a cock pheasant got up and startled the lot, and they were immediately grabbed by Policeman X, and brought before the beaks. Curiously enough, the same odd companionship occurred in the case of a duel, which ended fatally, owing to a quarrel at a ball about somebody's wife. I had it from a friend of mine who knew the victim, and who was present at the quarrel, and was aware that a challenge was received, and that the duel was to come off that morning. It happened near the sea, and the victim went to the appointed place in his yacht with his wife, second, and a surgeon. His opponent could not get off, as the shore-boats were watched by the police, who had a warrant to arrest him. The only thing to do was to drive near to the place of rendezvous, a small kind of island, and hail the yacht, which was accordingly done, and a boat was sent and fetched off the other principal and his second. The unfortunate owner of the yacht was shot in the body and only lived a day. 'Swells' *did* gamble in the old days, and there are men now alive who commenced the *facilis descensus* at Crockford's, and finished off on the Turf. Amongst the conspicuous real sportsmen of the past were Captain Ross, still, I believe, alive and well, Osbaldeston, E. H. Budd, who only died some few years since over ninety years of age, and Lord Kennedy. The doings of the three first are specially recorded in a railway book, 'Sportscrapiana,' doubtless a very accurate record, as it was taken down by the author, who knew them all, from their own lips.

Sport *was* sport, and match-making was the order of the day, for riding, racing, shooting, running, walking, and last, not least, cricket, at which single-wicket matches were very common at Lord's, and attracted a great deal of attention. Matches of all kinds were made for large sums, and often off-hand; but they were made by men who could afford to lose the money, and backed themselves, and they were 'on the square.' The late Mr. William Ward was a great promoter of single-wicket matches, as were Lord F. Beauclerk, Osbaldeston and Budd.

Ware! cricket—barring two remarks, I venture to say that we are behind our forefathers by abandoning single-wicket matches, which I believe to be the finest practice in the world, and if I were captain of a public school or university, or county club, and wanted to pick a couple of young players, I would have the best half-dozen of them, and put in each for twenty minutes (no matter how many

times he was bowled) against two first-rate bowlers, who should bowl six balls each, and make the other five field out, byes and everything counting, and make the batsman run all fair runs; and in county matches this should be the test for *all*, amateurs and professionals.\* Then you would get cricket back to its old form in the field, for I am sure now that matches are lost by dropped catches and loose fielding. I am not going to the old hobby of the Mynn and Pilch era, but I say with bitter tears that even Yorkshire and Nottingham last year were not up to their old form, and I do not believe that some county fielding is at all up to the form of twenty years ago in the matches of Surrey and England. The only other word I will say, is about round-hand bowling, 1827-8, when the row was made about Lillywhite and Broadbridge. As we all know, the old law was that the right hand had to be held with the little finger kept towards the body, and to be held horizontally, and the 'throwing 'bowlers' infringed the law by delivering the ball with the thumb towards the body, with the back of the hand uppermost. This was allowed in 1828, with the restriction that the hand should be below the elbow. There are two members of the M.C.C., both, I believe, alive and well, who could show an aspirant the trick, namely, Sir Frederick Bathurst and Mr. Harvey Fellows, two very fine powerful men, who were content to keep to the hand below the elbow, and I believe that that style, by practice, would be easy to acquire, and if any one could imitate those two bowlers he would be a great acquisition in these days. Sir F. Bathurst bowled for twenty-one years in Gentlemen and Players, and was as good when he left off as when he began. If any tall powerful man will put a piece of paper on the ground, a foot wide of the inner stump of the opposite wicket, and some five yards short of the stumps, and will take a steady run to the crease, carrying the ball with his left finger of the right hand next his hip, and at the last stride turn his hand quickly round, with his thumb down and the back of his hand uppermost some eighteen inches from his hip, and pitch hard and straight at that piece of paper, I should not be surprised if he found that he had acquired a deadly low delivery with a break and spin which would astonish many batsmen of these days, as the ball would 'skim' the ground and get up quick and low—very much *à la* Sir Frederick Bathurst.

Now about racing. From all one hears there is always the greatest uncertainty about some celebrated horses being scratched or not, and great uncertainty about their starting on the day. This is proved by the way in which horses which belong to people of rank and position, who are known to be straightforward, are backed: the ring say, 'Ah, Lord A. or Mr. B. is sure to run his horse if he 'enters him, barring accident or illness.' Horses have so many owners in reality sometimes that backers are always afraid of some dark play. Within the last five-and-thirty years one of the sporting

\* If I am rightly informed, the Surrey Club have retained Jupp, during the month of May, to coach the young players, amateur and professional, in this manner, and by frequent matches.

papers gave a tremendous jobation to a young nobleman for scratching a favourite for a steeplechase within twenty-four hours of the race; but now I fancy any owner can run his pen through his horse's name at the last moment without question. We all know that racing is a business, but I doubt if the sport is improved since it has become so common, and the chief sporting press day by day bring the notice of it under the eye of every London clerk and shopboy, whereby tills suffer occasionally. It is nearly half a century since Osbaldeston rode the two hundred miles under the nine hours, and what makes the recollection of that feat so interesting is that he did it himself with his own money. To show what pluck in match-making there was in the former days, here is a story told by Captain Ross. He was staying at a friend's house in Scotland, and after a hard day's wild-fowl shooting, and a good dinner, he had dropped asleep in his chair, when Sir Andrew Leith Hay awoke him and said he must jump up and go with him as umpire in a walking match to Inverness, ninety miles distant, over the Grampian Hills, against Lord Kennedy for two thousand five hundred pounds. Up he jumped and turned out as he was in silk stockings and pumps. To make things worse his servant, who was to go after him with worsted stockings and large shoes, brought tight boots. They walked all night, the next day and next night in pouring rain, and arrived at Inverness at 6 A.M. on the second morning, arriving four hours before Lord Kennedy, who went by a different route. The feat was performed, but the bet was withdrawn by consent.

Now looking at hunting, thousands in these railway days who have the money go out, and whether they know much of hunting or not does not much matter, but I rather fancy a very large majority do not, though we hear quite enough about it running up and down in the trains, and many of the noble sportsmen come home as clean as they went out. It don't much matter, as they give long prices for horses, and pay up, and enjoy their pleasure late in life to nobody's injury.

Turning to shooting. Doubtless there are thousands of men who can knock over pheasants or other game, but when we see shooting-stools with a spike to them in the gunsmiths' windows, we have a right to conclude that the present generation do not cultivate the charm of the old sport, which consisted of learning the habits of real wild game, and finding it for themselves. In spite of all warning, owners of shooting have gone on preserving to a monstrous extent, and the present Government have 'tapped' the game laws at last, and have got the thin edge of the wedge in. A venerable and dear old friend sent me a brace of splendid pheasants at the end of the season with this remark, 'Real wild pheasants off the manor—no 'poultry pheasants reared under hens ever came off my estate.'

As to gambling. Men went in for it with their eyes open, and did as they pleased, but they played with those of their own rank; but it was confined pretty much to comparatively few, whereas

now it is the vice of the age amongst all classes, many of whom don't pay if they lose. I never but once saw heavy gambling, and that was in a private booth at Epsom, the entrance to which was a guinea. I was passed in free by a friend much older than myself, who had horses running. I knew many of the Household Brigade who were playing, by sight, and I was rather astonished to see the man with the green shade and rake pulling in the bank-notes and gold, and many an old 'tawny oath,' which came from the bottom of the heart, escaped the lips of the victims.

I visited a less pretentious fane, into which I was invited by a man with a broken nose and 'scattered countenance,' who told me I might put on as little as 'half a bull.' 'Why the blank,' exclaimed a stout man behind the table, who spun a teetotum, on which were marked a crown, spade, club, heart, diamond, and a goose, 'don't 'some gent back the goose.' He applied disrespectful remarks to the goose. Seeing the other squares covered, I ventured my 'half-bull' on the goose, and landed five half-crowns; so tempting fortune I left two of them on, and 'stood the goose' for 'a bull,' mine being the only stake on the goose, and landed ten half-crowns, and as the Yankees say, 'concluded to retire,' in spite of the importunity of the gentleman with the broken nose and scattered countenance, with my fifteen half-crowns. Being only twenty years of age, and only one year off my football practice, I knew how to charge 'a hot,' and found myself a free citizen on the turf outside to my great delight. I believe that swindle was done with a magnetic flap underneath the table, and a treadle to work it, and when the teetotum (which was metal and hexagonal, with corners well rounded and bevelled off) was 'wobbling' after falling, they could stop it with the magnet in favour of the square where least money was; and as the only winner received five times his stake, and there being six squares, it was a certainty for the table, as, if there was a square with no money on it, they could turn the teetotum a blank.

In the old-fashioned times when people were shut up all the winter, cards were a great amusement, and the squire and the parson liked a rubber of shilling whist, and old ladies were death on the odd trick, as aptly described in 'Pickwick.' Probably in very many houses now you will not find a pack of cards, but in every railway train, and in the tent on a wet day at a cricket match, you will find Young England all at it at 'Nap,' and if I were put on my oath I should say that a good many knowing hands live on it, and don't all play on the square. And poker and baccarat at high stakes are by no means unknown after luncheon at half the clubs in London, which clubs, by-the-by, are springing up by dozens, but their high play matters not twopence if people can afford it.

Now for the cock-fighting. That is a thing I know nothing about except from old cock-fighters, kind and humane men whom I knew, who bred game-cocks, and they one and all say that it ought never to have been stopped. There is an admirable account of cock-fighting in Pierce Egan's 'Book of Sports.' Admiral Rous always

declared that there was no cruelty in it, as it was the nature of the birds to fight. The Ancient Mariner has allowed me to tell a story of a cock-fight :—"My mother, who was one of the most sensible "fellows" I ever knew," remarked the A. M., "said to me, "Tom, I should like to see a cock-fight." So I sent for Owen Swift to come and see her. "Mr. Swift," she said, "can I have "a cock-fight in the drawing-room?" This was in Brook Street. "Yes, my lady," answered Owen, "I can find the men who will "arrange it, but I don't think you will like it." "Yes," said my lady, "I want it, and leave it to you." On the appointed day," said the A. M., "I came home and found turf laid down in the "drawing-room, with a raised "dais" for my mother, and in the "afternoon there arrived as nice a lot of Whitechapel "noblemen" "with the birds as any one could see. The fight came off to my "mother's great delight, and afterwards she invited Owen Swift and "the Whitechapel "noblemen" to dinner, which was ready in the "dining-room, and took the head of the table, and in a neat speech "thanked them for the entertainment."

Duelling may be dismissed without a sigh. The greatest in the land followed it, but the professional duellist must have been the curse of England. A century ago in Ireland the rules of duelling were settled at magistrates' meetings at Quarter Sessions, and gentlemen were requested to paste the rules in their pistol cases; and so short a time back as in 1844, Thackeray, in his 'Irish Tour,' on his way to the races, describes how gentlemen brought their pistol cases with their luggage. Pat Somers, the member for Sligo, was the last noted duellist in Parliament whom I remember. An old Artillery officer, long since dead, told me that he saw the duel between O'Connell and Destair, who was killed, and some of his men helped to keep the ground.

Badger-baiting and bull-baiting may both go by the board, and so may dog-fighting, though badger-hunting at school was good sport and good exercise.

The discontinuance of the ring has one drawback, which is that it has severed the tie between the roughs and the gentlemen. The roughs hate a cad, but they were always civil to gentlemen, because they knew that they spent their money, and whether at a prize-fight or a benefit in the London district, or other rough entertainment, they never annoyed them.

Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling was and is a noble sport. Years ago I used to go to Hornsey Wood House at Easter, and was much fascinated with it. It was curious to see a smartly-dressed well-to-do tradesman take off his clothes and appear in his drawers, stocking feet, and white Jersey, and take his turn with a colossal Lifeguardsman, and very likely throw him, by sheer science. There was one of the light-weights, a Carlisle man, who threw all the light-weight men and all the heavy-weight men, except the champion of the heavy weights, and, if I remember rightly, he very nearly tackled him too.

I don't think we lose much by the shutting up of the night supper-rooms and the 'Old Pic,' and by closing London at 1 o'clock in the morning, and by abolishing Greenwich Fair, though I very much doubt whether the sly innuendoes, especially when put into women's mouths, and the posturing at some of the licensed music-halls are not much more poisonous than the broad jokes, vocal and oral, at places of low entertainment used to be; you had to go and seek out the latter, the former are put before the public, with the Government stamp, so to say, on them. Those jokes had one virtue, which was that many of them were wonderfully humorous, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Chief Baron Nicholson was by far the man of the readiest wit in London. Moral he was not—but funny (?) yes; and all the first men in England went on the quiet to hear his mock trials. And I must take off my hat to the ghost of Greenwich Fair. It certainly was *not* an aristocratic place, but it was rare fun to go down in a party to Blackheath and Greenwich Park, and dine at the 'Ship' afterwards, and dance at the 'Crown and Anchor' at night. It was quite a match once between a railway porter (my *vis-à-vis*) and myself who should do most fancy steps in the *Cavalier Seul*, but I fear I was beaten, as he was a known expert at fancy dancing, and I was 'plucked' at the 'hook-and-eye' step, which I never saw before. His friends cheered him vigorously with 'Truth and time, Jack, truth and time,' and they wouldn't give me a hand. The fairs are all gone now, and I wish Lady Burdett-Coutts would encourage the costers *et id genus omne* to have athletics, which certainly must include boxing and dancing, especially 'the hook and eye' step.

London will never be made moral by Act of Parliament, and I much doubt whether the Government do not do much more harm by too narrowly scrutinizing public places, and deciding as to what is and what is not immoral by hearsay evidence than by winking at places which are not complained of. If a place is riotous, the police will apply to put it down quick enough. The jurisdiction should be taken out of the hands of the county magistrates and vested in the Home Office.

Now for the Ring. It fell so low that no tears need be shed over its fall, and, curiously enough, the art appears to have gone into another channel, as to my mind the science and skill do not seem to have lost much in the hands of some amateurs. I saw some of the best of the professionals a twelvemonth since, at a private entertainment, but it seemed all slogging; it was not a glove fight, but hard sparring, without science. I wanted to see a glove fight, and got the office, a year since, and went to the place, but the bobbies got wind of it, and it was no go. I am not sorry that it did not come off, as one of the Press who attended the adjourned meeting, a day or two afterwards, told me that nothing should induce him to see another, as it was more than brutal, and the exhaustion of the two men was lamentable, and neither second would throw up the sponge for the sake of the money. But it is a great question whether

glove fighting should not be allowed in public buildings, in the presence of the police, to see that order was kept, and that no brutality should be allowed. I honestly believe that there is much more *real* brutality and cruelty in backers goading a man on, who has attempted a feat, against nature, of walking so many half miles in so many half-hours, when the poor fellow cries almost to be allowed to sleep, than in all the old-fashioned prize-fighting. The ring rules were, in later days, humane, and the men had to walk to the scratch from their corners, and were not allowed to be carried. And I say that in these night and day matches, if a man dies from exhaustion, or goes mad from want of sleep, the backers should be responsible, as the cruel over-taxing of nature means chronic disease and early death.

The professional sets-to which I saw lately were vastly inferior to some amateur sparring exhibited by the *employés* of a large London firm, which I attended shortly afterwards, the last round being between the professional and the champion of the club, and there was no mistake about the professional trying his *very* best, as he fairly lost his temper and 'went for his pupil;' but then thirty-five years against twenty-five is a heavy handicap, particularly when twenty-five was in perfect condition and the pro. was stale.

Well, Mr. Baily, which were the best days to have lived in, these days or years ago? One advantage of living in the past was that no matter what politics were, the vast majority of the House of Commons were gentlemen, though some were rough diamonds, and the only thing which makes us regret that duelling is extinguished is that some of our legislators cannot go out and blaze at one another. I saw the bitterest session ever remembered, when the Corn Bill was passed, in 1846; but, hot as the debates were, the civilities of life were maintained; but things are different now, and one of the most courteous gentlemen who ever lived, the Speaker, is spoken to like a dog by fellows who are not fit to black his shoes.

The worst thing which has happened to England is the mania for foreign travel, and our state of unrest and our English love of home is deserting us. People's minds now get all on the *qui vive*, on the 'Grand Prix' at Paris, and pigeon shooting at Monaco or Belgium; and a short time since every 'gaping donkey' had 'the best tip' as to whether 'Fish Smart' could or could not go a mile quicker along a canal than a Hollander at Amsterdam. *Cui bono?* This kind of thing is like football, a capital game for those who like it, and no harm in it, but 'very small pickles' to write so much about.

There always is some excitement—the boat race, Ascot, lawn tennis champion matches, Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, a trip to the Highlands, Switzerland, the sea, the Canterbury week, or something else, and we never seem to have time to sit down and enjoy ourselves. Its constant repetition is the cause, I believe, of our pleasure palling on us, and fresh excitement being needed. Rough as the sports of the lower orders were, they *were*

sports which came seldom, and made a change. Whether it was a 'bull bait' or a 'prize fight,' or a 'badger drawing,' or a skittle match, holiday folks went and saw the sport, and put their beer or their money on the dog, or the bull, or the badger, or the man, and there was an end of it; but now betting from so-called 'tips,' 'on the event,' as they style it, are the madness in every village and town in England. We 'scamp' our sports, rushing off and getting through them, and looking after our names in the paper for our own success. The pace is too great to feel the sorrow for defeats, and the question is, what is the next thing?

We have to keep our eyes wide open to preserve our laurels in the cricket field. Our colonies have bearded us at rowing, and we positively cannot find any man to row against them. The Australian captain said at the Mansion House, very good-humouredly, that they would not be satisfied till they take home the blue ribbon of the turf and win the Derby; and so perhaps they will. Put your ear close to me, Mr. Baily, and I will whisper something to you, but 'not before the boy.' We have a nasty knack in England now in most sports, and it is this, namely, those who *live* by them say to themselves, 'Will they pay!' and too many of those who profess to follow them, and who skim the cream off any grand public contest as amateurs, won't put down a single shilling, or spend a single hour which is inconvenient to them, for the honour of their country; in fact, a large majority want to be guaranteed out-of-pocket expenses. And *this, inter alia*, is the cause why we are bearded by our colonial friends. Before they attack us, they spare neither time nor money to make themselves perfect at any sport; but, if the simple truth is told, an eye to profit is as much *their* game as ours, and they reckon, not unwisely, on the split in our camps at home, which are attributable to jealousy, stinginess, and selfishness. In fact, Mr. Baily, England has become so small, owing to railways, telegrams, and hundreds of newspapers now, that sportsmen have grown into an enormous family with no fixed home, and there is no unity of action. In former days there were a few head centres where the real sportsmen of England met, one or two clubs and half a dozen hotels, and a few well-known public places, perhaps; they had the money to spend and the pluck to spend it, and their stakes were so far out of the reach of the rest of the world that they did as they pleased without interference, and what they were going to do was so little known beforehand, that their movements, actions, and arrangements were not the common property of every cad in England, and some great feat had become a *fait accompli* before the outside public heard of it. And, moreover, the umpires were always men of such unexceptionable standing in the sporting world that to doubt their words as to facts, was much similar to calling all or any of the parties concerned liars, and that was awkward when many of them had plenty of pluck, and held a pistol pretty straight.



## 'THE FUTURE OF SPORT IN DISTURBED IRELAND.'

'INTER arma silent leges,' said the philosophic historian of classic fame, and his dictum is by no means limited to Italy, but is of equal application in Ireland, where the *Rent* question has produced a grievous *schism*, and the ordinances and proclamations of the Land League have temporarily suspended in practical efficacy and general sanction the legislative efforts of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain as interpreted by judges and juriconsults. But we are not now concerned with the pandects of Parnell & Co., nor do we propose to investigate the wisdom or inspiration of those Brehon laws for which certain patriots pine, but which would probably prove as much an anachronism in this century as any other revival of the customs and ceremonies of the darker ages of progressive civilization ; our affair, as our Gallic *vis-à-vis* might phrase it, is with the canons of the chase as toned down for our benefit by the experience of centuries, and those laws of woodcraft and venerie which, modified by the practice and precept of many generations, and supported by the traditions of countless years, are in general acceptance among us, and are in many instances enforced by legal and constitutional sanctions. It is this *codex venaticus*, so to speak, which has been put in [abeyance by the troubles of recent times, and which it is feared may soon become disestablished and dethroned, when, with the suppression and practical extinction of game throughout the Green Isle, its *raison d'être* will cease to exist.

It were of course the merest surplusage to insist here on the absolute necessity for preservation by legal process of the *feræ* of the chase, whether furred or feathered. Without such artificial protection game could not maintain even a precarious existence in the teeth of the many enemies which nature and civilization have raised about them. In France—revolutionary France—where feudalism and its *corvées* were swept away in seas of the bluest and best blood of the land, it has been found necessary to re-enact game laws ; while in America, the land of fetterless freedom and emancipation from old-world traditions and prejudices, it has been proved that free firing, unrestricted poaching, and the neglect of the times and seasons limited and ordained by Nature herself for hunting and fishing enterprise produced such disastrous consequences in river, lake, and forest, as to threaten the total extinction of some species, till the State Legislatures interfered in favour of the *feræ* of the continent, and free trade in game gave way to a system of strict protection. Of course the multiplication of the engines of game destruction, such as breechloaders, improved traps, and lures of all sorts, have made this necessity of preservation more imperative than ever ; and the relaxation of protection means the diminution, even almost to a vanishing point, of the stock of game in most countries, and of fish in most rivers.

Twenty-five years ago Ireland was a perfect paradise for the subaltern of sporting proclivities (and most subalterns of our barbarous and unreformed army, before *Kriegspiel* and the Intelligence Department were invented, were sportsmen to the backbone), with an introduction or two to aid him, or peradventure with no better credentials of introduction than pleasing manners, some *savoir faire*, and that *passe-partout*, H.M.'s commission, he had generally unlimited bogs and moors to roam over; and in winter a mixed bag of duck, woodcock, plover, snipe, quail, grouse, partridge, rabbits and hares, with possibly a rare pheasant, rewarded his researches into the unreclaimed portions of the Green Isle. True, there was occasionally a drawback in the shape of a thirst for acquiring arms for Ribbon or Terryalt purposes, when a confiding cornet would be tempted to discharge his second barrel at a distant teal, which his followers averred was winged, and all of a sudden he would find his Joe Manton chucked out of his grasp, and transferred to a bogtrotter, whose agility over his native swamps and sloughs it were vain to think of competing with, and he had to return to his quarters disarmed and dejected in spirit. But such little episodes were wholly exceptional; and as a rule Irish service was a capital school of gunnery for all the officers in out quarters. Ten or twelve years later on, the subaltern or centurion's shooting lot was wholly changed. His rifle practice was more extensive than his breechloading smooth-bore experience, and his rare excursions throughout the country led to results so disheartening and unsatisfactory as hardly to encourage repetition. A brace of snipe had often to be earned by walks of many miles; and though 'his piece,' as a gun is generally called in rural Ireland, was no longer an object of irresistible temptation to a native under the spell of some vendetta, its harvest was a poor one; for he soon learnt that he had a legion of rivals and colleagues in the exploitation of the game resources of the district—gunners, trappers, and snarers of all degrees; and that a weekly exportation of game to Manchester, Liverpool, or London took place from the nearest railway station or port. No one could move about much in Ireland without noticing the gradual diminution of the game of the island. Absenteeism, lukewarmness in preservation, and the difficulty in procuring available evidence for conviction of poachers, added to the ready-money game market at the door, and the great increase of Brummagem breechloaders soon thinned the existing stock, while little if anything was done to counterbalance this wholesale harrying by levying war on magpies, blue crows, kites, weasels, and the enemies of game in the close season. As an instance of the difficulties which beset the path of the sedulous game preserver, let me mention a case that could be authenticated if necessary. A gentleman had a good stock of pheasants, and by way of experiment fed them on a particular kind of pulse, which he imported from abroad. The season was begun, but he had not shot his coverts yet, and he was told that the birds were taken in the runs. Acting on information received, as Constable B. might say, he stopped a caravan of

hawkers, found the birds among their impedimenta, with their craws filled with the pulse he had imported! This seems strong circumstantial evidence, but it did not avail. I have alluded to the gradual growth of the spirit of lawlessness in the matter of game throughout Ireland, and the incentives which fed and stimulated it. To these I should have added the pernicious practice of letting or farming out demesne lands to professional trappers of rabbits, to whom as to the *sapeur, rien n'est sacré*, by which means foxes innumerable were either killed outright, or made incapable of either hunting for their own sustenance or standing up before hounds by reason of their mutilated and maimed condition. Nor did the evil stop within the radius of the trapper's scene of operations. When one thousand traps, or perhaps two thousand, are set at a time a few can easily be mislaid or lost, and with such engines the rural labourer or farmer's boy has a power available to eke out his scanty dole of weekly wages, or to improve the condition of his larder *à discrétion*. But it was reserved for the winter of 1881 to see a regular crusade against game. The previous year had been most propitious to its increase generally throughout the island. The waste of previous wet breeding and hatching seasons had been to a certain extent compensated. But it was in this year that ground game was handed over to the farmer, and with ground game practically all other kinds; while one of the precepts of the Jacquerie or Pattery, or whatever name you may please to assign to the anti-landlord crusade, was that game preservation partook of feudalism and privilege, both of which must, it was asserted, be abolished *per fas aut nefas*. There was practically but little opposition made to these subverting theories, and the consequence was that so far as the aiders and abettors of the new system could manage it, game was swept wholesale off the face of the land. It might seem a startling paradox to assert that for every hare now extant there was a greyhound or a lurcher available; and yet, a few districts excepted, the proposition would not now be very wide of the fact.

The salmon and trout that haunt Irish waters never offered quite the same field for spoliation and lawlessness as the birds and beasts of sport. Yet even here the riparian proprietors declare that war is levied on the salmon in the upper waters in the most illegitimate manner, and that the angler's rights are daily and nightly invaded by plunderers to whom the *rem quocunque modo rem* is the one single aim and object, and who care little how a salmon is hooked so long as he gets into their creel.

I now come to the sport of sports, which Cockneys spell without an H, but which in Ireland is aspirated in all senses. I refer of course to foxhunting, which, though an exotic imported into the land of the Shamrock from the land of the Saxon, found a home so congenial in the former that it flourished exceedingly there, and not only formed a barrier to arrest the tide of patrician emigration to England and the Continent, but actually proved a magnet strong enough to attract foreigners to the distant shores of Ierne, and

seduced many a sporting Saxon to throw in his lot with the wild Irish, till, like some of his ancestors perhaps in the Plantagenet era, he became in matters venatic *Hibernis ipsis Hibernior*. We do not propose here to sketch the progress of foxhunting during the past four or five decades, how the small association of county gentlemen who, imbued with the same spirit and tastes, clubbed together a certain amount of capital, and hunted and feasted alternately in a sociable and friendly fashion, grew into important corporations, bound by bye-laws, and organised upon the most businesslike principles, with balance-sheets and budgets, floating debts and debentures, deficits and surpluses, position and opposition scribes, and secretaries. How the social revolution of 1848, precipitated by the potato famine and the sequent pestilence, menaced the existence and vitality of fox-hunting, and how it rose on the wave of returning prosperity, and extending its area and deepening its foundations, became one of the institutions of the land, penetrating with its influence the national life and taste of the inhabitants—on these topics we cannot dilate now, merely remarking that the new system of farming, which tended to concentrate holdings, and made Ireland the buttery and butchery of her manufacturing and trading sister, proved most friendly to foxhunting, and developed large lines of pastures and chains of gorse coverts, which, in the best characteristics of hunting areas, far excelled anything to be met in the Midland counties of England. It would not be easy to estimate the actual or incidental expenditure which a popular pack of foxhounds necessarily creates and involves. Figures are fallacious to a degree, and talent in quickness in their manipulation is no warranty for soundness of conclusion; so, merely dealing with generalities, we may remark here that an institution which, by its centripetal and centrifugal influences, leads to an expenditure of many hundreds of thousand pounds annually, which levels up a great portion of the produce of the soil, and increases values by a very large percentage, cannot be considered unimportant in a country which, by her chosen spokesmen, is made to pose as a poverty-stricken land, a Niobe of nations, a mendicant multitude; and it is this princely pastime, the sport of Kings, Kaisers, and Kaiserins too, which is so grievously imperilled by the present agitation that its very existence in many parts of the island may be said at this moment to be problematical.

Nor can it be asserted that this danger and threatened arrest of a great national sport is a thing that Englishmen can look at with philosophic indifference and *poco curante* apathy—a mere Irish row, a rookawn of roysterers, an insular ebullition which will soon expire of inanition and lack of material to work upon. The danger is an imperial one, and the loss will be felt throughout England as well as in Ireland; by the upper ten thousand mainly perhaps in both lands, but very much also by that lower stratum of society whose energy, patience, and hard work smooths the path of sport to the capitalist and the patrician, sport, and more especially this royal one, being

one of the happiest links between the different portions of the realm, a pleasant neutral zone where the difference of sentiment and the animosities of circumstance, tradition, and inheritance were fused in one great common interest and emulative zeal.

That Ireland's hunting-grounds were fast becoming an appanage of England may be illustrated and proved by citing a few pregnant facts. Let us take the best known and most popular centres of hunting—the greenest tracts in the Green Isle—and what do we find? an utter absence of Home Rule. Meath the Royal, for instance, is ruled, and withal most ably and energetically ruled, by a North Briton, Mr. J. O. Trotter, who, if not absolutely a naturalised Irishman, is decidedly the elect of the inhabitants of this splendid feeding farm of Great Britain; and it is no slight tribute to his venatic Raj to affirm that if a plebiscite for the presidency of the county pack were to be taken, Mr. Trotter would poll an infinitely larger number of white beans than any one who could be named or suggested, and this too after he has held the horn for several seasons, which have been far from being generally prosperous to the great grazing interests, and when the non-fulfilment of absurd and extravagant expectations may have warped the loyalty and love of weak-kneed wavering vacillators. In Kildare his countryman Mr. Forbes holds the reins of office with a firm but liberal hand. Nor is there any rival near the throne, for no one likely to succeed him is generally deemed *imperii capax*, either in position, taste, leisure, or circumstances. Kilkenny is most ably mastered by Captain Hartopp, of Leicestershire. Westmeath has elected a commander from Derbyshire. Tipperary owns venatic allegiance to Captain Macnaughten, who, as an Ulster man, is only considered a quasi-Irishman in the southern provinces; while Galway, Carlow, and Louth may be said to be the sole representatives of the ancient order which has given way to the new, in which Messrs. Persse, Watson, and Folgate maintain the elder traditions of Irish sport, and are as it were hereditary grands-veneurs, within their dominions supreme; accepting a subscription indeed, but rather as a kind of tribute or rate in aid towards the maintenance of the hounds than as a mercantile business, with return for value received or expected. Of Lord Waterford's magnificent private pack I make no mention here, as the laws that affect it are quite distinct from the co-operative associations known as county packs. Besides the masters I have referred to the majority of their staff are either English or have sat at the feet of Saxon Gamaliels, who were notable either for kennel cunning or for good generalship in the field of mimic warfare and strategy; while it may be maintained that there is not a pack in eastern Ireland that is not largely leavened with English pursuers, and that does not take toll of the Saxon shilling and sovereign too; for, without going into anything like a minute analysis of the various fields, it must be acknowledged that from Galway Bay to that of Dublin there is hardly a meet of foxhounds to which the soldiers, be

they horsemen or footmen, guards or gunners, linesmen or lancers, do not contribute a fair contingent.

Having thus shown that England is considerably interested in the venatic future of Ireland, let us glance round the Hibernian hunting horizon, and see what we can gather of hope and assurance from the survey.

The season of 1880-81 passed off on the whole very quietly as the interruption to the smooth course of the chase by 'Boycotting' or the exercise of the popular veto was small and sporadic. The Empress of Austria had made all arrangements for hunting in Ireland, choosing Kilkenny Castle for her base of operations, but the state of the country prevented her carrying out her projects, and there can be no doubt but that the slur thus cast incidentally upon the agitators and their junta was felt poignantly, and to a certain extent respired sport for the rest of the season.

True the Kildare Hounds suspended their operations some weeks earlier than they intended, owing to the wholesale poisoning of foxes, but it seems generally believed that this fatal result was occasioned by carelessness rather than deliberate hostility. Still the decimation of the denizens of the best gorges of this celebrated county remains a melancholy fact, and unless Mr. Forbes finds an adequate stock of hunting material ready, it is not likely that he will carry on the simulacrum of sport or preside over mock fox-hunting. It is fair to say that there have been very few overt acts of enmity to foxes or their followers enacted in this county, and that up to the present time none of the sensational scenes of which we read so much in the newspapers have had Kildare for their area. The same pleasant picture is not seen in the neighbouring Queen's Co., where Mr. Hamilton Stubber, who had successfully tided over every little obstructive demonstration of last year, and showed some very high-class sport, is forced I believe to yield to these unpleasantnesses generated by 'the times,' which the Americans euphemistically term difficulties. The same remarks apply to that immense area, hunted at considerable sacrifice by Lord Huntingdon, comprised within the limits of the Ormond and King's Co. Hunt, one of the oldest associations in the island. Captain Balfe, whose staghounds formed the connecting link between the east and west of Ireland, has sold his deer, his hounds and his horses, and the plains of Boyle will no longer be gladdened by the red squadrons of the stag-hunters. In Limerick stag-hunting may continue to flourish, but the ill-feeling which prompted the vindictive burning down of sundry good gorges is not likely to be exorcised in a moment, and the fate of fox-hunting seems here rather dark and gloomy. Cork, once the Yorkshire of Ireland, so far as hunting went, is by all accounts in such a tempestuous condition that it is hardly likely to have recovered its equanimity by next November. Meath holds a patent of premiership in Ireland's hunting precedence, the finest arena, the widest scope, the most densely populated by foxes and the least by human beings in Ireland. Meath seems like the Roman poet's Stoic, to be invulnerable to

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'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune'—self-centred—an  
oasis in a Sahara of sedition and tumult—

'Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

The past season was a splendid and a very brilliant one, clouded but by a single serious contretemps—a blank day in their best county, and with a large field out to aggravate the disappointment. Money seems forthcoming here when very hard to find elsewhere, new kennels are in process of erection, new coverts are springing up in all available places. The tide of pilgrims to the Mecca of Meath, Navan, knows no diminution. House rent has risen alarmingly within its borders. Foxes are said to have fulfilled the law of their being in a truly national fashion, and the nursing season for the cubs was propitious to a degree. Everything points to a rosy future, but yet even here the Damoclean sword is not wholly removed from sight. If Ucalegon's house next door is on fire you may well feel alarmed for your own household gods, so even here the evil influence is negatively acknowledged, and few make plans for the coming campaign of 1881-82 as heartily or confidently as they would have done a few years ago.

Strange doctrines about land are afloat, nor are these doctrines at all friendly to the cause of the chase. A generation or two ago the consolidation of farms was to be the panacea for the ills of the Green Isle. This has been effected to an immense extent in Meath, and now we are told it was all a big blunder and a free-trade heresy.

'Latifundia,' they say, 'perdidere Italiam : ' let us revert to *la petite culture*, forsake grasses, forswear land grabbers, split up the big holdings, and betake us to Protection.

The majority of these theories need only to be stated for their transparent fallacy to be obvious. They are the offspring of unrest and discontent, and it is hoped a prosperous autumn will disestablish them from their 'grip' on the popular mind. 'My faith is large in 'time,' says the Laureate; let us try and share his confidence in that as well as in the sympathy with sport which is the heritage of Irishmen. The powers that be will have much to answer for if their measures and menaces banished a pastime from the soil which it enriched and enlivened greatly. It seems absurd to imagine that fox-hunting and fee simple can be abolished *tout d'un coup* by stump orators or pseudo-patriots.

Our youth was made gruesome by four fearful letters,  
The initials of Fee, Fo, Fi, Fum,  
And now these same letters are powerful as fetters  
To strike the Landocracy dumb.

We hear of Fair rents, free tenure, free sale,  
While Fee simple is wholly ignored,  
But I make bold to say that this 'F' wins the day,  
And will sweep other 'F's' off the board.

## THE GROUND GAME ACT AND FOX-HUNTING.

SINCE the passing of the Act which places all the ground game in the United Kingdom in the hands of tenants henceforth and for ever, as fast as their present agreements drop out of existence, much has been said, both in the papers and in private, as to the effect such an alteration is likely to have on the truly national sport of foxhunting, and it appears to me that, in many instances, most erroneous conclusions have been arrived at. It has been freely stated that the warrant for the extermination of hares and rabbits has gone forth, and that, as they are the natural food of the fox, he must cease to exist also, in which case the sport of hunting him is doomed to a certainty. Those who take this view, I think, argue without a true knowledge and understanding of the facts. In the first place, it is very unlikely that either hares or rabbits will be exterminated and swept away because the tenants have the right of killing them. As a matter of fact, that right has in a great many instances been for years in the hands of tenants, who have been allowed either to course or shoot them as they liked, but I never knew of a case where they were exterminated in consequence. Very generally tenants have a right to keep greyhounds where they may not shoot; and if they do not keep dogs themselves, a day or two on which they can invite friends who do, and thus hold a kind of miniature coursing meeting, is accorded them during the season; sometimes a day or two's shooting at hares and rabbits takes the place of coursing. Now of course they will have such rights without any favour, and can kill ground game as they like, but that by no means proves that they will exercise the right so as to destroy it altogether. I know a good deal about tenant farmers in most parts of England, and I rather incline to the belief that, having hares and rabbits in their own hands to do as they like with, will induce them to keep a moderate supply, rather than otherwise. Nine out of ten of them are fond of sport—as much so, if they had the same chance to indulge in it, as their landlords,—and will have it when they can. Here and there may be found a man who will kill everything he can lay his hands on; but such have always existed, and were not very particular as to the means they employed to get rid of it—go it had to, and go it did, by some means, so it will make little difference with them, and their numbers, unless I am much mistaken, are totally insufficient to have any effect on sport generally. In fact, I could name instances which have come under my knowledge already, in which landlord and tenant will run amicably together in the matter, and the game will be as well preserved—perhaps better—than heretofore; and those cases I know of may be taken as being arranged between average men of each class, I see very little reason to doubt that like arrangements will become pretty general. What will be put an end to is, those cases where hares and rabbits have been so preserved as to unmercifully clear away the crops of the tenants, who will now be



able to defend themselves, and reduce the number of their enemies to a reasonable proportion. In many instances also, I think, tenants will very likely get some concession with regard to winged game, in consideration of showing forbearance towards fur. Altogether, the probability is that there will still be an average head of hares and rabbits throughout the kingdom. Let me give an instance. The house in which I now live stands on a farm where the tenant has had a joint right over the game, but has not for some years shot himself, reserving his right for friends and neighbours. No man looks more keenly after the main chance than he does, and yet I can answer for it that there is a very fair sprinkling of rabbits on the place, and that any one having a day's shooting here would bag quite as many hares, if they held straight, as would have gone to make, with other game, what was considered an average day's sport thirty or five-and-thirty years ago. If my reasoning is correct, we shall find that large bags of hares and rabbits will cease, because preserving them as has heretofore been done would be of little avail. But will that have an evil effect on fox-hunting? I think not; but that it will rather tend to conduce to better sport. Let us look round and see where the chase most flourishes. Is it in those counties where game-preserving has been in the ascendant, and hares and rabbits most numerous? I think not. Go into the crack countries in the Midlands; draw those coverts which are looked on as certain finds; and how many hares or rabbits will you come across in the course of a day? I can confidently say that I have hunted day after day in those localities, and never seen one or the other, although I have seen a brace, a leash or two brace of foxes found in a small spinney or gorse covert. The fact is that foxes do not require a large head of game to keep them going; they will eat both hares and rabbits, I know, when they have the chance, but they also can make a comfortable meal of many other things, such as rats, mice, beetles, &c. Indeed, there is nothing a fox likes much better than field mice, of which I can give a curious instance from my own observation. During the late severe winter, a large colony of field mice took up their habitation in a hayrick of mine, and appeared to be doing some little amount of mischief, for they made nests, cut out galleries, and carried on regular engineering works there, in the process of which they nibbled the hay up into dusty chaff. This had not gone on long, before it was noticed that some animal had been rubbing itself along the side of the rick, and that there was a place where it had evidently curled itself up and slept. On my attention being called to it, I immediately pronounced it to be a fox's kennel, and was confirmed in the opinion by his being heard to bark close by there a few nights afterwards. I have not the slightest doubt but that he found out the mice and came there to feed on them. At any rate, after a time their depredations ceased, and so did all sign of the fox. Nor is it only in the Midlands where I have noticed an almost total absence of game, and yet always seen plenty of foxes. When a lad, I lived in a wild woodland district,

where the coverts covered thousands rather than hundreds of acres. There was no resident proprietor, and the shooting was at that time unlet, so that a hare was nearly as unlikely a thing to meet in those woods as an elephant; neither were they very abundant anywhere in the open. There were, it is true, a few rabbits scattered about, but so few that it was scarcely worth anyone's while to poach them; yet there was never any lack of foxes—and some right good ones they were, too, when you could induce them to leave their strongholds and face the open.

Now let us turn to the other side of the question, and see how matters run amongst the large preserves. In some instances I have known a very large head of game and foxes in the same coverts, but such a state of things is the exception rather than the rule, and I have ere now ridden about all day with the pheasants rising round me as the hounds drew and the hares almost running against my horse's legs, but with no sign of a fox from morning until night, or if one did show himself he too often had 'commercial' so indelibly stamped upon him, that for hunting purposes he might just as well not have been there at all. Again, where ground game is plentiful the rabbits are generally the perquisite of the keepers, who take such good care to feed the cubs on the earth in order that they should not interfere with the rabbits (where they keep foxes at all), that when the season comes on they have neither the knowledge or condition to make a point, and are really very little use indeed before hounds. Under the new law there will be far less inducement to do this kind of thing, as rabbits must, generally speaking, leave the coverts to feed, and as soon as they are on the farmer's land they will become his property and he will take care of them. It may be urged that where they are numerous the tenant will endeavour to make a market of them, and kill foxes to that end. This may be the case in some instances, but not many, I apprehend; and even where it does occur, I answer that the keeper has done so before him, so it is only exchanging one evil for another, and that with all his knowledge and professional skill the keeper is likely to be much the more deadly enemy of the two. At any rate, could I become a fox and have the choice given me, I know which I should prefer to set about compassing my destruction. So far from the new Act having any evil influence on the cause of fox-hunting, I think we may confidently expect the chase to improve under these novel circumstances, even if it should so happen that in some places we find rather less foxes, and for this reason—we shall revert more to the condition under which it was carried on in the early part of the present century, before preserving to the extent to which it is now carried had become the fashion, and when very large heads of game, except just in the coverts in the home park attached to gentlemen's houses, were, comparatively speaking, few and far between; in what has been termed the golden age of fox-hunting. We shall find wilder foxes, less gorged with food, and, in consequence, far more able to compete with the great speed of the modern fox-hound than many

of those found in the present day. Moreover, as they will probably have to seek farther for their food, they will have greater opportunities of learning a country, and will probably do so earlier in the season than at present, for a fox whose larder is as well supplied as many are now cares little to travel far from home until the season of love comes in with the new year; they will also be in better condition from their enforced exercise, which is also of some moment. Taken altogether, I am by no means inclined to take such a dark view of the future of fox-hunting as many have done, and should not be at all surprised if we do not find that the Ground Game Act, so far from being an injury, turns out a blessing, and that hunting has taken a new lease of life from the time when it became law. How it may affect couring meetings—I mean large public ones, where a great number of hares are a *sine quâ non*—I will not pretend to say, as that is a matter beyond the subject I am now discussing, but I must admit that their outlook is not so bright as it might be; however, a little tact and judicious disbursement of coin will no doubt smooth matters there, and make all right in the end. One thing is certain, it will very much relieve the strain which no one could fail to see was taking place between game-preserving and fox-hunting of late years, and if it does that, I for one shall be very glad to take the chance of foxes being improved off the face of the earth by starvation and be thankful, for, as I have endeavoured to show above, that is a result but little likely to happen. Neither am I sure that our shooting friends will find it such an unmitigated evil as some of them appeared to think it must be when it was passed, and it would by no means surprise me to find that their path had been smoothed by it as far as real sport is concerned. Of course with those who took manors as a speculation it is a different matter.

N.

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## CRICKET.

IF an uninterrupted succession of fine weather is to be regarded as the height of enjoyment for cricketers, there has been assuredly no possible ground for complaint during the last month. The discomforts of the last two or three seasons had so completely unstrung the nerves of players generally that they were utterly unprepared for so long a spell of sunshine as we have had almost since the commencement of the summer. It is several years since we have had to record so rainless a month during the cricket campaign, and though for a very brief interval some few of the less hardy order of cricketers were overcome by their sudden transition to a temperature which, it is interesting to learn, was above the average of Calcutta. Yet as a general rule, to judge by the extraordinary scoring which took place just about that period, it was only the fieldsmen who suffered by the introduction of a heat rate to which Englishmen had recently been altogether unaccustomed. The fears that anything

would occur to give any undue advantage to either side in the Inter-University match at Lord's were fortunately groundless, and the game took place under circumstances almost as favourable as could have been expected, though there was a shower just as the play began, and on the first night the light was bad. The long scoring reached by the Cambridge eleven in their earlier matches caused them to be favourites until the last; and the Oxford team, in their final trial against Middlesex, had made a very poor show, that on paper their chances did not appear to be particularly bright, though on the form of the two elevens against Marylebone Club and Ground at Lord's there was only the slightest possible difference, and that in favour of the Dark Blues. The performance of Oxford against Middlesex was certainly in no way of an encouraging kind; but some few argued that little reliance was to be placed on this display, on the ground that the eleven were in all probability a little stale after the hard work of the Marylebone match on the three previous days; and that there was some force in this plea was proved by the result. The experience of the two matches played by the rival elevens in London preparatory to their meeting did not lead to the belief that there was any great amount of bowling on either side, and those who were sceptical of the powers of the Cambridge bowlers, despite the reputation enjoyed by one or two of them, were justified in their opinions, as events proved. The Oxford Captain was fortunate, as things went, in winning the toss, and what luck there was certainly helped that side during the game. Messrs. Patterson and Trevor began in a way that augured well for the prospects of the Dark Blues, with 58 runs for the first wicket; but the bowling of Messrs. Steel and C. T. Studd worked a change, and with seven batsmen out for 76, Cambridge seemed to have a decided advantage. A useful stand by Messrs. M'Lachlan, who, it will be remembered, saved Oxford last year from what appeared to be a certain follow on, and Kemp gave 47 runs to the Oxonians, at a time when runs were sadly wanted; but even their total of 131 was adjudged to be very much less than what was required to give them a chance against such a good batting side as the Cantabs had proved themselves to be. Much of the hopes of the Oxford eleven rested on the way in which the wicket played to Mr. Evans' fast bowling, and it soon began to bump in a way which was not calculated to reassure those who hoped that the result would be a fourth successive victory for the Cantabs. The very first ball delivered by the Oxford Captain bowled Mr. G. B. Studd, who had been scoring very heavily during the earlier matches of his University, and the Cambridge batsmen were certainly rather hardly dealt with in the matter of luck, not having to play a bowler like Mr. Evans in such a bad light on the first afternoon. The Hon. Ivo Bligh, who was comparatively out of practice and had just recovered from illness, played a hitting innings of 37, and this proved to be the highest contribution on the Cambridge side during the match. The best cricket shown by any of the Cantabs on the first innings was by Messrs. C. T. Studd and

Ford, the latter of whom had from the commencement of the season been batting in much better form than in previous years; but altogether the eleven greatly disappointed those who had witnessed their early exhibitions, and at the end of the first 'hands' there was only an advantage of 48 runs in favour of the Light Blues. Even then the ultimate result of the game could hardly have been expected; but when Oxford went in a second time Messrs. Patterson and Trevor effectually removed what little sting there was in the Cambridge bowling, and when the latter was bowled Oxford were 22 runs on. A curious incident marked the partnership of Messrs. Leslie and Patterson, and it may fairly be urged that it had some little effect on the result of the game. In his second over Mr. Leslie hit one very hard back to Mr. Ford, and as the bowler threw up the ball and the batsman retired towards the pavilion every one was under the impression that the most dangerous hitter on the Oxford side was out. Mr. Leslie had already walked several yards on his way to the pavilion, but an appeal by Mr. Patterson to the umpires produced a verdict of not out, for the reason that the ball had touched the ground before reaching the bowler; and though the Cantabs seemed to be somewhat surprised, and to some it appeared as if the catch was a legitimate one, the decision of the umpires was of course honestly given, and in all probability was a fair and proper solution of what seemed to outsiders to be a difficulty. Whether this episode had the effect of unnerving the Cambridge eleven is best known to themselves; but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Leslie afterwards contributed 64 runs, and it was the determined stand he made with Mr. Patterson that turned the scale in favour of Oxford. Mr. W. H. Patterson went in first, and though he was twice severely hurt on his hand, so much so as to be unable to field on the following day, was ultimately not out, having contributed 107 towards a total of 187. That his play was steady and correct all who are acquainted with his style of batting will know, but it may also be added that there was not a direct chance during his long innings, and to him belongs the distinction of a feat never before recorded in the series of Inter-University matches, of a batsman going through an innings with over 100 runs to his credit. When Cambridge went in with 259 runs to win there were still some to believe them capable of the task, even in spite of the manner in which Mr. Evans had bumped on the first day. That they were out of their reckoning was soon proved, as hardly one of the Cambridge batsmen but received practical proofs of the dangerous character of the Oxford Captain's bowling, and those who did make a lengthened stay must have borne the marks of his attention for some time. For a very short period, while Messrs. C. T. Studd and Steel were in, there was some slight hope for the Light Blues; but beyond them there was no one, except Mr. Ford, who stood up with the greatest pluck to receive knock after knock from Mr. Evans, who offered any real resistance to the Oxford bowlers; and the total was only 123, or 56 runs less than the first innings. The

victory of the Dark Blues, though they had a creditable majority of 135 runs, did not seem to create any great enthusiasm, and many will still be of opinion that the Cambridge eleven were the better team all round. The triumph of the Dark Blues was thoroughly well deserved, and they are heartily to be congratulated on the success, which was the result of honest and hard work; but were the same sides to meet over again on a good wicket, in all probability the result would be different. Too much praise cannot certainly be given to Mr. Evans for the admirable manner in which he kept his men in hand throughout, and his management was the more creditable as he was in reality the only bowler on the side. In the first innings he was instrumental in the downfall of nine of the ten wickets, bowling seven and catching two; and in the second his analysis showed 42 overs and 2 balls for 56 runs and six wickets. In all he took thirteen from Cambridge, at a cost of 130 runs; and the nearest approach to this in the match was Mr. C. T. Studd for Cambridge, whose ten wickets only realised 178 of the 437 runs scored by Oxford. Mr. Steel got four Oxford batsmen in the first innings, but in the second he was unable to get a wicket, and his failure, coupled with the ill-success of Mr. G. B. Studd with the bat, helped to decide the balance in favour of Oxford. Mr. Trevor played two very useful innings for Oxford; but Mr. Leslie, though he hit freely, at the second attempt was a disappointment, though his fielding at long-off and long-leg was one of the best features of the match, his return to the wicket being a treat to witness. Excepting that of Messrs. Steel and C. T. Studd, the Cambridge bowling was quite as harmless as was predicted by some critics, and perhaps the most noticeable point in the out-cricket of the Cantabs was the fielding of the Captain, Hon. Ivo Bligh, whose fielding at point was the more remarkable in that he has always been used to be very far removed from the wicket.

The two matches between Gentlemen and Players were decided under very different conditions; but the result was much the same in each case, and though the Amateurs were successful at each ground, at both the Oval and Lord's, the finish was close enough to make the game very interesting. The action of the committee of the Surrey Club in refraining from asking any one of the seven professionals, who were combining against the Nottinghamshire Committee, was evidently distasteful to a few of the irrepressible scribblers who follow in the lead of the three tailors of Tooley Street, and constitute themselves the cricket public on the ground that the authorities at the Oval had no right to interfere in a local quarrel; but most thinking persons were satisfied with the propriety of the step taken by the Surrey Committee in resisting a combination directed not only against Notts, but calculated to damage county cricket everywhere. That the absence of some of the seven weakened the Players in some small measure will be admitted; but that they were unable to make a fight of it without the Nottingham men, as some argued would be the case, was equally absurd, and,

indeed, the contest at the Oval was productive of the closest finish witnessed in these matches since 1877, when the Gentlemen won at Lord's by one wicket. The amateurs at the Oval were decidedly strong, though Mr. E. F. Tylecote might have been replaced by the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton at the wicket, and Mr. Ellis, the Sussex captain, did little to justify his presence in an eleven which would have been considerably strengthened by the substitution of either Messrs. Trevor, Patterson, or W. W. Read. The absence of the Nottingham players gave Gunn, of Notts, who had been recently showing excellent form, and Robinson, of Lancashire, a chance which perhaps they had not yet earned; but otherwise the Professionals were a strong all-round eleven, and with Allen Hill quite as good as Morley on this year's form, the only material improvement to the team would have been in the introduction of Barnes. The Players had the advantage of going in first, on an excellent wicket, but, despite an excellent start by Ulyett (57) and Lockwood (62), who raised the score from thirty-one to a hundred and seven for two wickets—Messrs. A. G. Steel, Evans, and C. T. Studd got rid of the last batsman very easily, and the result was a total of 197. The Gentlemen began in very vigorous fashion, and when play ceased at the end of the first day had made 145 for the loss of only two wickets, Mr. W. G. Grace, not out, 96. With Messrs. Penn, Ellis, Leslie, C. T. Studd, A. G. Steel, G. B. Studd, E. F. Tylecote, and Evans to come, the Players seemed to be booked for a very long outing. Hill recommenced well, however, by bowling Mr. Grace just as he had secured his hundred, and, roused by this success, they played up like men, a useful stand by Messrs. Steel (25 not out) and Tylecote alone enabling the Gentlemen to head their opponents in the first innings, as they did, by 39 runs. Ulyett and Midwinter made an excellent stand for the Players, crediting them with 105 runs for the first wicket, but the tail made a very sorry show against the bowling of Messrs. Grace and Steel, and the remaining batsmen only added 77 runs. Ulyett's 80 represented nearly one half of the runs made from the bat, and the display generally was surprisingly tame, so much so that Mr. Grace took seven wickets at a cost of only 61 runs. The Gentlemen, when play ceased at the end of the second day, had lost five of their best wickets for only 41 out of 144 required to win; but the Players threw away most of their chance on the following morning by giving Mr. Leslie more than one life; and as it was they had only to thank Messrs. C. T. Studd and Tylecote, who pulled off the match for the Amateurs for their defeat by two wickets.

At Lord's both elevens were stronger, but the wicket was so bare that the match was throughout in favour of the bowlers, and the scoring was proportionately low. The Marylebone Committee acted very judiciously in selecting Messrs. Patterson and Trevor after the excellent show they had made for Oxford, though the former, owing to the injury received to his hand in the Inter-University match, had to be replaced by Mr. Vernon. The Players, too, with Selby,

Barnes, and Morley for Gunn, Robinson and Hill, were on the whole improved, and it would certainly have been difficult to have materially added to the strength of either eleven. Better cricket, too, all round has never been witnessed, and though the condition of the wicket interfered with the duration of the game, the sport provided was, while it lasted, of a quality that is not often seen. As at the Oval the Players gained the choice of innings, but Ulyett had no opportunity of repeating his performance on the Surrey side, falling to long stop, when he had only made a couple. Barnes and Selby both justified their appearance in the match by good steady cricket; but the eleven were generally not at their ease with Mr. Evans' bowling, and he finished a short innings in a sensational fashion by clean bowling the last three batsmen, Selby, Peate, and Morley, with successive balls. Messrs. Grace and Hornby opened the batting for the Gentleman in a lively enough style, and 40 runs were got in the first half-hour. Why Emmett first entrusted the bowling to Bates and Morley instead of allowing Peate first chance is best known to himself, but directly the left-hander came on at 45 the aspect of the game underwent a decided change, and it soon became evident that he had found a spot just suited to his bowling. Mr. Hornby trying to hit the second ball back landed a stroke that might with advantage have been reserved for a less important occasion or a plainer bowler, and Mr. Grace, after being beaten by three successive balls, at last fell to his insidious attack. Some splendid cricket was shown by Mr. A. R. Lucas against Peate and Barlow, by far the best bowling that has been seen in London for a long time, and his 21 was in every way a brilliant exhibition of defensive batting. Singularly enough Peate and Barlow each delivered fifty-one overs, for 31 runs and four wickets, and in proof of the excellence of the bowling and fielding of the Players, it is worthy of remark that though, as before stated, the Gentlemen only took half-an-hour to get the first 40 runs, they were three hours and five minutes over the balance of 91 to complete their total of 131. No one but Bates, who hit very freely for his 34, offered any resistance to the attacks of Messrs. C. T. Studd and Steel, and the former was credited with five wickets at a cost of only 45 runs, a good performance against such an opposition. With 77 to win the Gentlemen lost their three best batsmen Messrs. Grace, Hornby, and Lucas, for 44 runs, but despite the accuracy of Barlow and Bates, the latter of whom delivered at one time thirteen maiden overs in succession, Mr. Frank Penn (28) and Trevor (not out 16) fairly got the best of the bowling, and credited the Gentlemen with a thoroughly hard-earned victory by five wickets, their sixth consecutive win in this match.

Harrow, as was generally expected, proved too much for Eton, though few could have foreseen the very poor show made by the losing team. Whether the result of the match was regarded as a foregone conclusion, or whether the alteration in the date of the contest, which had to be advanced one day in the week owing to the Windsor Review, had a depressing effect it is difficult to tell; but



from some cause or other, very probably the heavy showers that occasionally stopped the play, there was a very noticeable absence of the enthusiasm which has always marked this particular meeting, and even the fact that the victory of Harrow put the two schools on an equality in the matter of wins failed to give a semblance of excitement to the finish. For once the Etonians were the smaller eleven, and their play all-round was so tame and spiritless that it was not easy to understand how they had been equal to the task of defeating the Winchester eleven, whom rumour asserted to be fairly strong for a public school. Rain interfered more than once with the game, but the wicket played much the same for both sides, and there was nothing that could be argued as luck to give any preponderance to either, though at the very close the ball and ground were so slippery as to give the Etonians 20 or 30 runs. The first innings of Harrow was noticeable for little but the steady play of Bolitho (28), though the Captain, Kemp, contributed 27 and Routledge 20, the latter by free hitting to the total of 140. With the exception of that of the Captain, Paravicini, who took six wickets for 42 runs, the Eton bowling had been very poor, but the batting was even worse, and the display when they went in was as tame as anything ever witnessed in this contest. Bambridge showed fair, certainly not first-class cricket, for his runs in the first innings, but his 22 was the only double figure in the total of 64, and Eton only just managed to save the follow on by four runs. The stand made by Messrs. Bolitho and Hadow, who raised the score from 46 for three, to 168 for four wickets, was the one feature of the second innings, and both showed good cricket; the latter, whose 94 was as good a display of free batting as has ever been witnessed in this match, proving himself in every way worthy of the reputation gained by his elder brothers. It was very clear that the Etonians were utterly unequal to the task of making 279 runs, the number required to win; and but for a lively shower which made the ground slippery, and the ball difficult to hold by the bowlers, they would hardly have obtained half the requisite sum. As it was, Lucas, who played very steadily for his 30, and Richards, a very diminutive cricketer, who hit very freely for his size, managed for a short period to get a little the best of the Harrow bowling, but all round the batting was very much below the old standard, and there was certainly no sign of a Lyttelton or a Studd in the team. Paravicini, the Captain, who was far too anxious to score, utterly failed to fulfil the expectations that had been formed from his batting in the previous year, but he was undoubtedly the best bowler in the two elevens. Where Eton would have been, had he not been up to his best form, can easily be imagined, and it is worthy of record that on this occasion he was credited with twelve Harrow wickets, at a cost of only ninety-nine runs. Statistics, indeed, go far to prove that Paravicini is one of the most successful boy bowlers that ever handled a ball. In 1880, against Winchester, he took eight wickets for 69, and against Harrow twelve wickets for 92 runs.

In 1881 ten Winchester wickets were registered for 71, and twelve Harrow wickets for 99 runs, so that in the two years he can show an aggregate of forty-two wickets for 331 runs, or an average of less than eight runs per wicket. Shakerley, who had proved very successful in the trial match with Marylebone, bowled well, and was undoubtedly the best bowler on the Harrow side, though rather expensive in the second innings. Kemp, the Captain, only allowed himself nine overs in the match; but the Harrovians had a fair amount of change, and in this respect they had a great advantage over Eton, who had no one besides Paravacini and Lascelles of the slightest pretensions to accuracy. All round, it is open to question whether the Harrovians were quite as strong a team as their victorious predecessors in 1880, and it must be admitted that they were singularly fortunate in having to meet by far the weakest eleven that Eton has sent into the field for many years. The wicket-keeping on both sides was fairly good—on the part of Newton, the Etonian, very promising,—but the fielding, on the whole, was not up to the highest school standard, and in some cases even was much below the mark. The success of Harrow, it may safely be urged, was universally popular, if only for the reason that it caused the two schools to be once more equal in the number of wins, so that some interest should be attached to the next meeting.

The match between North and South for Jeff's benefit, fixed for the three last days of the week, commencing with *Gentlemen v. Players*, was divested of most of its attraction by the imperfect manner in which the South was represented. The North, but for the absence of Hill and Morley, who were both on the sick list, was quite as strong as it could have been; but the absence of Mr. W. G. Grace—who was engaged, as was Midwinter, in helping Gloucestershire to annihilate its not over formidable neighbour of Somerset—Messrs. Evans, and others, altogether ruined the chances of the South. With only Mr. Robertson, Potter, Mr. C. T. Studd, Mr. Lucas, and George Hearne to bowl, four of them easy enough on a good wicket to suit the most nervous batsman, it was evident from the first that the North could surely be counted on for a long score. How they revelled in Mr. Robertson's fast bowling can be gathered from his analysis, which showed forty-eight overs for 148 runs and two wickets, and it could hardly have been a surprise to find the Northerners credited with a total of 409, the largest innings of the season in a first-class match. Solely through the 68 (not out) of Mr. Frank Penn, who went in for some of his old powerful hitting, the South in their first attempt were able to reach a fair aggregate of 197, but in the second they showed the tamest possible form, and Peate and Alfred Shaw bowled unchanged without ever being pressed. Mr. I. D. Walker, owing to an injury to his hand, was unable to bat in the second innings of the South, but the result would not have been affected, as at the close the North had a majority of an innings and 91 runs. As a match, Jeff's benefit was nothing like a success, but financially it was quite up to expect-

tation, and every one will be pleased to learn that there will be a good round sum to hand over to one of the most deserving professionals cricket has ever produced.

Small space is left for any record of county cricket, but the month has only served to confirm the belief that Lancashire and Yorkshire, in the present disorganised condition of Notts, would be at the head of the poll. Kent has suffered a very severe loss in the departure of Lord Harris, to whose untiring zeal its resuscitation has been mainly due, but with its best team there is still the same weakness of bowling which ruins the fortunes of the southern shires in the neighbourhood of London. The victory of the eleven over Somersetshire at Bath by nine wickets was hardly a surprise, with Mr. Evans, the only bowler in the home county away, but still some credit is due to the Kentish players, as they were absurdly weak with Lord Harris, Hon. Ivo Bligh, the brothers Penn, Messrs. Patterson and Mackinnon all absent, and, in fact, only one amateur, the Rev. R. T. Thornton, who played for the first time for Kent under the birth qualification, on the side. Little glory was likely to be gained by Gloucestershire from a defeat of Somersetshire, but the first match of the year at Bath ended in an easy victory for Mr. Grace's eleven by ten wickets; and though Somersetshire beat Hampshire subsequently by nine wickets, the plucky attempts of its management to secure a footing among the first-class counties have certainly not as yet been rewarded. The matches in which Lancashire had to meet Yorkshire and Gloucestershire were watched with the greatest interest, as all three were known to be strong, although many were indisposed to credit the assertion that the last-named eleven were better all round even than they had been of late years. The meeting between Lancashire and Yorkshire at Sheffield produced some of the best cricket of the season, as was only to be expected, and from first to last the result was in doubt. The Yorkshiremen had a little the worst of the luck in the weather, but still the victory of the Lancashire men was the result of thoroughly good all-round play, and as there was only a difference of 50 runs at the finish it will be seen that both sides worked hard to secure the honours. The easy defeat of Gloucestershire by Lancashire was more of a surprise, and though Messrs. Gilbert and Moberly were absent from the former, the Lancastrians had anything but their best team, with Messrs. Wood, Miller, and D. Q. Steel all away. Mr. A. G. Steel, who had not previously been bowling quite up to his reputation of past years, was on this occasion in his most dangerous mood, and it was undoubtedly a great performance for Lancashire to get rid of such a batting side as that of Gloucestershire for only 42 runs in the first innings, more especially when it is added that 19 had been made before the first wicket fell. Mr. Hornby has always shown a fancy for Gloucestershire bowling, and this time he was credited with 61 of the first 77 runs; but the decisive defeat of the westerners, who were beaten by an innings and 36 runs, was mainly owing to the extraordinary bowling of Mr. A. G. Steel, and

he was, in all, credited with twelve wickets at a cost of 111 runs. Sussex lost its first match of the year against Kent at Brighton, but the bowling on both sides was so painfully weak that the cricket was of a very uninteresting kind; and perhaps the best feature of the game was the spirited hitting of Mr. W. Blackman in the second innings of Sussex, and it was worthy of remark that he scored as many as 89 runs in fifty-five minutes. Surrey's long list of defeats has at last been broken by a hollow victory over the second eleven of Notts, but, though the opposing team was not very strong, the Surrey men had an unmistakable majority of an innings and 22 runs at the close, and they seem to have hit upon a very fast bowler in Jones, once of Mitcham, who has been again drafted into the team after an absence of three years. The hopes that the dispute between the Nottinghamshire committee and the seven professionals would have been settled long before this have, unfortunately, not been realised. Acting on the advice of the Marylebone Club, Shaw and his supporters signed a species of apology to the county executive, but the committee, very injudiciously as many think, omitted to ask Shrewsbury and Flowers for the next match, and the other five professionals refused to play without them. A little tact might possibly have smoothed over the difficulty, but it has been wanting throughout, and the last act of the committee in dismissing their official scorer after twelve years' service, merely because he happens to be connected with a paper which has taken the part of the professionals, is a display of what is vulgarly known as bad form.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Thames season, as far, at least, as first-class yachts are concerned, was pretty well concluded in time for notice in last month's 'Baily.' Round the coast, however, the July meetings have been both frequent and important, so much so, indeed, that the barest notice of the great deeds of the season's cracks must suffice. Big tonnages, little tonnages, all have been alike afloat and at work, and if the national rig, a one-master, has perhaps done rather better than the others, schooners and yawls have been to the fore on several occasions. With Vanduara and Samœna, the new forties Annasona, May, and Sleuthhound, as well as the well-tried Coryphée and Norman, and the marvellous pigmy Butterfly, not to mention other meritorious craft, to maintain the *prestige* of the cutter class, they have yet been pertinaciously and often effectively opposed by Latona, Florinda, and other famous yawls, while schooners were represented mainly by the champion Miranda.

Plymouth and Falmouth were both well patronised, and the Royal Cornwall got together Latona, Miranda, Samœna, and Daphne, so all rigs were accounted for, cutters and yawls (Samœna and Latona) taking the prizes, though Miranda came in within two seconds of tying for second honours. Amongst the forties, May distinguished herself grandly, leading throughout, and of course securing first prize easily. The day proved a remarkable one for close finishes, Sleuthhound gaining second place by just a third of a

minute from Norman—so the old ships are not quite out of it after all. The wind was, however, very fickle and aggravating, and little stress need be laid on the performance. Vanduara scored famously at Liverpool in dirty weather, her opponents Samœna and Latona giving up, while the Scotchman made her way along splendidly. The entry had been a grand one, but from one cause or another Miranda and Cuckoo 'passed,' and of the forties Annasona and Sleuthhound were equally retiring, leaving May and Coryphée to fight out the battle. This they commenced to do, but ere long both had enough of it, so altogether the grand entries splintered away to a mere nothing. The next day was as bad in an opposite direction, and, if yachtsmen protested against Boreas for liberal tactics on Thursday, assuredly his Friday's conservatism was equally offensive, as, for lack of wind, the principal events came to nothing. A grand entry, Samœna, Vanduara, Miranda, Latona, and Cuckoo exhibited their prowess of drifting and catching cat's paws to no purpose, the match not being finished in time, and therefore adjourned *sign d'ye*, as the not too classical gent. rendered it, or until next year, which is much the same thing. The forties were more forty-nate, and Annasona did a big thing with May, the others, Sleuthhound and Coryphée, being out of it. Most of the fleet turned up the next day for a race from Liverpool to Barrow, arranged more or less jointly by the Royal Mersey and Royal Barrow Clubs. Annasona was again well to the fore, getting home in front of such masterpieces as Latona, May, Vanduara, and Cuckoo, Mr. Stewart's tenner Neptune coming in last; but, owing to some discrepancy in the sailing regulations issued, the shrimp seemed to have been the only vessel which fulfilled conditions, and the prize went to Neptune, a somewhat unsatisfactory disposition of the Duke of Devonshire's gift. The next was a fairly good day, though the wind fell dreadfully light. Cuckoo had the best of it at first, but Latona was first home and a winner, Cuckoo heading Vanduara a long way. Annasona and May were having a good race for the forties' prize, when the former's new rigging, which had not been properly stretched, played considerable pranks, ending in the chain-plate bolts giving in, so May had the finish to herself, and, after going half the distance, was signalled to consider herself victrix without more ado, which she did. A channel race Barrow to the Clyde read as likely to get a fine entry, considering the number of cracks engaged at the Barrow-in-Furness Regatta. It resulted, however, in a match between Cuckoo and Vanduara, in a fairish breeze, and the cutter got home a quarter of an hour ahead, but rig allowance gave the prize to Mr. Kerr's yawl. There was plenty of sport, however, when they got there, the Royal Northern having provided a capital bill of fare, and, though the weather looked threatening overnight, the morning gave every indication of a good day's sailing. Nearly all the available talent was on view, excepting Vanduara, but a death in the owner's family accounted for her absence, and Samœna maintained the supremacy of the rig against Miranda and Cuckoo. May and Annasona had another rare tussle in their class, Sleuthhound coming to grief early in the day. Eventually May won, so the question of superiority remained thus far an open one, each exhibiting exceptional qualities under different conditions. On the second day Latona reinforced the ranks of the yawls, but Samœna won again, the crack 'dandy' taking second honours. The schooner Miranda and Daphne were among the starters, so it was a good all-round field. Amongst the forties Annasona had a rare benefit off the wind, Sleuthhound also slipping May towards the end of the journey.

The Royal Clyde were fairly fortunate as to weather on the 18th ult., and certainly had no cause of complaint as to entries, though the schooner rig was, as on too many occasions recently, absent from the entries for the first principal match. With Vanduara, Samœna, and Latona, however, there was small ground for complaint. Cythera, a big cutter owned by Mr. D. Richardson, was leading when she got aground, and though off again without damage, lost her chance, leaving the crack south-country cutter Samœna to add the prize to her long list of victories. Annasona again beat May and Sleuthhound in the forties' class. The second day's sailing on the Wednesday was perhaps an improvement on the opening one, at least to admirers of heavy weather, and the appearance of Miranda in opposition to the crack cutters and yawls added to the interest of the day's sport, while the reappearance of Corisande, a yawl which in former seasons has been there or thereabouts, reminded one of Jullanar, Florinda, and other notable craft unfortunately too seldom seen nowadays with their racing-flags aloft. The yawl division triumphed as far as being first past the post, Latona getting ahead of Samœna, but the cutter took the money, being within her time. Vanduara, contrary to her usual habits, came to grief, carrying away her bowsprit soon after the start. Annasona this time scored among the forties, beating Sleuthhound by something less than half a minute, with May a little astern. The Mudhook Regatta was sandwiched between the two days of the Clyde Club, and resulted in a regular topsail day, the wind being of the lightest and flukiest. Forties were in the ascendant, and after a splendid tussle Annasona scored another victory from Sleuthhound and May.

Havre was *en fête* on the occasion of the yacht sailing arranged by the Société des Régates. The entries were, however, rather disappointing, schooners being all but absent; indeed, the celebrated yawl Florinda represented the entire first class, open to all rigs, and won accordingly, besides taking a Prix d'Honneur. Neva, a cutter, which under various ownerships has encountered varying fortunes, scored in the second class, limited to 70 tons, but Norman, winner in the forties' class, was home ahead of her, and amongst the fifteen and under, Mr. Hewitt's Buttercup secured another easy victory.

Rapidly approaching are the annual excitements of Cowes and Ryde, when all that is worth talking of or looking at will, it may be hoped, be *en evidence* round about the Wight.

Amateur rowing thrives apace. Henley was this year more glorious than ever; perfect weather, good entries, and in some cases close finishes, combining with excellent rowing to make a most enjoyable gathering. Few gave the London Club credit for the quality of their eight, which, after beating Thames, a very taking lot, in the trial heat, won the final from the Bucks station against Leander and Hertford. This was a very great performance, as Leander was pretty much composed of old blues and university notables, while the Hertford men had shown recent form at Oxford, that college winning in the May races, and leaving off head boat of the Isis in grand style. The Stewards' Four resulted in an utter surprise. Thames beat London, and, having the better station, were naturally expected to win the final against Hertford, the Oxonian lot not having shown any special merit in their practice, and Thames being the same crew which won last year. However, when the decisive struggle came, Hertford chopped Thames, in pretty much the same way as Thames have often been wont to 'chop' their opponents, and secured the trophy for a twelvemonth. The London Cup

fell to the Twickenham Club, who sent up a nice level crew, not as strong, indeed, as they might have been, but very well together and powerful enough to win outright, despite the efforts of some very good representatives of the London. The Pairs went, as we foretold last month, to Eyre and Hastie; and it did not demand any great wisdom to assert with confidence that, barring casualties, Lowndes would again take the Diamond Sculls. Accidents did not happen on the occasions in question, and followers of public form had their most utopian theories almost justified. Dublin won the Wyfold more by watermanship than anything else; they talk of rowing Cornell, the American crew, but at present the matter has not advanced beyond the conversation stage, though the ever-present Hop Bitters Company offered a prize for English and American college fours, and the Irishmen suggested three matches—fours, pairs, and sculls. This did not, however, meet the Yankees' views, and nothing has as yet been done. Indeed, they are already *en route* for Vienna, where a big affair takes place the middle of this month. Apart from the excitement caused by their late entry, the American four were nothing especial; they went very fast for a hundred yards or so, but were invariably rowed down; and their watermanship, of which so much was expected, proved to be nothing out of the common, both London and Thames being as a rule better steered.

The remainder of the racing was attractive enough to those immediately concerned therein, and what with a plethora of house-boats, steam-launches, gondolas, and other incentives to laziness, the 1881 Henley proved itself, from either an athletic or lazy point of view, worthy to be classed equal, if not vastly superior, to all its predecessors. That champion ignoramus, the oldest inhabitant, had to rout deep into the recesses of what flattery has agreed to call his brain to find in past years anything entitled to rank on a par as to weather, while it required no evidence to confirm the general opinion as to the more than average merit of the oarsmanship.

The Metropolitan Regatta is usually a mild replica of Henley, and this year proved no exception, though results did not in all cases confirm previous ones, the London Club beating in the fours Thames, who had led them home on the Oxfordshire water. The Wingfield Sculls showed Lowndes's superiority very decisively, Grove, his only opponent, being very soon disposed of. It seemed as if Lowndes's advantage resulted from better use of his arms, as Grove sculls with extreme neatness, but at the finish his elbows are away from the body, instead of close, as they should be, and this probably accounts for a great waste of power.

Professional rowing is more lively (or perhaps less sleepy would be a more accurate epithet) than usually lately. Trickett, who is visiting the States and Canada before returning to the Antipodes, has been honoured with a presentation, the *raison d'être* of which is hard to see. Anyhow he was 'donated,' to speak transatlantically, with a silver cup, and no doubt appreciates the compliment. Hanlan, in a kindly manner, proffered him hospitality at Toronto, but the Australian, being aggrieved at something or nothing, refused the invitation, and instead has betaken himself to David Ward, a quondam supporter of the champion, though recently they have, it is asserted, been not quite cousins. Hanlan, it seems, can easily keep his hands full, as Wallace Ross offers to row him. The matter in dispute, however, seems to be the amount of the stake, as well as the sum to be added by the residents of the locality fixed upon for the match. Matters are engineered more practically in America than with us, owing, in a great

measure no doubt, to the vast extent of their territory, and the number of courses almost equally desirable for the decision of a great boat-race. Here it is practically the Thames or nothing, and the South Western Railway, or London and Channel Steamboat Company, would doubtless open their official eyes extra wide if called upon to contribute in any appreciable degree to the stakes of a big rowing match. Feeling pretty secure of the monopoly, their purse-strings are almost invariably closed; though, could matches be rowed with equal facility on the Lea, the Cray, the Ravensbourne, or any of the minor streams which meander, more or less sluggishly, through or beneath the environs of London, active indeed would be the competition amongst the rival iron highways. Ross's capacity as a sculler is doubtless much above the average, but we may fairly doubt his ability to take on Hanlan, who, when over here, proved, not so much in actual races as in practice, his possession of exceptional powers. Ross is about as good as Laycock and better than Trickett in a true-run race, but this standard is scarcely equal to the task of lowering the colours of the hardy little Canuck.

Across the Atlantic rowing shows numberless evidences of vitality. The Hop Bitters Company, who made so gigantic a *fiasco* of their advertisement last autumn, when large sums were given for a sculling regatta on the Thames, offer another prize of about 600*l.* for a four-mile race to take place in America this month between scullers. Any first-class sculler from England who competes will receive 200 dollars for expenses. Unfortunately the supply of the article over here is somewhat limited; so, without wading through an abyss of inky fog in vain endeavours to define the product, we may safely hazard the prophecy that the United Kingdom will not be overmuch represented. Boyd, presumably our best man, though his recent claims must rest rather on what he is supposed capable of than any absolute achievements, is now commencing training for a forthcoming match with Ross, so he is not likely to rush across the herring-pond just at present, and as for other 'first-class' scullers we should like to have an indication of their existence. The brothers Chinnery, themselves amateur champions of undeniable 'first-class' calibre in the paths of ped-ism and pug-ism respectively, will probably bring to light some rising talent, as their munificent offer of 200*l.* a year for five years, to be expended in accordance with the views of a well-qualified committee, must induce many likely youngsters to devote their spare time to sculling. The amount originally offered has now been supplemented so as to include less ambitious candidates, and the results we may hope to find worthy of the views of the liberal donors of the fund. The first series of races will extend over several days during the coming month, and it is gratifying to know that a lot of likely young oarsmen are already hard at work qualifying themselves for a chance of the handsome amounts offered for competition. Last season, when Hanlan's success set every one agog to be able to say, in the words of Lynn the *prestidigitateur*, 'That's how it's done!' sundry lunatics announced sundry solutions of the problem, the contributions to literature in question compelling an amount of exertion which, if expended more reasonably, must assuredly have resulted in profit. The roll of the moon-struck has recently received an accession to its numbers, the latest qualifier for Hanwell having given forth a fully-detailed view, consisting of the fact (?) that the Champion's boat was propelled by fish of unusual power, and, we may add, sensibility. All this is supremely idiotic, and the principal wonder is that any one should have been at the trouble of penning such notions, and that such a paper as the *Sydney Mail* should think it worth



while to give publicity to absurdities so gross. Its correspondent signs himself 'Meddler,' but this is probably a printer's error, and the first vowel should be supplanted by another nearer the end of the alphabet.

Rowing mementoes seem really to be nearly all Hanlan. That sculler having walked off with the *Sportsman* Cup, the owners of the sporting daily promptly offered another one, which is to be competed for during next month or October. Some entries are sure to be forthcoming, but it is difficult to see who is likely to have a chance against Boyd unless he has lost all his old form. Some of the competitors for Messrs. Chinnery's prizes will no doubt put in an appearance, so there is a chance of new blood coming to the front. Little energy is apparent amongst the old stagers, Elliott, erst champion, making no sign; while a proposed match between Bagnall and Bright has come to nothing, the former declining to come to terms.

On the Thames, Thomas is at present the most energetic performer, being matched to row Largan of Wandsworth on the 9th inst., while a little later he is to meet Blackman, once a candidate of the utmost promise, though his recent exhibitions have been far from reassuring to his supporters.

It is amusing to notice that while the fourth estate are continually cavilling at the absence of facilities for witnessing and timing boat-races and athletic sports in this country, similar complaints are rife across the Atlantic, and on the occasion of a grand regatta at Ottawa where Hanlan, much to Trickett's chagrin, acted as umpire and was received with the utmost enthusiasm, the meagreness of the accommodation vouchsafed to the Press prevented, it was alleged, their being able to furnish any details of the events. We learn that Trickett, Ross, Riley, Hosmer, Ten Eyck, Gaudaur, Smith and others competed in a race, which finished, Ross 1, Gaudaur 2, Hosmer 3, and Ten Eyck 4; the winner having an easy journey.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—The Joys of its July.

A MONTH of racing and revelling, of plunging and picnicing, of flagrant flirtations and quiet 'spoons'; days of cricket, and nights of electric light with darker joys; regatta days and shooting days; days when garden-parties became a nuisance, and even pony-racing at the Ranelagh, and fine finishes between 'Hughey' and 'Tip' pall. It is the wind-up of the season, when everything comes with the combined rush of an Archer and a Fordham, and everybody who values that reputation which we verily believe society people are prouder of than anything else—the reputation of seeing everything there is to see, and doing everything there is to do,—is seriously imperilled. Society, however, headed by 'our Mr. Wales,' gets through it somehow or other, and is up to time on Victoria platform from 2.45 to 4 P.M. on the 25th ult., with the books of the season closed, and only a few loose leaves of Goodwood, Cowes, and Brighton to be written off before taking flight northward ho!

Where shall we begin? 'The other side of the Ditch' is an old story by this time, but inexorable custom demands we should repeat it. Well, the first day was very hot; on the two next we required overcoats, and we finished upon the fourth day in tolerable comfort. So much for the temperature—a most important factor in the July week, be it observed, and on

which the happiness of visitors greatly depends. Their happiness, if it depended on the sport, would we fear have been reduced to the minimum, for though it read well on paper—the racing we mean—it yielded but a bad result in other ways, the great day of accounts, the following Monday, showing a return on the wrong side. How this came about, when we all had made up our minds to win a thou. or two at least, we can't exactly determine. Polly Eccles said of her respected parent, that his misfortunes on the Turf were entirely attributable to the wrong horse always winning, and a very sensible remark of that young woman we thought it was. That confounded wrong horse which poor Mr. Eccles was constantly finding in his way, is still at his pranks, either 'getting quickest on his legs,' 'coming with a rush,' or doing some adjective thing or another, and making our fondest hopes decay. He was at his old games in the 'opening of the ball,' as the correct term goes, in the First Welter on the first day, upsetting our little investments on Leghorn, Mar, and Vagrant, and playing the deuce. Spring Tide was the name of this luckless animal, whose win only profited the bookmakers. In the July, Kermesse made some amends to those who did not mind laying slight odds, and though it was known Lord Rosebery's beautiful filly had been amiss, and was far from being herself then, in fact, yet there was little else backed, with the exception of St. Marguerite, and Incognita, who would have been perhaps second favourite if her stable had fancied her, was almost friendless. Kermesse won cleverly, but Tom Cannon rode her very gently, only calling on her for one effort at the distance, when she challenged Marden, who had been showing persistently in the van for some way, and beat him cleverly by half a length. Marden, brother to that rather unlucky horse The Abbot, is a good-looking colt, and his getting where he did was somewhat of a surprise to the public, though not, we fancy, to his stable, who had reason for believing that they had something smart. Mr. R. J. Evans gave 850 guineas for him as a yearling, and we need scarcely add that he is one of Mr. Hume Webster's breeding. His owner backed him for the Derby after the race, so Mr. Webster can boast that two colts, both hailing from his establishment, Bruce and Marden, are now first and second favourites for the Derby.

Silverstreak, Griselda, Valentino, and Lincolnshire were all in good demand for the Visitors' Plate, but the first named had the call. He had shown good form with Chevronel at Epsom Spring, and though the races here could hardly be called a good thing, for he only beat Wild Stag by a head, and had to be resolutely ridden by Watts to do that, Lincolnshire was only a head behind the second; a good performance, but Valentino ran moderately, and so did Grace. There was a large field, but a great many members of it were only spectators, we fancy. Sweet Lemon was Archer's mount in the Selling Stakes, and there was only one other backed, Croupier, Sweet Lemon landing cleverly from City Arab, with Croupier third. Scotch Whiskey was in different company from what he found himself in at Ascot, and took the Maiden Two Year Old Plate, though not without some persuasion. He is not perhaps the most generous of horses.

The whole state of affairs was changed on Wednesday. We had a thunderstorm during the night, and a deluge of rain the morning, the temperature soon after noon becoming decidedly chilly, and the desire for overcoats great. Silverstreak scored another win in the Beaufort Stakes, where he was only meeting Valentino on four pounds worse terms than he did the previous day; and there was a well-contested match between Dunmore and the Brenda filly, the two coming along locked together, until within the

distance Dunmore managed to get the best of it, and win by a neck; something for Lord Rosslyn to be proud of, to get the better of Lord Wilton and Colonel Forrester at matching. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild brought out a charming sister to Gunnersbury in the Exeter Stakes, Nellie by name, who won easily, we thought, though perhaps she had not much to beat beyond that impostor Adrastus, who we fear will never do Mr. Bates any good, a fact of which he is perhaps convinced by this time. Nellie will, we hope, do better than Gunnersbury did as a three-year-old, and not deserve the hard epithets of impostor, &c., applied to him. He looks very much like racing. Peter gave us the unpleasant side of his character in the July Cup. He had Charibert opposed to him over the latter's own course of six furlongs; but still, if Sir John Astley's great horse had only been 'i' the vein,' he would have beaten Charibert. As it was, Peter was at his tricks directly the flag fell, and Archer setting Charibert going from the start, did not give his opponent a chance. Peter, indeed, never ran into his bridle, and Fordham did not mend matters by administering punishment, which we were surprised seeing such an experienced jockey do. We are aware that Mr. Vyner believes that Charibert, over this course, would always beat Peter, allowing that the latter did his level best, but we should doubt this ourselves, holding the son of Hermit to be a veritable wonder when he chooses.

Thursday was nothing particular. The Summer Cup was a walk-over for Skipetar, and Tristan was good enough to beat Barrett and his field in the Horn Heath Stakes—and, by the way, why is this stake so called? and does it mean? After St. Marguerite's running in the July, the Chesterfield looked at her mercy. The field was very moderate, and Paragon and the Faith filly, since named Cloistress—a name, by the way, on which we cannot congratulate Sir Wroth Lethbridge—were the only two others backed. St. Marguerite is no doubt an imposing filly, who will run better, if she keeps sound, every time she comes out. She had, with perhaps the exception of Cloistress, a very moderate field behind her, and as she won in a canter, we must not attach too much importance to that win. It is early yet to speculate about Derby and Oaks, but St. Marguerite must improve on this before we can think of her as following in her sister's steps next year. Our John, a plater that Weever sold for a comparatively small sum at Seven Oaks Park, was here found good enough to beat some brother and sister platers in a canter, and was sold to Mr. Crawford for 720 guineas. He is by John Davis, a sire who gets winners, but still we fancy Our John only showed the poverty of the land. There was a tremendous race for a sweepstakes over the last five furlongs of the B. M., between Zanon and Lincolnshire, the latter giving Zanon seven pounds, and being defeated after a grand struggle by a head. A very fine performance on the part of Lincolnshire this; one which would have delighted his owner to see, albeit he did not quite get home. Mr. Saville was, however, unable to be present, owing to severe indisposition, and we only express here the universal regret the announcement of his illness caused. We trust soon to see him amongst us again. Peter condescended to win the Bunbury Stakes, but then he had Archer on his back, and no Charibert to beat.

Friday was chiefly remarkable for grief, we think. Mr. Eccles's 'wrong horse' came to the front much oftener than he or she had any business to do, and though Captain Machell came to the rescue with Te Amo—his first appearance, we believe, on any course,—and Mowerina found herself more at home on the T.Y.C. than she did on the last five furlongs of the B.M., these were but small drops of comfort in a perfect pond of discontent. There

was little cheerfulness on the platform as we prepared to take our seats in the Special; no wish to speculate on the future; only a desire to bury the past. Still it was 'the July,' a synonym in past years for everything that was pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the touch. We did not 'touch' much this time—but we cannot have everything.

Whither shall we now bend our steps? Between Newmarket and Goodwood racing is weary leather-flapping—a sort of paradise of plating, in which the Metropolitan circuit and the performers thereon greatly shine. Leather-flapping further a-field too, at Cottonopolis and on Aintree, on Winchester downs and on Yarmouth sands. The latter gathering is, we are assured, *per se*, not so much on account of its racing, as for the other amusements of that favoured spot. To be sure the winner of the Cesarewitch has been spotted at Yarmouth before now, but this is a secondary consideration. The sports and pastimes of its population, residential and migratory, have other aspirations, and tend to higher things than these fleeting pleasures. We have never been to Yarmouth, though it has been a place of 'good intentions' to us for years, but we will see it some day. We believe it to be a duty we owe our readers that we should spend a week or fortnight there, and give them an idea of its manners and customs. Perhaps before next summer Mr. Baily will turn this over in his mind.

Liverpool July was the shadow of a shade. And yet there was plenty of added money—3500*l.* was given this year. The cause we all know. The meeting has, or had, many staunch patrons; it has also all its ancient prestige. Why, then, was it a failure? The answer is patent, but we are so tired of repeating it that we must leave to our readers the explanation. They know as well as we do that, in addition to the canker of decay inherent in many of these old-established meetings, they are smothered and crushed by the multiplicity of new ones. There could be a remedy for this state of things, we know, if the Jockey Club felt itself in a position to take prompt action, and put down its feet on this exuberance of sport; but at present it makes no sign. That there is great difficulty in handling the subject, we freely admit. The right of every lessee, or clerk of the course, to make the most of the capital he is possessed of, cannot be doubted. The passion of gambling—it would be a libel to call it love of horse-racing—grows with the numbering of every year. One of the most promising investments going, to men who know anything about the matter, is what is called 'a gate-money' meeting. Given a sporting neighbourhood, and a few pushing men, and the proper spot is soon found. A club is formed on the Sandown and Kempton pattern; no expense is spared in the details of planning the course, the erection of stands, &c.; and, in fact, racing is made luxurious in all the surroundings of the meeting. As formerly the term 'gate-money meeting' was supposed to be synonymous with ramping and robbery, now it is not too much to say that the name is a guarantee for everything being done, not only decently and in order, but that care and forethought have been expended to the utmost over it. So favourably do these new meetings contrast with some of the old-established ones, that there is no doubt the former have injured, and will continue to injure, the latter. But—and this is a point which the opponents of these gate-money meetings should take into consideration—it is certain that some of these old-established places of racing resort have been decaying for some time, and did, in fact, show signs of weakness and decrepitude prior to the day of 'clubs' and 'gate-money.' Long before a sod had been cut in Sandown Park; long before some Manchester speculators had conceived the project of re-establishing Man-

chester Races on their present gigantic footing,—Chester, whose racing records are perhaps the oldest in this country, had exhibited unmistakable signs of that *facilis descensus*, which a race meeting seems never able to recover from. We saw in some paper much needless abuse bestowed on Four Oaks Park, because it happened to fall in the same week as Stockbridge. Now, much as we all like that latter charming meeting, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that it is not the place it once was, and that, largely as it is patronised and popular as it is, decay has long been written on its green sward. Bigger meetings than the pleasant one in Hampshire suffer also from the canker that seems to lurk in the system of them all. Even Goodwood—Goodwood the 'glorious,' the 'ducal,' the 'princely,' or whatever adjective our readers like to apply to it—is not the Goodwood of yore, nor has it been for some years. It is still the resort of all that is royal, noble, and fair; but much that is neither of these has lately flocked thither; while its racing, from one cause and another, has lost considerably its old character. 'Gate-money' has not brought these evils on Goodwood. Whence, then, do they come?

'The old order changeth,' we know full well, not only politically, but socially, in the highest as well as the lowest level of our cosmos, and assuredly our sports and pastimes are not exempt from this law. A too strict keeping in the old paths—an old-fashioned clinging to customs and ordinances prevailing some quarter of a century ago, and at that time found sufficient for all purposes,—to this must be ascribed, we consider, in a great measure the decay of old-established race meetings. It is to be regretted, doubtless. When we were in Yorkshire last year, we heard laments over some of the little North-country meetings, such as Richmond, &c., where many a good day's racing had been enjoyed in what, as the world now moves so fast, we may call the olden time, but which now, unable to keep pace with the requirements of a faster and a wealthier age, were being left far behind in the race for existence. We regretted, but could not see any cure for, this state of things. The meetings had simply had their day, like other things, animate and inanimate, and an attempt to infuse fresh vigour and life into them would probably fail. We do not say that Goodwood is quite one of those old-fashioned meetings, but still there is little doubt that it fails to keep with the times. Its programme wants a thorough revising, its added money a large increase. Better sport is often seen at Brighton and Lewes than in the Duke of Richmond's park. And here, by the way, it is right to mention that, as we have above remarked, how rare it is for a race meeting that has once begun to go down-hill, to recover itself, that Brighton is an example—and a very strong example—of there being no rule without an exception. The meeting on Brighton downs was ten years ago a purely holiday affair; an agreeable outing for holiday folks, and nothing more. Now, under Mr. Mason Dorling's management, aided by the liberality of the Race Committee, Brighton is a high class meeting, where we are pretty sure to see good sport, and a good class of racehorse.

That the Jockey Club should essay to check the over-abundance of racing is, we think, not to be contravened. The difficulties attending it, we have admitted, are great. Now that racing has become a purely commercial speculation, it is a delicate matter to interfere between a man and his business. The Legislature might undertake what the Jockey Club would find a task beyond, perhaps, its power. Can the latter body say to a lessee, or a number of gentlemen who have embarked capital in some gate-money enterprise, 'You must only have so many meetings in the twelvemonth,' i.e. you must

only have the interest for your capital that we choose to fix. The shareholders would surely raise an outcry against this. The first remedy for the cure of that evil—overmuch racing—is clearly the refusal of licence on the part of the Jockey Club, a very powerful weapon if properly exercised, and we have reason for thinking that the club do not mean their powers shall lie dormant. We have been spared, we hear, an addition to our meetings by the nipping in the bud, through Jockey Club action, of a professed racecourse near Gravesend, of all places in the world, for which we are thankful; and we trust the same firmness will be displayed towards any future schemes of this sort. We are not opposed, as our readers will have perceived, to gate-money meetings. Indeed, we hold these affairs to be in all respects the best conducted in the whole calendar, and maintain that the decay in old-established meetings must not be attributed to their so-called 'interference.' But for the present we must quit this subject, and return to the chronicle of the sport, such as it is, from which we have digressed.

We have said Liverpool was but a shadow, despite plenty of added money and the good catering of the Messrs. Topham. They especially should be able to get something out of the dry bones of July racing, but the task was beyond even their capacity. Scarcely anybody of note in the racing world was there, and there never is a party at Croxteth in the summer. The Stewards' Stand presented but a bare appearance. There was a fine race, though, on the first day for the Molyneux Cup, in which Archer, on the top-weight Tower and Sword, made a desperate fight of it, trying to overhaul Sir Marmaduke; but he had been slightly interfered with by Sword Dance rolling against him from distress, and he could not get an opening until too late, and Sir Marmaduke won by a neck. A very indifferent two-year-old, Rosario, took the Mersey Stakes, and the surprise of the day was the defeat of Voluptuary by Hagioscope in the Knowsley Dinner Stakes. Lord Rosebery's horse was carrying a 10 lbs. penalty, it was true, but still we should have thought his class would have enabled him to do this; but though Archer rode a splendid race on him, Griffiths rode an equally splendid one on Hagioscope, and, closing with the favourite in the last few strides, beat him by a head. There was not much left in the Cup, for which, at the last moment, Spitzbergen and Ambassadors divided the favouritism. Dominic, who had held the premiership, went back to 5 to 1 when it was known that Barrett would be wanted for Lancaster Bowman, and that Tomlinson would ride the *quondam* favourite. Blackthorn looked a different horse from what he did at Chester, and Bates' stable were very fond of him. He must be considered an unlucky horse, for while going well he struck into the heels of something, and fell, causing much confusion, and leaving Dreamland and Dominic with the lead, which they kept to the distance, where Dreamland gave way, and Dominic, maintaining his advantage to the end, won by a length. Ambassadors ran badly, so did Hagioscope, and Lancaster Bowman was tailed off. So much, or rather so little, for Liverpool July.

There were some people, we believe, went to Winchester, where Tom Cannon, on the second day, took what theatrical people call a 'ben.,' as was right and proper Tom should do on Hampshire downs. Londoners—a few—went down to Kempton Park and fried themselves on two of the hottest days of this hot summer. The Thames Valley is a place well adapted for heat, having great powers of collecting it and keeping it within its boundaries when once there. The atmosphere on the second day, the memorable Friday the 15th, put St. Swithin quite in a new light. We can never associate the good bishop's memory more with cold rainy days, when we put

on an overcoat and could have stood a fire. Let us trust the old and popular belief may be falsified this year. Fancy forty days such as we write we are experiencing. The King of the Sandwich Islands, who came down to Kempton that day in the hottest and tightest of European costumes, must have sighed in his secret soul for the full dress—a sheet and an umbrella—of his own lovely kingdom. However, his Majesty, with the stoicism of royalty, ate his luncheon buttoned up to the chin, and we trust he was impressed with the sport provided. It was not very impressive to ourselves, we confess, but still it was much better, considering the hardness of the ground, than we had expected. The class was about the average Kempton and Sandown class, neither better nor worse. Those who had been at Stockbridge backed MacAlpine for the Royal Plate; those who had not been there laid 11 to 10 on First Flight, and were rewarded by seeing him well beaten before reaching the distance. It was worse, however, laying 9 to 4 on Kaleidoscope for a Selling Stakes, for the old horse got left at the post, a very provoking circumstance for Sir George Chetwynd, who, however, bore it as stoically as did King Kalakaua his tight clothes. Sir John Astley had a turn with Misenus and Leghorn, and the July Handicap brought out a good field and gave us a fine finish. The weight was a little too much for Valour, who could only get third, but the outsider Primula was very nearly landing a *coup* for a very clever division, as Sutler only beat her by a neck. Pelleas, in a 'scrimmage' at the bend, fell, broke his leg, and had to be destroyed, and another untoward event was Fordham having to hear, as he rode his horse to the post, '100 to 1 against Buchanan' shouted from the ring. We feel sure Mr. Sterling Crawford was not responsible for this insult to his old and faithful servant.

The rest of the pre-Goodwood racing is hardly worth recording. Possessing a common characteristic, it was often tedious to look at, and it is, if our readers will believe us, doubly tedious to write about now it is all over. We will gladly then consign it to a limbo of forgetfulness—all the good things that we unaccountably missed, and all the bad ones that we hastened to get on. Manchester was a sort of ditto to Liverpool, and though we had two pleasant days at Sandown Park, that was more due to the locality than to the sport. We can hardly foresee what Sandown Park will become unless the tide of incoming members is checked. Each year sees its popularity on the increase; each meeting the number of lady visitors is larger. Mr. Hwfa Williams in the racing department, and Sir Wilford Brett in the internal arrangements, are always doing something, and Sandown is as near perfection as a race meeting can be made. The whole business enclosure, with its retiring-rooms, lavatories, &c., is admirably arranged, and one of the latest improvements is the removal of the telegraph office to a more convenient spot near the public stand, and the covering in with a glass roof of the spot on which it formerly stood. An annexe, or rather two annexes, have here been added to the large refreshment saloon, and as luncheon is an important feature—indeed *the* important feature at Sandown—these additions were really imperatively called for. On a big day the first thought of every woman, when she finds herself on the club lawn, is luncheon; and that cavalier stands highest in her favour who has had the forethought to secure a table and ordered a proper supply of ice and champagne. Then, above the rattle of plate and glass, arises the rippling laughter of

Prettily pattering, cheerily chattering,  
Every-day young girls!

For, we are happy to say, the æsthetic mind comes not to Sandown, neither do æsthetic costumes. If here and there the dresses are not always in good taste, there is nothing positively hideous, no 'greenery-gallery' 'Grosvenor Gallery' monstrosities, no angular young women with pale cheeks, towzled hair, and a general suspicion of wanting a tub, which is so characteristic of this wretched school. But this is a digression. We must to business.

July was a month of 'scratchings.' Those once important events, the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, have been the vehicles thereof, and the races which our leading sportsmen were eager to contend for, and proud to win, have descended to a sort of Liverpool Cup level very sad to see. Of course we know the almost unprecedented state of the ground has had much to do with the disappearance of favourite after favourite from the scene, to say nothing of the coughing epidemic that has affected so many stables. Robert the Devil was the first to go, and he was quickly followed by his great rival Bend Or. When will they meet? Then Reveller was struck out of the Stakes, and a great tip was got up about Incendiary, who, an absentee at Liverpool, was declared to be 'good business' for the Stakes. Now, in point of fact, his owner never, we believe, intended to run him for either. Who is it who gets up these things—these traps for backers? Who first sets the ball of rumour rolling? There was a wonderful strong tip about Incendiary for the Liverpool Cup two days before the race, and plenty of money, too, from what is called 'the right quarter' to put on him. When it was discovered that he was not going to Liverpool, it was immediately proclaimed that the Stakes was his journey, and foolish backers plunged again. What Robert Peck thought of these liberties taken with his horse, we know not, but he soon put an end to the bookmakers' little game by striking Incendiary out, a blow that was soon followed by the scratching of Zealot. But backers were yet to receive other facers. After Windsor had so cleverly defeated Valour, who is clearly not the horse he was, in their match at Sandown, Captain Hawksley and Sir Thysher Doo, Mr. Wilkins Flasher and Miss Quirk, Gammon and Snap, all the clever people, in fact, hastened to get on Windsor, and Sir John Astley's mare speedily came to 4 to 1, when suddenly it was announced that the pen had gone through her name, and blank looks came from the 'clever' people. Why Sir John scratched her of course is best known to himself, but certainly in the poor field she seemed to have a great chance. Somebody said she was lame, but we did not perceive any symptoms of it in the match. After Windsor's disappearance, the fact of Edelweiss having gone the way of nearly all Goodwood Stakes' flesh was received with comparative apathy, as was a rumour (unfounded, however) that Brown Bess was also numbered with the dead. In order to make things yet more comfortable, there were reports that Exeter was not quite himself, and that Blackthorn would not run, but these were the *canards* of the canardly. The field, such as it was, did not further suffer at Sandown, but, as may be conjectured, backers were shy.

Among 'the joys of our July' must surely be counted the heat. We confess, speaking personally, that we revelled in it. The Van-driver is a sun worshipper from the hour that the scarlet shafts of sunrise tint the heavens until the object of his worship descends in gold and crimson to gladden another sphere. His readers, therefore, must not expect any commiseration from him on their supposed sufferings during the middle of the month, how they panted and perspired, what incipient sunstrokes they took



or escaped, how ill they made themselves by over-indulgence in iced drinks, &c., &c. All these evils, we have not the shadow of a doubt, were brought upon them by their own imprudence and folly. Champagne cup deftly manipulated is certainly a fascinating beverage, but cold tea, with a slice or two of lemon in it, will send the cup, as a thirst quencher, to very outside odds. We saw some unfortunate people at Kempton Park on that hot Friday (St. Swithin) drinking whisky. Are they alive now, we wonder? Other wretched beings there were who gave themselves up to a purgatory of lemon squash, and a few poor imbeciles indulged in highly-iced zoedone. What was their fate? Thirst, no doubt, is a severe trial, and when the thermometer is at 98° and 'drinks' are handy, it is hard to fight against temptation. We cannot all of us get cold tea when we want it. What is to be done? Attend.

The Van-driver is *not* a total abstainer—far from it. He only wishes to preach moderation in hot weather to his numerous readers. Drink champagne if you will, but avoid 'cups.' Do not, as you love yourselves, or, better still, love the generous liquor, ice your wine. Let your cellar be cold, and your 'Bollinger' cool, nothing more. A misguided friend of ours gave us some of that celebrated wine at Ascot that positively made our teeth chatter. It was only fit for boys, and 'ladies' of a certain class. Fancy icing 'Bollinger' of '74! We might as well have drunk racing 'Moet,' a highly popular, but at the same time peculiar wine, well known, doubtless, to many of our readers. We still have a preference for the cold tea and a slice of lemon; but, if we cannot get that, then we take a moderate quantity (our readers will have regard to the adjective) of 'Bollinger,' and no ice. The latter is to us what the salmon was to Mr. Snodgrass.

And talking of liquor reminds us of the great subject of meat and drink generally, what to eat and what to avoid, where to dine and where not to do so. We always hail with pleased expectation the advent of a new hotel or restaurant. We can dine pretty well in London now despite all our grumblings; and, moreover, there are dinners suited to many purses, which was not the case in our younger days. We are always glad, too, to hear of new additions to our knowledge of that *cuisine* which is so charming in Paris, but which somehow fails in London, or at least falls short of what it should be. The Hotel Bristol, in Burlington Gardens, has lately established a *table d'hôte*. The house, or rather the portion we are acquainted with, the restaurant, is French pure and simple from the porter to the head waiter. The room is handsomely decorated and with much taste. The waiters wait on you as good French *garçons* always do, that is to say, perfectly. The place is *parquet*, and the pumps of the aforesaid *garçons* emit no sound. The table appointments are excellent, and with the *menu* no fault can be found. It is a really good dinner, admirably cooked and served, but—and here comes the rub—it is not worth half-a-guinea a head, which is the sum charged. For this half-guinea we have a soup, a fish, two *entrées*, the inevitable *demi poulet et un peu de salade*, an ice—and that is all. Now this is absurd. If we were to go to the Aquarium and ask Messrs. Bertram and Roberts to give half-a-dozen of us a dinner at ten-and-sixpence a head, what should we not get? We should have as perfect a dinner as any hotel in London could give us. Equally good would, no doubt, be the efforts of the Criterion and the Grand at that sum. But why we are to pay it at the Bristol, unless it is for the *parquet* floor, the pumps, and the Berlin gloves of the waiters, we can hardly say. The dinner there is, we repeat, good, but the price is monstrous.

And as we are closing up our parcels, the last that comes to hand is Goodwood. It is Goodwood a little shorn, so it appears to us, of some fair proportions, with not quite all the gloss and sheen upon it we remember, but still Goodwood, a name and a tower of strength. There had been predictions of evil as regards the meeting this year. The ground was hard, there was an epidemic affecting many stables, and one horse after another was succumbing to its influence; and it certainly did look as if the glory of the Southdowns would this year pale. But how often it happens in this world that when we take the most optimist views of things the result upsets all our theories; and if we put on our pessimist spectacles, lo, the prospect brightens under our very eyes. So now, as our prophets and teachers had told us we should have a very poor meeting, as Brown said to Jones he did not think he should go this year, and we all agreed that the fields would be small and the sport a failure; behold, the 'sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,' &c. (or is it one, *not* sweet, that looks up from where?) changed our foreboding of failure to a reality of success. The first news we heard on arriving at Chichester was that upwards of one hundred and forty horses had arrived, and that more than eighty of these were from Newmarket alone. 'The prevailing epidemic,' and 'the hardness of the ground' had been knocked out, and 'good going' and 'grand sport' were leading favourites. It was curious, but so it was.

Still, though the racing on the first day was much better than we had anticipated, there was a lack of go about what we may call the externals of Goodwood, very marked. The revelry of Chichester was subdued, the Dolphin was a quiet Dolphin, Bognor had several 'eligible marine residences' wanting tenants; and though it takes a great deal to eclipse the gaiety of nations, as far as Brighton is concerned, we fancied the King's Road had not furnished its usual contingent. The Lawn, that crucial test at Goodwood, was certainly not crowded on the first day. To be sure the weather was rather against it. Chilly and showery, there was no inducement for a display of toilets, and ulsters and overcoats shrouded alike men and women. The general public were there perhaps in excess of former years, and the undesirable rough element certainly was. Chichester was full of the latter, and some promising members of the body amused themselves by flinging flour into the smoking-room at the Dolphin, over the people there assembled—a very happy thought, and much appreciated. The racing was very good—disastrous to backers, but then at Goodwood they are pretty well accustomed to that. They began badly, with two outsiders taking the two first events, the Craven and the Halnaker; the winner in the latter, the Posthuma filly, being totally friendless, and all the money piled upon a daughter of Mr. Winkle and Aslanga, who on her sire's side ought to have been able to gallop five furlongs. Cameliard was bound to beat Great Carle in the Graatwicke, but even with the poor field what was to win the Goodwood Stakes was a difficult question to solve. The history of this race we have before referred to, and a very curious one it is, more curious still that we could not with the small field pick the winner. Exeter did not go well in the market, and at one time Blackthorn, of whom Bates and everyone connected with the stable was very fond, had a decided call of him in the betting. Prudhomme came in for plenty of support, but 6 to 1 might always have been had about Brown Bess, which seeing she was only carrying the same weight under which she won the Metropolitan in a canter was somewhat curious. No less was it true that scarcely any of the prophets or the clever people went for this mare, and so when amidst the blinding

storm those who could see saw her take up the running in the straight they must have felt uncomfortable. She easily stalled the challenges of Prudhomme and Blackthorn, the only two who got at all near her, for Exeter was never dangerous, and ran like a moderate horse, and won with a good bit in hand. Why she was not backed more than she was we can hardly say, but the cleverest of us make mistakes now and then. There was a fine race for the Richmond Stakes, which Lord Falmouth was fortunate enough to take for the fourth year in succession with Dutch Oven. Few but Archer's followers, who are never astonished at anything, were prepared for this filly turning the tables on both Kermesse and St. Marguerite, and she must have improved a few pounds since the July. To be sure she was meeting Kermesse on more favourable terms than in that race, and moreover Archer rode her with consummate ability. At last the speedy Leonie has given the Duke of Hamilton a winner in the good-looking Leonora, who we think will turn out a very useful mare.

Time and space warn us that we can only briefly allude to the Stewards' Cup, that fascinating short cut which everyone says is madness to bet on, and straightway goes and backs three or four. One thing is certain, and that is that a better handicap than the race in question has rarely emanated from Old Burlington Street. From Mowerina, the top weight, down to Lord Chelmsford with 5 st. 7 lbs. on him there was scarcely anything that had not a chance. There were plenty of people ready to back Mowerina with all her weight, seeing Archer was to ride her, while the reports as to Lord Chelmsford indicated that the race was over. He had ousted Golden Eye from the premiership, and 600 to 100 had been taken freely about him on the previous afternoon. But he in his turn was to give way to—however we are anticipating, and must return to our story.

Twenty-eight was a big field, and the usual fine sight of the then many-coloured line was presented as they came over the hill. There was the shouting of many names as they came on into the dip, but the Eton blue jacket of my Lord Cadogan was always in front, and when at the distance Mowerina took a decided lead, the race was not in much doubt, though Moccolo did look dangerous at one time. The Junior Steward of the Jockey Club landed his first important *coup*, however, amidst much cheering, and the favourites were, with the exception of Moccolo, not in the first three.

A capital show of horses, and, on the third day, of hounds, was held at Cheltenham on the 18th to the 21st, which will now become an annual affair the week before Goodwood, and if it continues to be as successful as it has begun, there is no doubt but it will become as popular a summer meet amongst hunting men in the west as Peterborough is to those in the Midlands. Perhaps it may be said that the fixture is rather wide from the 'little village' where many sportsmen congregate (and most consider the right place to start from, no matter where they live) at this time of year; but the gay and clean little town, nestling among the Cotswold Hills, is worth a visit, and there is plenty of fun to be had there, let alone the pleasure of seeing hounds and horses. As a young sportsman who will travel any distance to see hounds or horses was heard to remark, 'It does not do to make comparisons, 'but at dear old Peterboro' it is such a solemn business, and one feels quite 'overawed in the cathedral town, while here all is life and gaiety. If you 'take your eye off hounds, you see bright eyes and smiling faces, and at 'night, when the butterflies are flitting about the promenade by gaslight, one 'feels quite wicked, like at Paris.'

This is the second annual horse show held in the Pittville Gardens, and a more beautiful spot could hardly be found. Standing in the ring, around which the fences, eight in number—hurdles, stone wall, gate, double on and off, and water-jump—were arranged, the scene was most picturesque. Gay colours of ladies' dresses round the ring, and in the prettily decorated stand, showed to advantage against the bright green foliage, freshened by recent showers, which had also cooled the air, and in the distance, all around the lights and shadows on the breezy Cotswold Hills, forming a natural amphitheatre, made a picture that will not be forgotten. The well-arranged roomy loose boxes contained 170 horses, and at the end were kennels for the hounds, the same as those with which we are familiar at Peterborough, but loftier and more airy, perhaps. No efforts had been spared by the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. Cockrane, of Cheltenham, to make the show a success, and it is no flattery to say that nothing could have been better managed. Captain Sumner, too, the Master of the Cotswold, was indefatigable, while the courtesy of the stewards of the ring, Messrs. Matthews, Mills, and Villar, and all the officials made the visit truly enjoyable. The judges of horses, Colonels Luttrell and Barlow and Mr. Dester, of Tamworth, began their labours on Tuesday, the 19th. Hunting classes will have most interest to our readers. Of stallions for this purpose there were four entries, Colonel Barlow's (who retired from the bench on this occasion) Maximilian, 6 years (the sensational yearling bought by R. Peck at Mr. R. Coombe's sale five years ago), took first prize; Lord Fitzhardinge's Red Cloud, 11 years, second. For the best mare with foal at foot, four entries, Mr. G. Fletcher, of Andoversford, secured first with a brown mare, Cleevely. Mr. W. A. B. Bingham, of Cheltenham, who, by-the-way, had a lot of exhibits, took second. Four-year-old hunters, nine in number, were a good lot, Colonel Barlow's Floating Feather taking first; Mr. G. Hone's Knighton second. A better lot of weight-carriers would be hard to find. Mr. Jacob Stordy, of Tamworth, may well be proud of his grey that beat twelve others, and also took Champion Cup for the best in the show. Mr. J. Goodwin's Nobleman, a rare-shaped one, was second. Hunters up to 13 st. numbered nineteen. Mr. G. B. Fletcher's five-year-old chestnut mare, Stowell, by Citadel, was well placed first, and Mr. J. Goodwin again secured second honours with Pioneer. There were five hunters, the property of and ridden by tenant farmers, and Mr. W. Fletcher, well known with the Cotswold, took first with a brown mare, Flora. A silver cup, given by the Master of the Cotswold for horses regularly hunting with his hounds, was won by Sir A. Ramsay's grey, Balmain, 6 years, and Mr. W. Fletcher was highly commended. Good sportsmen and bold horsemen are they who follow the hounds in this difficult country, and the jumping competitions were worth seeing. To see such horsemen as young Walter English, son of the well-known riding master of Cheltenham; Tom Smith, of Worcester; Jack Goodwin, of Priory Court, who is as much at home in the show-ring as across country between the flags; young Villar, of Cheltenham; and an Irishman named Widger, from Waterford, when they met in the ring, was worth going any distance. Of hacks, cobs, and harness horses there were plenty, and of good quality; also ponies for riding and driving.

Thursday morning was fresh and cool, quite a treat after the tropical weather to which most people were trying in vain to get acclimatised. The Hound Show opened about ten o'clock, by which time most huntsmen had their hounds in the allotted kennels. Lord Coventry's, the Cotswold, Lord Fitzhardinge's, the Glamorganshire, the Heythrop, the North Cotswold, the

North and South Staffordshire, and the Vale of White Horse, were the nine packs represented. Boards had been laid down in a railed enclosure in front of the stand in the horse ring, and here the judges, the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Willoughby de Broke, commenced with the unentered dog-hounds soon after eleven o'clock. The Marquis of Worcester, sitting near the ring, was called in occasionally to give assistance, and amongst those present were Lord Coventry, Captain Sumner, Major Brown, Messrs. Gibbon and A. Rushout exhibiting M.F.H.; Sir F. Ford, whose harriers show capital sport; Sir A. Ramsay, Rev. J. West, Major Quintin, Major Reid, Messrs. J. Hargreaves, Simms-Pole, Crawshaw, Hutchinson, Bingham, Cromer, H. G. English, C. Archer, Watson, Mills, Mathews, and the well-known faces of R. Peck, R. Chapman, better known as 'Bob,' who is running a coach to Malvern, and doing it well, as need not be said; J. and G. Holman, T. Osborn, and J. Goodwin, and huntsmen in mufti were Thatcher and Grant, and the whips from Badminton. Of the seven couples of young dog-hounds, Lord Fitzhardinge's Ferryman, by Gallant out of Fatima, was the best, but badly matched by Reginald, the V.W.H. Craftsman, and Craven, by Belvoir Grenadier out of Comedy, by Concord, secured first, and the Heythrop Hero, by Trueman out of Heroine, by Herod (that took first at their puppy show), and Guardsman, by Gainer out of Mischief, took second. In the class for entered hounds, the Glamorganshire (where Mr. Muster's pack went) showed a very level handsome coloured lot—Warrior and his three sons, Latitude, Notary, and Nubian, which would have taken high honours if necks and shoulders had been better. The Cotswold also showed some good hounds, especially Sportsman, by Seaman out of Active, and Wrangler and Blue Cap. The North Cotswold had a couple and a half that would have done well, but the little dog Meddler spoilt them. Lord Coventry showed Cardinal, Commodore, Raven, and Tradesman, for which Ebor Long was decorated with white ribbon, denoting first; and Hazleton, of the Heythrop, had another blue ribbon second prize for Pirate, Freeman, Trueman, and Trickster. Lord Coventry's Tradesman, 3 years, by Brocklesby Flamer out of Torment, took first amongst stallion hounds; the V.W.H. second with Hotspur, by Lord Coventry's Marksman out of V.W.H. Helen, by Mr. Drake's Hector. There was a scarlet table, the same as Peterborough, at luncheon, and after this the attendance, which had been small during the morning, increased, when the ladies came before the judges. The Heythrop belles, Truelove and Truelass, by Trojan out of Blossom, carried all before them, and Stephen Dickens was decorated with second colours for the North Staffordshire Daisy, by Gambler out of Dimple, and Stately, by Sultan out of Daffodil. For the best two couple entered hounds, the Glamorganshire took first with a level family by Warrior out of Dewdrop, the same colour as their sire, dark black-and-tan, without much white. The Cotswold beauties, Rosamond, by Royal out of Artful; Rhapsody, by Ambrose out of Ruby; Bridesmaid, by Bondsman out of Artful; and Wrathful, by Ambrose out of Wishful, took second. Amongst matrons, Hazleton, with the Heythrop Handsome, 3 years, by Herod out of Sunrise, took first; Travess, with the Cotswold Artful, 7 years, by the Brocklesby Ambrose out of Liberty, by Lord Poltimore's Lexicon, took second. For the Champion Cup, presented by the Committee of the Cotswold Hunt, for the best three couples from any kennel, there were six entries, the V.W.H., Cotswold, North Cotswold, and Lord Coventry's dog-hounds, while the Glamorganshire and Heythrop showed mixed packs. The latter were left in till the last, but Ebor Long carried off the cup with Lord

Coventry's dog-hounds. The ring was then cleared for horses to jump, and there was plenty of fun for spectators till the show closed.

William Wheatley, who hunted the North Warwickshire for six seasons, on leaving that country received a sum of money as a testimonial from gentlemen hunting with these hounds, of which the committee appointed to collect and receive the same very judiciously agreed to make him a life member of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. Wheatley's age is 39 years, and it was found that 60*l.* 10*s.* would henceforth, without any further payment, entitle him to a weekly allowance of 15*s.* in case of sickness or accident until he shall be sixty-five years old, at which period he will commence to receive an annuity of 26*l.* until his death, and at his death his widow, children, or representatives will receive 130*l.* It is therefore quite evident that this money could not possibly be invested to greater advantage, and we hope that in future all money testimonials to hunt servants will be similarly applied, as not only does the benefit member reap all the advantages of the Society in his lifetime, but his widow or children likewise after his death. We also trust that hunt servants themselves will now see the advisability of making themselves life members as soon as they can, instead of investing their money in companies promising large rates of interest, which are mere bubbles to catch the unwary, or embarking in some business or taking a public-house which after a short time turns out a failure.

We beg to inform our numerous Atherstone friends that as we were passing down Sackville Street the other day, we saw a good likeness in Fore's window of Sam Hayes looking out to view a fox away. It was painted by Mr. Lucas-Lucas, of Rugby, who we think must have sketched Sam at the little covert near Brownsover or Cester's Over. Pictures of this sort materially increase the value of a painting, and we recommend all those artists who go in for hunting subjects to give portraits of well-known huntsmen or whips, and of well-known places, rather than mere fancy sketches of Jack or Tom Nobody, which are simply 'pot-boilers.'

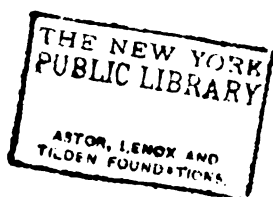
Few men were better known by the frequenters of Tattersall's, in the good old days at the Corner, than the late Jonathan Carter, who was for thirty years the foreman, and who retired, about nine years ago, with a pension of 100*l.* a year. Carter knew everybody, and, having associated with gentlemen before he came to London, was a citizen of the world. He had seen good service in hunting stables in his early days, chiefly in Leicestershire, having been stud groom to Lord Lynedoch, Mr. Richard Oliver, afterwards Oliver Massy, at Ratliff Hall, and then, at Witherley, with Mr. Applethwaite, the Master of the Atherstone, in whose service he continued until 1844, when he came to the Corner. He died, in the latter end of July, at his son's house at Knightsbridge, aged seventy-nine. He was in his day a strong man on a horse, a very resolute rider, and a hard man across country.

It is always a pleasure to hear from 'the Hermit,' whose keen insight into and knowledge of little social abuses make his communications both interesting and amusing :—

'DEAR MR. VAN-DRIVER,—I need hardly tell you the fact that the coffee-rooms in our London clubs are carried on at a ruinous loss; and, taking into consideration the expenses of attendance, lighting, linen, Wenham Lake ice, &c., &c., this can hardly be a cause of surprise. I desire, however, to call your attention to an abuse which materially adds to the loss. At the majority of clubs the charge is 1*s.* for "table," and that includes all the adjuncts and trimmings of the more solid parts of a dinner. Of this tariff arrangement advantage is

' taken by a certain class of members to a most unfair extent. Sordidus is  
' fond of good living, but he has a frugal mind; he would like to fare sum-  
' ptuously every day if it could be done at somebody else's expense; he therefore  
' makes a daily study of the bill of fare, and he has reduced to a science the  
' art of ordering dinner at a minimum cost to himself. The joint furnishes  
' him with the best of meat at cost price, and he calls for every kind of sauce  
' and pickle which may please his palate and yet will not punish his pocket.  
' He religiously enjoys the fruits of the earth in due season, and in considerable  
' quantities, and grumbles if green peas and new potatoes are not provided in the  
' month of May. Into each of his baked potatoes he inserts a pat of fresh butter.  
' Sordidus reverses the proportions of Falstaff's bread to Falstaff's sack, and con-  
' sumes a very liberal allowance of the staff of life with his modest half pint of  
' Marsala. Then he tops up with Gorgonzola cheese (supplied to the club at  
' 2s. per lb.), more butter, watercresses, celery and radishes. At "The Hand in  
' "Pocket," or any other eating-house, he would have had to pay three times the  
' amount for his repast. It is not to be wondered at that the coffee-room at "The  
' "Ariston" does not pay its expenses by many hundreds a year. Those who  
' know nothing of club life may think that the mean conduct of Sordidus has  
' been exaggerated, but if there were not some of the class to be found in  
' almost every dining-club at the West-end, this letter would not have been  
' addressed to you by yours very truly,

'THE HERMIT IN LONDON.'







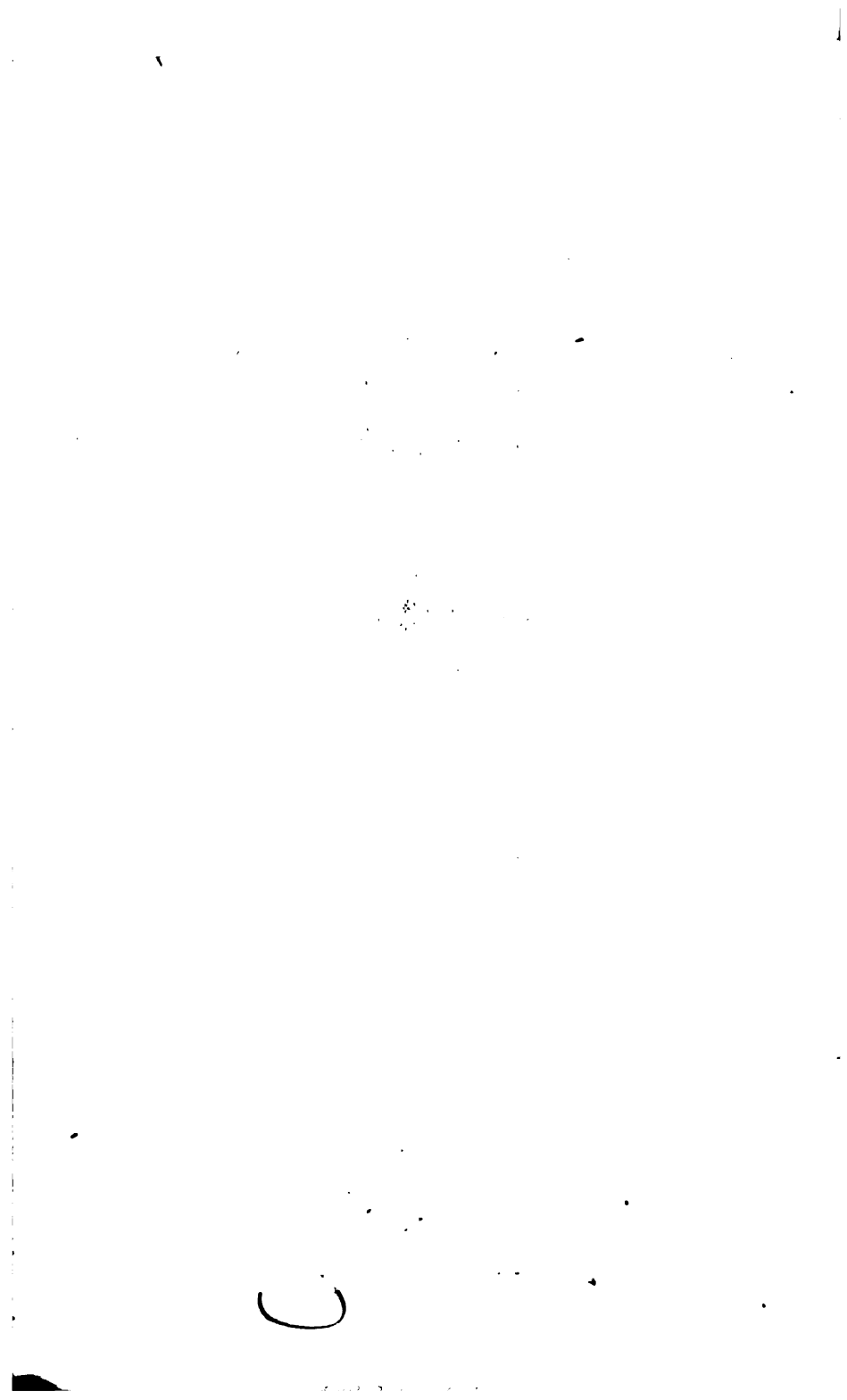
*Engraving by J. G. Smith*

*Engraving by J. G. Smith*

*Adolphe*

*Engraving by J. G. Smith*





# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### EARL CADOGAN.

GEORGE HENRY CADOGAN, the fifth earl of that ilk, was born in 1840, and succeeded his father in 1873. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, his Lordship early entered upon public life, and in the Administration of the late Lord Beaconsfield filled the offices of Under-Secretary at War and subsequently Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in both of which offices he exhibited administrative powers of no mean order. He married in 1865 the Lady Beatrix Craven, daughter of the second Earl of Craven, by whom he has a family; and he was nominated a Steward of the Jockey Club in the spring of this year.

Cadogan is a familiar name to Londoners. The respectability of Cadogan Place has passed into a proverb; at the West-End it is almost a household word. A new world of Cadogan Mansions, Squares and Gardens, has been created by the edict of fashion, and

‘The teacup times of hood and hoop’

seem to live again in the Queen Anne houses of this quarter. Few of us, perchance, know or remember that Cadogan is a Welsh name of an antiquity great even for Wales. The ancestors of the Cadogans were one of the four royal tribes of Wales before that country bowed to the English yoke, and, as the Cadwgans, were powerful chieftains at a very remote period of history. The first trace we meet of a Cadogan is in a certain Henry of that name, of Trostre in Monmouthshire, who, about the latter end of the fifteenth century, had so far Anglicised himself as to get rid of some of the consonants; and from that period the name has been famous in the senate and the field, and in both worthily borne. The first of the line ennobled was William Cadogan, that distinguished general who served under Marlborough at Blenheim and Malplaquet, and eventually succeeded his illustrious chief in the command of the army. He was created Baron Cadogan of Reading and Oakley, Viscount Caversham, and subsequently Earl Cadogan. The earldom expired with him, and the barony descended to his brother, who, by

his marriage with the heiress of the eminent physician, Sir Hans Sloane, brought into the family the manor of Chelsea and its belongings, a property that has since passed to his descendants. In the person of this Lord Cadogan's son, the old earldom was revived, and has descended in direct line to the subject of our present sketch.

A comparative novice at racing, Lord Cadogan has been singularly fortunate with a small stud. He trains with Gilbert at Newmarket, and his recent win of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with his mare Mazurka, enabled him to land a good *coup*. He has a two-year-old or two of a very good class; and it is not given to every man when first embarking on the slippery paths of Turf life to see his colours so often in the van as has been the fortune of Lord Cadogan. He is credited, apart from the mere business of racing, with possessing a sound judgment in most things, and a clear and comprehensive grasp of any subject with which he has to deal. These will be invaluable qualities in our Turf senate, and we feel sure the path of progress and reform on which the Jockey Club seem to have entered will not be blocked by any opposition on the part of the Junior Steward.

For the last four or five years Lord Cadogan has lived in Cambridgeshire at Babraham Hall, where he enjoys to the full the excellent shooting the estate affords. He has done much to improve the partridge driving during his occupancy, and last year, almost if not quite, the largest bag in one day was recorded at Babraham.

From his rank and personal qualifications, he is the friend of princes and a *grata persona* in the highest English society. Not wedded to sport as the occupation of life, he acknowledges other and higher claims on him; and in those changes in the political world which are part and parcel of our history, we trust yet to find Lord Cadogan's name filling again a position to which his merits fully entitle him.

### 'LAYS OF THE DEER FOREST': AN OLD BOOK RE-OPENED.

READERS of 'Baily's Magazine' would doubtless read some months ago, in the columns of the daily newspapers, an announcement of the death of the amiable but eccentric 'Count of Albany,' who was well known to a large circle of friends for his boundless information on many topics, as well as for his genial sociality and good-heartedness. Curiously enough, many who met him and who enjoyed his society were in perfect ignorance of his history and antecedents. His name was Charles Edward Stuart, and, along with his brother, John Sobieski Stuart, he was well known in Edinburgh society, as well as in all the best houses of the Highlands of Scotland some five-and-thirty years ago. At that time few more gallant-looking men were to be seen on the streets of 'modern Athens' than these descendants of the unfortunate Pretender to the Scottish Throne. Not a few of the old Scottish Jacobites treated

the brothers as if they were princes. There were ladies of quality in 'the land of the mountain and the flood' who it is known courted to them with more reverence perhaps than they did to her Majesty, whilst humbler people bent the knee to 'their Highnesses.' The old Highland 'Chairmen' of the Scottish metropolis would have shed their blood for the 'Princes,' and hundreds of Highland people journeyed to Edinburgh year after year to see these descendants of that 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' for whom their fathers had fought in many a well-contested conflict or battle. There was an air of mystery about John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart which increased the public interest in their movements. They appeared suddenly and were stigmatised by some as 'mere adventurers,' and the recommendation was at once given to button up pockets; but it was not required, the two Stuarts were honest men. Although they dressed magnificently in the Highland garb, wearing kilts of the gay Stuart tartan, they were evidently poor, but so far as I knew at the time they never owed any man a penny piece; if they were poor they were proud, and comported themselves at all times with a dignity which savoured of knightly carriage. In winter and spring they enjoyed the gay doings of Edinburgh society, in summer they retired to a romantic residence, Eilean Ægis, on the river Ness, which had been placed at their disposal by Lord Lovat, and in autumn they took part in grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and the other wild sports of the Scottish Highlands, visiting in turn many of the best of the old Highland families.

The brothers had a turn for literature, and that is why I came to know something about them. One of them issued a magnificently got-up volume, entitled 'Vestiarium Scoticum, or Book of the 'Wardrobe of Scotland,' which was, in fact, a history of the kilt and tartan plaid worn by the Highlanders of Scotland. Only a limited number of this book was printed, for the best of all reasons, namely, that to pay expenses it required to be published at the price of ten guineas, because of the number and beauty of the illustrations which it contained, chiefly of tartans highly coloured. I do not at present propose to say more about that brilliantly got-up folio volume, which was published by Tait of Edinburgh, although it contains matter which might interest not a few of our sportsmen. The title I have placed at the head of this article, 'Lays of the Deer Forest,' is the title of a work in two volumes, written by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, and published in 1848. The first volume contains 'the 'Lays,' whilst the second volume is devoted to an elaborate series of notes explanatory of the facts or circumstances which had given rise to the poems, or are chronicled in the verses.

I am not, as a critic, going to praise these poems more than they deserve; they are after the style of Sir Walter Scott, and have an air of chivalry about them, as well as a spice of romance, as was indeed to be expected considering their authorship. One of the poems extends to ninety-eight pages; it is entitled 'The Templar's

Tomb,' some passages of which really remind me of 'Marmion,' and seems from the date to have been written in the year which was rendered memorable by the death of Scott. There is a prettily-written poem in the volume entitled the 'Hunter's Lament,' by John Sobieski Stuart, from which the following lines are taken, just by way of 'sampling' the contents of the book. The story of the poem is exceedingly simple, it is one brother addressing another about days gone by, and deeds done in the old; the lines which follow are from the concluding part:—

'So shall the dark years pass away—  
 And when at last our steps decay,  
 Upon the staff ere day is done,  
 Still shall we totter to the sun;  
 And when we may not tread them more,  
 Look to the hill, the wood, and shore,  
 And gaze around on tree and flower,  
 Like travellers at parting hour.  
 And when shall come life's closing day,  
 And we from earth must pass away,  
 Near all that we have loved so deep,  
 Amid the heather we shall sleep,  
 Beneath the moss and lichen hoar  
 Where often we have slept before.  
 Under our arm the fawn shall lie,  
 And over our head the owl shall cry,  
 And in the soft moss on our breast,  
 The wren and robin build their nest;  
 The hawk shall channer on the heath,  
 The wandering buck shall bell beneath;  
 And every year at turn of spring,  
 Where the grey oaks their branches swing,  
 The cuckoo o'er our bed shall sing.  
 There shall the wild rose shed her flower,  
 And the bat fly at evening hour;  
 And there the wood-dove make her moan,  
 And the bee wind about the stone,  
 And drink the dew and suck the bell;  
 And there the lonely breeze shall tell  
 When sweetly tolls the vesper knell.  
 Full oft at noon upon the mound,  
 The hunter shall unleash the hound,  
 And sit him down from out the sun,  
 And spread his meal as we have done.  
 And when the young are turned to grey,  
 And those we loved are passed away,  
 The children with half-chastened glee  
 Shall come the lonely heap to see;  
 And pluck a flower, and tell the spell,  
 Of whom they heard their fathers tell.  
 And when the stranger shall come by,  
 And ask about the stone so high,  
 The aged shepherd's furrowed face  
 Shall sadden when he shows the place  
 Where rest the last of the exiled race.'

Curiously enough the 'Lays,' as such, are not much about deer or sport, but the verses are imbued with a keen love of nature, and a

close faculty of observation of her outward signs and symbols. It would be easy to select a few of the stanzas in proof of this being so, but the following will be sufficient:—

'The gleam of the west and the still twilight  
Faded away to the grey of night,  
And the stars came twinkling one by one,  
And the broad moon rose like a dusk red sun,  
Higher and higher she upward rode,  
Till the dim tree tops their trembling showed,  
And the horloge face nigh told the hour  
In the hoary gleam on the grey church tower;  
And over that garden still and bright,  
Faintly there stole a glistening light,  
Till the dewy blossoms and silver bells  
Shone pale and clear as pearly shells,  
And through the dim night's shadowy veil  
Crosses and banners glimmered pale,  
And the tall white stones like shapes of mail,  
As if amid that moonshine fair  
The glittering host of heaven was there.'

The portion of the work, however, which I particularly wish to notice, embraces the pages devoted to 'Hill Stalking,' 'Deer Coursing,' 'Deer Driving,' and 'Deer Baiting,' which are filled with interesting information and interspersed with stories and legends, as well as some account of the habits of the deer that I think somewhat curious, and at all events readable; as about 140 pages of the volume are taken up with these features, it is obvious that what appears here must be given in a very abridged form.

Beginning with what is now the common mode of killing deer, namely, *stalking*, or 'killing at the stalk,' as it used to be called, means *stealing* up to the deer when they are lying or feeding, and is that part of deer-hunting which requires the greatest skill, experience, and judgment. The getting to, or within range of the deer, without being seen or 'smelt,' is the grandest qualification of the stalker. The use of the rifle is a subordinate art; for it is of no purpose to shoot well, if the hunter does not know where to look for, or how to approach the deer; for this he must possess a keen eye, much promptitude and vigilance, as well as a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animal. Whether stalking on the open hill-side or in the wood, the first and greatest precaution is always the wind—observe and study that. On this point of stalking an old deer-stalker thus talks to a novice: 'Above all things let not the devil tempt you to trifle with a deer's nose; you may cross his sight, walk up to him in a grey coat, or, if standing against a tree or rock near your own colour, wait till he walks up to you—but you cannot cross his nose, even at an incredible distance, but he will feel the tainted air. Colours and forms may be deceptive or alike: there are grey, brown, and green rocks and stocks as well as men, and all these may be equivocal—but there is but *one* scent of *man*, and that he never doubts or mistakes; that is filled with danger and terror; and one whiff of its poison at a mile off, and



'whether feeding or lying, his head is instantly up—his nose to the wind—and in the next moment his broad antlers turn—his single is tossed in your face, and he is away to the hill or the wood; and if there are no green corns, peas, or potatoes in the neighbourhood, he may not be seen on the same side of the forest for a month.' Here is a case in point: A young and gallant rifleman, who was better acquainted with the hedges of the Peninsula and the sand-pit of La Haye Saint than the deer haunts of the Highlands, and who having discovered five fine stags in one of the largest corries of Loch-Aber, thought he might save himself the detour of its circumference by crossing the wind on the shoulder of the hill, at a mile distant from the deer. He proceeded without the least notice from the herd until he came into the direct line of the breeze, when immediately every head was raised, and in the next moment the deer were streaming up the hill, over the summit of which they speedily disappeared and were found no more. It is difficult for those not acquainted with the habits of deer to believe the distance at which they will wind an object; hence it is that so many young stalkers continually lose opportunities of shots by venturing to cross the breeze, so as to avoid a tedious or fatiguing circuit. On ground where deer have been often disturbed, whether by scent or sound, it is hopeless to follow them; in a moment they will be 'o'er the hills and far away.'

The following passage, which I have abridged, may be taken to heart by 'green' deer-stalkers, and by lessees of forests, like a certain London brewer, who said that deer-stalking was much harder work than that performed by his draymen, and he would be — blown if ever he gave 1600*l.* a-year for a deer forest in future. If the ground is intersected by banks, burns, or ravines, the hunter will easily approach under the mask of the one or *in* the channels of the other; he must have no superstitions about wetting his feet, or indeed any other part of his person; but, if necessary, walk in the water, or lay down on his breast in the gaps and falls of the stream; by which means, if the course is favourable, he may get up to the deer. There are, however, occasions where the ground is so flat and bare that the best trailer could not reach a deer, though he were as flat as a leech. In this case he must observe which way he is feeding, and, if the wind permits, gain a position as near as he can in the line of his progress, and there lie without motion, and patiently wait for the deer to browse on till within range.

One old stalker used to carry a lump of peat, which when necessary he set on fire and affixed to a broom-handle, projecting it before him as he went on the stalk to disguise the evil odour of his own body. The smell of a burning peat is one which the animal disregards; it is only associated in his mind with the reek from the shepherd's hut or the forester's dwelling-place. A cigar has sometimes answered the same purpose.

'Deer-coursing' is simply stalking intensified. There is the same

amount of endurance to be encountered, in order to arrive within the proper distance for slipping the dogs. As to the dogs, much care must be exercised; much—everything in fact—depends on their speed and courage, and also on the nature of the ground. The hounds must not have too wide a 'law;' if young hounds are started at a range beyond their strength or fleetness, there is not only the certainty of losing the deer, but the probability of spoiling the dogs, which, if not determined and of great courage, will be so disheartened by their failure and hard work that they may never after have bottom for a severe run. As regards deerhounds, the Messrs. Stuart give us some interesting information. During the olden time of Highland sports, the breed of the deerhound was carefully preserved. By the chiefs they were maintained in great numbers; their possession was the pride of every gentleman, and even the majority of the better class of 'carnachs' had one or two of a superior character to most of those now in existence. When great huntings were held, all were invited to bring in their dogs to the rendezvous, and it was for this reason that strangers who attended were careful to appear in the native costume, which gratified the people, and incited them to oblige those who paid them the compliment of assuming their beloved garb. The noble breed which was once a gift for princes is now fast verging to extinction. In the neglect of the last half century, their numbers having decreased to two families by breeding 'in and in,' the race is now (1846) greatly degenerated. The only original stocks remaining in the Highlands are those of Applecross and Lochaber, and it is even a question if these are truly distinct. All of the species, however, existing in Scotland are of one or other of these stems, and so nearly related that in every litter it is a mere chance if a good dog will be found; and as it is impossible to obtain new blood to improve the species, they must continue to decline. The decline of the present Scottish breed is manifested not only by the diminution of their weight, bone and muscle, but by the disparity of their achievements. Formerly it was so common for a single hound to kill a 'cool' deer, that in the old Gaelic hunting songs and heroic poems it is a common allusion in the attributes of the dogs, and those of the highest character would pull down two, and even three in one heat. Thus in the Ossianic remains:—

'A deer fell by *every* dog,  
Three by Bran *alone*.'

The decline in the breed of greyhounds has been greatly accelerated by the depraved corruptions introduced by the foreign tenants of deer-forests, who ignorant of deer and their dogs, under the vain expectation of producing a breed of track dogs which should unite in a high degree the opposite excellences of speed and scent, with an increase of courage, have reduced the greyhounds into base mongrels, by crossing them with hounds, mastiffs and bulldogs. The courage of the deer greyhound is naturally of the highest order, and when it has degenerated with the preservation of the other noble

qualifications of the breed, it can only be recovered by a restoration of true blood in the same species.

In my opinion the above notice of the deerhound is well worthy of all the circulation 'Baily' can give it; it is really full of interest for our sportsmen of to-day. As to the prowess of these dogs of the best kind, the following anecdotes are related :—

'The late Glengarrie [this was written about 1845 or 1846] had several which were equal to an ordinary deer, and one which pulled down three with scarce any interval between the runs. He had been slipped at a young stag, which, favoured by soft ground, he had killed after a very short run; and almost as soon as she fell, a hind, which had been lying in a hollow near the place, was raised by one of the beaters, and bolting across the brae in sight of the dog, he instantly gave chase and pulled her down also. Meanwhile Glengarrie was on the other side of the glen, near a small wood which had not been beaten, and signalled for the greyhound. As the leader approached the thicket a hind broke before him, and in the struggles of the dog, under his excitement at the view of the deer, he slipped his collar, and in the next moment the hound was in full pursuit, and after a sharp run came up with and pulled down his game apparently undistressed. A similar feat in similar ground was also performed some years ago by a very noble hound, then the property of Mr. Fraser, who at that time occupied the sheep farm of Cruachie, upon the marches of the Morcadh-Liath. On both occasions the runs were made on soft plain ground, and were voluntarily taken by the dogs, for no true deer-hunter would have slipped them intentionally.'

As a means of restoring the breed it is suggested in the Messrs. Stuarts' essay that the rough Russian greyhound or the great Albanian dog should be imported. This last we are told is the Grew or 'Greek Hound' of the middle ages, from which is derived the race and name of all the common western greyhounds, but so greatly surpasses them in size, strength, and courage, that if clothed in the same shaggy coat, it would equal the Highland animal in stature. 'By the mixture of the "Goodrich" introductions,' continues the essayist, 'ferocious bull-baiting tigers may be raised, but as these fighting devils have neither scent nor speed, their alliance only neutralizes the principal qualification either for tracking or running.' . . . 'For true practical sport, as confirmed by centuries of experience,' say the Stuarts, 'in the old deer-hunting days of all countries, the two pure breeds of forest dogs are indispensable, the Coinf-hada or greyhound for running and the Coin-Luirg or Coin-Dubha, Spriogarish, the bloodhound, for tracking. These were the attendants upon all complete forests; the greyhounds "laid" at the passes, the bloodhound, or a couple, in immediate attendance upon the chief or head forester, to be used as might be required.'

I trust I am not wearying the reader with these details of the minutiae of the noble sport of hunting, the great game of the Highlands—the true sport of kings and nobles, and which to-day I fear is degenerating somewhat, because of there being no royal road to the slaying of the deer. Nothing but a wonderful amount of real, downright hard work will make a successful deer-stalker. He must be up with the lark, and must be sparing of his food, and still

more so of his drink, his nerves must be steady, and his legs of iron firmness, nor must his hand shake; no, his hand must never shake! In case, however, I am thought to be getting tedious over this old book (now very scarce I am told) I shall draw these extracts and remarks to a conclusion by giving a few additional paragraphs about 'deer-baiting.'

'Deer-baiting' was looked upon in the olden time, and described by the Stuarts as being beyond comparison 'the most noble, 'scientific, and highest enjoyments of the chase, uniting all the cheer, 'music, and working of the dogs, with the personal skill of the 'stalker, and the individual excitement of the shot. The baiting of 'deer, so far as is known to the present writer, is not now practised 'in Scottish deer forests, although it is still indulged in on some 'parts of the Continent. In the great woods of France and 'Germany it is pursued on horseback, and the forest being cut in 'alleys where the hounds are in cry, the hunters ride to check the 'deer at the passes; but this kind of sport requires a larger range of 'thicket forest than is now to be found in Scotland. "Baiting," 'as described in this book' ("Lays of the Deer Forest"), 'is 'driving the deer with hounds, by the cry of which the hunter '“checks,” that is, meets the deer, and shoots them at the passes or 'the water.' As a matter of detail it is just another way of 'driving' as we now practise the art at the present time.

Want of space calls me to a halt, otherwise I should have liked to extract a few notes about the 'Habits of the Red Deer,' which being of great interest are well worthy of a place in the pages of this magazine. One feature of their natural history only I shall briefly recur to at present, and that is, the power they have of swimming, and their propensity for wandering on the shores of the sea when they have access to it. They are fond of seaweed, and have a passionate desire for partaking of it greedily; those accustomed to receive it from the hands of the herdsman will not only follow him like household animals, but crowd about him, and thrust their noses into his hands and pockets to search for this condiment. They frequent the sea-coast not only in spring and winter, but in the heat of summer as well, and will often seek it from such a distance that they sometimes descend to the shores of Aberdeenshire from the forests of Invercauld and Braemar! As has been hinted, they can swim to extraordinary distances. They have been known to cross the straits of Mull and Skye, and between Jura and Isla, where the current of the water is so strong that it carries down the swimmer in a diagonal of four miles before he lands, and the fisher folks of the west coast report still longer voyages. But all this is conformable to their migratory character; the stag is like the nomadic Tartar, a great wanderer—a wise provision of nature perhaps, to prevent that 'in-breeding' which would speedily exterminate the species.

Perhaps on some future occasion the editor will permit me to recur to the subject. In the meantime, let it be understood

382 THE PLEASURES OF SHOOTING WITH A COCKNEY. [September, that all that I have given in the foregoing pages is the fruit, or a part of the fruit, growing out of the ripe knowledge of John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart; all my work in the matter has been to select such 'bits' from the second volume as seemed most likely to interest the sportsman of the period.

ELLANGOWAN.

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## THE PLEASURES OF SHOOTING WITH A COCKNEY.

IT is strange that although shooting, when not conducted with care and discretion, is about the most dangerous sport in which we can indulge in England, there is scarcely a man living, or for that matter boy either, who does not think he is perfectly competent to go forth without any previous instruction to slay bird and beast, always excepting those poor nervous creatures, of whom there are a few, who cannot stay in the same room with firearms of any description, and could scarcely pass a man carrying a gun without asking him if he was sure it was not loaded. It is more than ten to one that if you ask a man who has never heard the report of firearms, except perhaps at a review, to have a day's shooting, that he will accept at once, without a thought as to putting his own life and that of other people in jeopardy. Offer him a mount for a day with the hounds, and if he is no horseman he will decline at once, or indeed to do any unaccustomed thing, except perhaps to drive a gig, which the old maxim says people think comes by intuition, and to go shooting. That what I have set down here are not vain thoughts the following facts will show:—

It chanced that a few years ago I had taken some shooting in one of the home counties, and of course at no very great distance from London, where I was a good deal engaged at that time, and this fact became known to a young fellow with whom I chanced to be thrown in contact in the course of business. No sooner did he know that I had some shooting than he began to prick up his ears, and like the war-horse, 'sniffed the battle from afar,' and he lost no opportunity of letting me know how fond he was of the sport, and what a treat another day's shooting would be to him. For a long time I took no notice of his hints, for to tell truth he was one of those impudent, pushing kind of men that I care very little about, and whose room I prefer, as a rule, to their company; at the same time it was policy on my part just then to be civil to him, as he had the means of furthering the undertaking I had in hand, or he might have, if so minded, have placed obstacles in the way, so that at length when partridge shooting was over, and all but a few of the pheasants there were in the place either killed or driven back into the neighbouring preserves, I determined to ask him to run down for the day to have some rabbit-shooting, where I thought I could so place him that he could do very

little injury to any one except himself. In that idea it will appear as I go on that I was altogether mistaken. Of course he was delighted with the invitation, and reached the station by a train earlier than the one at which I had arranged to meet him (luckily he could not spare the time to sleep a night from town) as he said he did not mind a walk of a mile or two, and was anxious to have as long a day as he could. I told him I thought he had better have kept his energy for the sport instead of getting up in the middle of the night to start so early, and tiring himself by the walk to no purpose, but he declared he could very well last out the whole day, and as soon as he had eaten a bit of lunch he should be quite ready for anything that happened. Mr. B., for so we will call him, having done very substantial justice to cold meat, pies, bread and cheese, ale, and so forth, was anxious to be at work, but ere starting him on his sporting mission I cannot refrain from giving my readers a slight description of his appearance, which was eccentric if not altogether imposing. First, then, he was short of stature, and the most partial of mothers could not have called him good-looking, even when well dressed, but now, with a nondescript species of cap on his head, a garment with many pockets and buttons, supposed to represent a shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, brown cloth boots, with patent leather over the toes, and some mysterious cloth affairs to match, wherewith to protect his manly limbs from brier and bramble, buttoned round his shins, he was a sight for gods and men; add to this some very light lemon-coloured kid gloves, and you have his portrait nearly complete. My fox terriers took great exception to his nether garments, and had I not summarily dismissed them from the presence, I fear that his galligaskins, or whatever he termed them, would not long have remained intact. He looked rather frightened under their attentions, and when I had them removed assured me that although 'he was not the least frightened, 'he was glad they were gone, as he had always heard that *foxhounds* 'were dangerous to strangers.'

Almost as soon as he was ready my factotum appeared on the little patch of green outside the cottage which served me as a residence when I was at my shooting quarters, with two couple of spaniels and a little rough dog of no particular breed, his own property, who, however, was a capital rabbitier. B. now produced his shooting-iron, evidently hired for the occasion, a central-fire double-barrel, and for a time he was mightily perplexed because he could not open his gun to put in the cartridges, and tugged and strained at the lever until he became quite hot in his efforts to move it. At length, my man seeing how matters stood, said 'Excuse me, 'sir, but I think if you would put her at half-cock you would 'manage better.' B. then pulled up the right hammer to about three-parts cock, let it through his fingers, when down it came snap. 'Lucky she was not loaded,' thought I, as I motioned my man to take the weapon and load it for him. 'What shot are you using, 'B.?' I asked, having misgivings as to the colour of the cartridges

that were being inserted. 'Oh! No. 1, I always have the largest, 'because it will kill at longer distances.'

'Right, no doubt,' I replied, 'but as I seldom fire at rabbits over 'forty yards, I keep to No. 6 myself.'

'Not shoot at them over forty yards? I always let drive if I can 'see them, on the chance of killing. What shall I do if a bird gets 'up? I have no licence, you know.'

'Knock him down if you can. I won't split on you.'

'All right; I will have him,' replied he.

Taking good care to place him to the left hand, and telling him to be sure and keep his barrels at half-cock—the mysteries of which he had now found out—until anything got up, we started across the first pasture, I keeping a few yards to the rear, and as I hoped out of danger, for I must confess that I did not at all like my job. There had been a good deal of rain the previous night, and as Mr. B. saw the drops hanging on the long rank grass he inquired if I did not think we should get very wet going through that?

'We must chance it,' I replied, and he accordingly followed me into it, walking in the most gingerly fashion, very much indeed as a cat might be supposed to do on hot bricks. We had not gone more than half-way across it, when a hare jumped up in front of him. 'Knock her over!' I said, and the fellow put up his gun and kept pointing and aiming but never fired, until I was obliged to roll her over with a long shot just as she was getting out of range.

'Why on earth did you not fire?' I inquired.

'Why, I don't know how it was; somehow or the other my 'gun would not go off when I pulled the trigger. I can't think 'what is the matter with it.'

'Let me see.' And, taking the gun, I found both barrels at half-cock, as I had told him to keep them, but he had forgotten all about putting them at full-cock when he wanted to fire. I explained matters to him as well as I could, and on we went again, having passed from the pasture into a very fine piece of swedes on exceedingly strong land; the contortions of the little man's face when he had walked about twenty yards in these was something to witness.

'Shall we have much of this?' he asked. 'I am wet through 'already, and have a ton of mud on each boot.' And he lifted up one foot after the other, and contemplated them piteously.

'No, it will be over when we reach the next fence.'

Before that, however, a covey of birds got up, very wild, and Mr. B., having cocked both hammers, with great deliberation, fired one shot in their direction and then the other, of course with no damage to the birds, as they must have been at least a hundred and fifty yards from him. He shut both eyes carefully ere pulling a trigger, and apparently did not much like the recoil, for he rubbed his shoulder a good deal. Of course it took him about as long to move the lever and put in his cartridges as it would have done an ordinary man to charge an old muzzle-loader; but wasting time was of very little consequence in this case, as the less shooting he

got, the safer we all were. Indeed, had it been feasible, I should have liked to have served him as another man was treated once. He was asked to stay at the house of a noble lord, in the days before breechloaders had come into fashion, and when the covert side was reached, a gun properly loaded was put into his hands. He had not held it many minutes before bang! went one barrel, and over rolled an unfortunate dog just in front of him. His host called the keeper on one side and said, 'You load for that gentleman, and don't put any 'shot in. I will walk with him and see that he kills plenty of 'game.' And so he did, waiting until he saw the shotless man was about to let off his piece, and then he cut down the birds right and left for him; and so unconscious was the guest, that he used to boast afterwards that he had never shot so well in his life as he did at Lord ——'s, when he scarcely missed a bird all day. With breechloaders, however, a little prudent deception of that sort is not quite so easily managed, so we were forced to make the best we could of matters, and trust to Providence for coming out safe. On the other side of the swedes was a thick hedgerow on a narrow bank with a small ditch on each side of it; into this I sent the spaniels, and wisely put B. on the left-hand side, taking the right myself with the keeper and cautioning B. to be sure and not fire unless a rabbit came right out from the hedge. For some little distance nothing moved; then I heard a smart rustle in the fence, and the next moment—bang! bang! went a couple of barrels, a line was cut through the covert, while the shot made a large hole at my feet, throwing the dirt all over me.

'Good heavens! what are you at?' I asked. 'You almost shot me.'

'Why, I fired at a rabbit in the hedge, and I am sure that I have 'killed him,' rejoined B.

'And I am equally sure that you have not. Why you have blown 'a hole in the ground large enough to bury yourself, and covered 'me with earth and stones. I have some important letters to write, 'and must now leave you. John will show you all the sport he can, 'and when you have finished, I will send you to the station again.'

I then told John he had better keep on the same side of the hedge as Mr. B. and walk close behind him, where he would be pretty safe; I had the spaniels coupled up and took them with me, leaving them to beat the hedges with the rough terrier. On arriving home I gave orders that refreshments should be put in readiness for Mr. B. on his return, and the horse and dog-cart at the door to take him to meet the train, while he was to be told that 'I had been 'called away suddenly upon business,' as I had no inclination to see him again. Consequently the remainder of the day's proceedings must be told as I heard them from John. After my friend was safely gone I held a council of war with the said John, and heard what further adventures he had gone through. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'after 'you left I was terribly afraid, but I did just as you told me and 'kept close behind the gentleman, while old Tip worked the hedges



'very well. The first thing we found was a cock pheasant, who  
'got up with such a rattling clatter, that I think Mr. B. was  
'fairly frightened, for he cut the leaves off an oak a long distance  
'from where the bird went; it was just up at the corner of the forty  
'acres, you know, sir, where there is a big patch of furze in the  
'hedgerow, and an easier shot I never saw; I could have knocked  
'him over with my short stick, if I had thrown it at him, I'd bet a  
'quart, not that I am particularly good at that game either. I have  
'seen fellows up in Lancashire who would go out on the moors  
'with a couple of short sticks, and if the grouse laid well and got  
'up handy, they'd bring a brace down, or may be three, as sure as  
'ever you could with a breachloader.

'The gentleman looked terribly put out at missin', and said he had  
'no thought of finding a pheasant in such a place as that.

'I said "Lord bless ye, sir, if you shot much in these parts you'd be  
'"a looking out for 'em everywhere, if it was only under a gooseberry  
'"bush; you ain't a much used to shooting, are ye, sir?" "Not  
'"such shooting as this is, certainly. I have always shot in Norfolk,  
'"where birds are getting up at every step you take."

'"Have you now, really, sir? What bags you must have made  
'"there."

'"Ah! yes, I have seen some very good ones. We always had a  
'"pony and a cart to take home the game."

'Then thought I to myself, "Mayhap you led the pony, before you  
'"went to Lunnon, for I am jolly well sure you never helped shoot  
'"the game;" and I gave him a hint that if he had anything in the  
'shape of a flask about him it would not be amiss to try it, for it  
'would steady his nerves and put him on his shooting again, and  
'that I myself should be never the worse of a little drop to keep  
'out the wet.

'"Ah, yes," said he, "very well thought of; if I had had a  
'"drop before, I should not have missed that pheasant."

'And diving down into the pockets of that wonderful coat of his,  
'he pulls out what he called a Melton pork-pie, though it was no  
'more like any pork-pie I have ever seen than 'twas like an apple  
'puddin'. Cutting it in halves, he gave me a piece, but I could not  
'make much of it, for the inside was all gristle, and tasted sourish  
'like, and the crust must have been made on purpose to pelt people  
'with. After this he fished out a big flat bottle like you see at the  
'railway stations, of yellowish-looking stuff that he called whisky,  
'and having pulled at it till the best half of it was gone, handed the  
'rest to me. My word! it was some hot, fiery stuff; the first  
'gulp pretty nearly choked me, and all I can say is, if that's  
'whisky, it is very different from that you tells me comes down  
'Glasgow way, as you give me a dram of sometimes when I come  
'in wet; and for that matter, I ain't so very dry now.

'Thankee, sir, that's just done me good.

'Well, as I was saying, we beat on round the hedges, and just by  
'the big dell what should Tip turn out but a thumping great hare,

‘and he so close to her that he almost had hold of her. They were about forty yards before us, and I holloed out, “For Heaven’s sake shoot well forrard, sir, and you can’t miss her,” for I was afraid he would peg old Tip; and sure enough he did, too, but it was only a few stray shots in his hind-quarters; however, he put his tail down and made for home like greased lightning.

‘“Wherever is that dog going to?” said the gentleman; “he won’t catch the hare running that way; and what a tremendous noise he is making.”

‘“Noise!” said I, “and no wonder at it; why you’ve shot him.”

‘“Shot what? Shot the dog? Nothing of the sort, I shot the hare, and she is beginning to stop now; and that stupid dog would have caught her if he had kept on after her.”

‘“Beg your pardon, sir, you’ve shot the dog, and he is gone straight home with your charge somewhere just about his tail; it is an old favourite terrier, too, and if anything happens to him I can’t think what master will say; he is a terrible passionate man if anything goes wrong.”

‘“Do you think he will die?”

‘“Can’t say, sir, I am sure, until I have examined him.”

‘“Well, it is a bad job; and, by the way, could you show me the nearest road to the railway station?” said he, pulling out his watch; “I find it is much later than I expected, and I shall not have time for any more shooting. Give my compliments to your master, John, and tell him I was obliged to hurry off.”

‘And putting a sovereign into my hand he continued, looking very pale, and with a kind of hesitation in his speech,

‘“I say, John, if anything should happen wrong about that unfortunate dog, you can say he came out of the cover exactly where I was shooting at the hare, and I had no chance to see him until I had pulled the trigger, can’t you? But if he is not much hurt, better to say nothing about it perhaps. You are a sensible fellow, and can keep dark when there is occasion, I am sure; there is no need to make a village talk of this.”

‘So saying, he took his road to the station, and that was the last I saw of him.’

‘Well, John, we got out of him pretty well altogether; neither of us were hurt; the game is not lessened, and you have earned your sovereign. By the way, I suppose old Tip is not much hurt?’

‘No, sir, he’ll do; but my word, he has caught it about the rear; if he hadn’t been a real hard one it would have made him feel funny, I guess. I do hope as you’ll never have that gentleman down here shooting no more; I’d sooner go a whole season with a real sportsman for nothing, than half an hour with such a muff as that, if I could get five pounds for it; for, let alone the danger, it disgusts me to see a man make such a fool of himself.’

As I turned away to my own room I mentally answered ‘Amen.’

N.

## THE HUNT CLUB MEETING.

## PART I.

ONE of the chief sporting events of the spring was the Dhustone Hunt Meeting. Wrekinshire was an eminently sporting county, that prided itself on doing things well. To this end it had formed a club—rather an aristocratic club; leased a splendid course, and gathered every spring well-nigh all the lovers of horseflesh, not only in its own district, but from many a fair hill and dale throughout the country.

A grand rendezvous was this for the beauty and fashion of Dhustone, and the adjoining towns and shires, and the Members' Stand always shone in choice colours, and excelled in pretty faces on the occasion.

The chief attraction of the meeting was the Members' Cup, of 100 guineas, 12 st. 7 lbs. each; all horses to be the property of, and to be ridden by members; three miles over the Steeplechase Course.

It had been John Mountjoy's ambition to win this Cup, and this year he had carefully prepared his best horse for it. He was not, however, destined to have it all his own way, as a glance at the entry showed him: here it is:—

1. Mr. Brakelessbach's ch. m. Goldfinch, aged.
2. Hon. Firefly Gorgon's b. g. Ironbound, 4 years.
3. Mr. H. Grove's b. m. Elizabeth, aged.
4. Mr. Holdfast's b. m. Bagatelle, 6 years.
5. Mr. Howell's br. g. Cant, aged.
6. Mr. Howell's b. g. Tearaway, aged.
7. Mr. W. H. Larkens' b. g. Harlequin, 5 years.
8. Mr. Longcaster's ch. g. Patent, aged.
9. Mr. Macsherry's br. m. Rachel, aged.
10. Mr. Mountjoy's br. h. The Monk, 5 years.
11. Mr. Ryde's b. m. Grief, 6 years.
12. Mr. Topall Bent's br. m. Double Barrel, 5 years.

*Notes on the above.*

1. Mr. Brakelessbach hails from near Bribemton, and is well known with the Dairyshire hounds; rides his own horse, and has practised himself into pretty good form; a trifle wide at his turns.

2. The Hon. Firefly Gorgon's horse is by Steamer, is out of Cast Steel; his owner has good hands, and his horse is sure to jump the country, if he can go fast enough.

3. Mr. Grove's mare knows the course, and has won over it. Mr. Foxlike is her probable jockey.

4. Mr. Holdfast comes from over the Border, and seldom travels so far for nothing, but Bagatelle is dark.

5 and 6. Mr. Howell is a great squire in Bankjumpingshire, with a notable stud, and well-trained ones, but is apt to be mysterious in his intentions, and it will not be easy to follow his selected one.

7. Mr. Larkens comes from Warlikeshire with one of old Columbine's sons. He is as straight as a die, if his horse is only good enough.

8. Mr. Longcaster is a Broadshire man, but rumour has it that his Patent has broken down in his trial, and will not start.

9. Mr. Macsherry trains his own horses almost professionally in Pottoryshire, and is always dangerous for the Cup; he likes riding himself on the flat, but will probably find a good substitute on this occasion.

10. Mr. Mountjoy keeps his own counsel, but thinks the Monk, being by Talk o' the Hills out of the Nun, is as well bred as anything entered, and perhaps as good-looking.

11. Mr. Ryde's Grief is one of the old Dale sort, and ought to gallop, but is reported a doubtful starter.

Mr. Topall Bent's Double Barrel is a true Hop-and-Chinashire bred one, being by Dash in the Fire out of The Twin. She has been carefully hunted in the Dhustone country by Mr. Whatnough, and has since been trained by Jem Petman.

12. Then we have among the gentlemen jockeys, members of the Club, who generally distinguish themselves over this course:—

Mr. Foxlike, as hard as nails, whom nobody can give 7 lbs. to at his own weight.

Mr. Dalkeith, 'Merry Dalkeith,' as he is generally called, who has a leg up on Holdfast's horses, and seems none the worse for having been rolled out as flat as a tin plate more than once in his falls.

Mr. Beau Lowen, by birth a Welshman, is a charming horseman, and quite at home either in the Ladies' Stand or over such a course as this.

Mr. Jackson, 'Anxious Jackson,' as we ought to call him, is a prince among military amateurs; has found his way past as many winning posts as any Hussar ever did before him, and likes it.

Then there is Squire Howell's jockey, half a Welshman, little Lywent, who does not like riding Tearaway—he does pull so.

There are several other promising young hands coming to the front at each meeting, and there are others who ride occasionally here, and seldom show elsewhere, such as George Morebounce, Ned Churton, and Mr. Clearditch; while Brakelessbach, Firefly Gorgon, Mountjoy, and Ryde, generally ride their own horses.

Oh that view from the Stand! Where is it equalled? The course itself in the foreground is a dry ferny common, with large gorse brakes here and there, and beyond it a richly-wooded country, with a church tower or spire peeping through the trees every now and again, backed up by a low feathery bank of wood, with still higher hills towering behind it, and the Dhustone mountain itself, with its almost volcanic-looking summit, bounding the horizon in its majestic blackness, while occasionally a ploughed field of the Rufusshire soil gives a rich tint to the landscape.

The Grand Stand and the Members' Stand are well filled. Two

racers have been run, but our business is with the third, the Members' Cup. Why there is Gladys Lewes. The guest of old Lady Sloper, Sir John's mother—and the latter has had a hand in the invitation you may be sure; and her brother Peter is here—he hates racing, but does not wish his sister to be disappointed, and will enjoy meeting many old friends. There is Lady Poppleway too, one of the leaders of society hereabouts, and a great gossip; and Mrs. Ambrey next to her; they will not be long before they begin to trot out their neighbours.

Gladys longs to be down in the saddling paddock, seeing the horses saddled, but she has no one to take her there. She sees John Mountjoy dressed ready for the fray. The tiniest bit of purple silk showing between his white scarf and dark-green close-fitting long coat, that only shows his spurs and brightly-polished boots below it. She fancies he looks pale, and he has never once looked up into the Ladies' Stand, or given her even a bow of recognition.

Lady Poppleway was now in her glory, and Gladys could not refrain from hearing some of her conversation: 'Why, I declare Mr. Mountjoy is going to ride himself! don't you think him a good deal altered lately, Mrs. Ambrey? Rumour says he has found some attraction in London. My lord heard it at the Club, but I don't profess to know anything about it myself. It is such a pity he does not marry; is it not?'

'Why, Lady Poppleway, no young men marry nowadays—I mean eligible young men. I agree with you, it's very sad. Look at the nice young girls here to-day, that would make as good wives as anybody could wish. There is Idalia Swan; she has been out three seasons at least, and I can call her a charming girl, and not without money, but here she is obliged to put up with the society of that boy of sixteen. There is Miss Standsell; what fault have the men to find with her?—and Miss Mocktrey?—they both can ride and talk, and are certainly above the average in Dhustone. There is little May Prince, too; now her sisters are gone, she ought to have a chance; she has plenty to say for herself, and they tell me she can hold her own at most things.'

'My dear Mrs. Ambrey,' replied her ladyship, 'I have a lot of unmarried daughters of my own, and feel the truth of your remarks. The fact is, the young men want showing up. I propose that we write to the editor of "Truth," and get him to insert every week a list of marriageable young men of good property who are supposed to have attractions elsewhere. This would soon bring them to their senses. Society in London, dear Mrs. Ambrey, is not what it was in our time, I assure you.'

'If you tried your publication scheme,' broke in Lady Sloper, who was notorious for her shrewdness, 'you would soon find the men outdoing you, by having lists of young ladies whose mammas were always trying to find them husbands, instead of allowing them to marry men of their choice. Has it never struck you, Lady

‘Poppleway, that marriage has become a very expensive luxury to young men of the present day; and this is why a great many of them prefer their liberty, as they choose to call it.’

While all this was going on in the Stand, the horses had been saddled, the course had been cleared, and now here they come, seven of them, neither of Howell’s pair putting in an appearance; Ryde’s mare being reserved for the more fitting company of the hurdle-race; Longcaster’s nomination having broken down, and Beau Lowen, who was expected to have ridden for Mr. Topall Bent, has succumbed to the superior attractions of Old-horsey-market, and has not turned up, so that Double Barrel will have to be kept for another race, in which her trainer, Jem Petman, can be in the pigskin. This puts a dangerous animal out of Mountjoy’s way.

Rachel is the favourite; and Harlequin and Elizabeth are backed; and so is The Monk, while Holdfast fancies his a little; the other two are going for the Stake. Mr. Jackson is on Rachel; Foxlike on Elizabeth; a young Guardsman—a new member—on Harlequin; Dalkeith on Bagatelle, and owners up on the others.

And now they are off. Elizabeth and Goldfinch are making play, with Harlequin and Rachel next; The Monk, three lengths away, has only Bagatelle and Ironbound in his rear. It is The Monk’s first performance in public. Mountjoy is anxious to steady him as much as possible the first time round, so that he shall not try to run through his fences, and spoil his chance. The pace is pretty good, and they all seven keep their places well, and jump the made fences opposite the Stand in capital style; Harlequin is the first to go up to the leaders, and force the pace down the back stretch, where Ironbound finds himself dropping farther astern. At the fence out of the course into the country the last time, Bagatelle lands on her head, and poor little Merry goes over it; the others are in a cluster. Goldfinch is the first to crack. Foxlike is niggling at his mare, but knows he is on a game one that can stay. Rachel has been ridden as steady as a rock; Jackson knows that speed is her forte, and he is waiting in a good place. Mountjoy takes a feeler with The Monk, as all the worst fences have been crossed, and goes up to the quarters of Elizabeth; Foxlike looks at him over his shoulder, calling out, ‘Hulloa, Mountjoy! You here still?’ ‘Yes, and intend to be,’ is John’s sanguine rejoinder.

They land on the course, and Elizabeth’s bolt is shot; she cannot go the pace on the flat.

The Monk is left with the lead, and Harlequin is at his girths. John feels his horse going strong under him, but knows he is doing his best; there is nothing for it but to keep him going now, and just before the last hurdle is reached he sees Harlequin begin to roll, and his hopes are high; but there is something on his right he seems to feel coming: he has three-quarters of a length to the good over the hurdle, but The Monk has changed his leg on landing; and here is Rachel, with Jackson squeezing her between his long wiry legs, and lifting her up to him. In the excitement of the moment John

tries to get up his whip. The Monk's head, loosed for an instant, he swerves; Jackson has taken advantage of it: Rachel is alongside of him. The shouting from the course, the Stand, everywhere, is terrific, and The Monk seems to lose his nerve (as many a young horse does under this trying ordeal) and cannot recover himself. John does all he knows; but Rachel wins by half a length, while Harlequin is beaten by two lengths for second place.

The confusion of weighing in is got through, and there is little time to notice the faces of triumph or disappointment of men or women in the Stand.

Poor Gladys! she has to admit to Sir John Sloper that she has lost ever so many pairs of gloves on The Monk, when he comes to offer her his arm for lunch—a great entertainment of the Club. Gatehead and Tarleton, the local backbones of the Club, are doing the honours, and loud is the discussion over the merits of the race.

'That beggar Sherry has won it before' (he was always called Sherry amongst his friends), says Tarleton. 'I confess I should have liked to have seen Mountjoy pull it off.'

'So he would,' said Sloper, 'if he had listened to me, and put up a practised jockey; how could he expect to ride against such a man as Jackson?'

At this moment in walked Mountjoy with Jackson, and of course drew an eager host of admirers and questioners. John for the first time saw Gladys, and spoke to her, but his manner seemed confused and nervous, and he did not appear to take in her words of sympathy.

'Oh, Mr. Mountjoy! I am so sorry that I cannot congratulate you on winning the Cup: I have lost all the gloves I was looking forward to wearing this season.'

'Thank you, Miss Lewes. If I had only giving up hunting The Monk a little sooner, and given him another three weeks' regular training, I fancy he would just have got home in front of Rachel.'

'I don't believe it, Mountjoy,' chimed in little Sloper; 'The Monk wants breed and pace.'

Mountjoy looked daggers at Sloper, but said nothing.

At this moment in came Peter Lewes, not generally given to joking, but he began: 'Well, Jack, old boy, I am surprised that Rachel should have beaten you. If it had been Rebecca, nothing would have astonished me.'

John Mountjoy coloured up, rather unnecessarily Gladys thought, when he replied,

'You Welshmen, Peter, think of nothing but Rebecca; she must be a dangerous character, and too much for all the lot of you.'

'Anxious' Jackson turned the conversation by saying, 'If I am worthy to offer an opinion, I should say you have a very useful horse in The Monk, Mountjoy, and I will give you 500*l.* for him, for a friend of mine, who wants just such a horse for the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase next spring.'

'He is yours, Jackson.'

'I shall give it up, Miss Lewes. It does not do to try to combine hunting and racing, and I don't care to go in for steeple-chasing as a sport.' And with this he got up and left the room, and Sir John Sloper offering his arm to Gladys, they walked out on the lawn.

She cogitated over the alteration in John Mountjoy, wondering whether he had anything to do with the disappearance of Myra Reece, the little sister of the Rebecca rioter, who had disappeared from their district, and rumour had in some extraordinary way (she could not tell exactly how) associated John Mountjoy's name with the girl's flight. This much she knew, at all events, from the girl herself, Mountjoy had been at her cottage while on a fishing excursion in those parts; what attraction he could see in such a wild untutored maiden, Gladys could not conceive.

She never liked to ask her brother about it, partly because she had kept back from him her interview with Myra.

How oblivious she was to the gay scene about her; oblivious to the admiration she was attracting wherever she went, for she had been scarcely noticed up on the Stand, and was a stranger in Wrekinshire.

'I say, Tarleton, who is that lovely fair-haired girl Sloper has got hold of there? I do call that a nice figure, if you like. How sad she looks. If Sloper is going to propose to her, I'll bet she does not have him,' whispered Holdfast.

'That's a Welsh girl, Holdfast,' replied Tarleton; 'if you can show many as nice over the Border you are lucky. She has been given to Mountjoy, according to Lady Poppleway, but I don't see that he takes much notice of her.'

In the meantime Sloper thought he was making great play. He told her every horse, and descanted on their merits, saying at last: 'What a pity it is that that fellow Mountjoy has become such a woman-hater. We can't make him out now; he has done nothing but telegraph to-day, and I'll be bound he's off to London to-night.' How Gladys longed to know what these telegrams had been about. Poor thing! She dotted down afterwards in her diary: 'Dhustone Club meeting. A very nice and gay affair, but I did not enjoy it at all.'

While rumour said that she had refused Sir John Sloper before she returned to her mountain home at Dryscoyd.

For once in his life Sloper was right—Mountjoy had gone to London. The next day a hansom cab might have been seen spinning up Park Lane, and down the Edgware Road, past Kilburn, to Hendon, and pulling up at a neat little detached house, fronted by a small garden and entered through an iron gate. There was a pretty bay window on the first floor, and on the corner of the wall were painted the words 'Mill Villa.' Just before the cab pulled up at the door a figure was seen at the bay window, which instantly disappeared only to reappear opening the front door as the



occupant of the hansom reached it. The little face was upturned toward the stooping head of the arriving guest, and had not the door closed so quickly perhaps the cabman would have been witness to the warm greeting that took place in the hall.

'Well, Myra dear, here I am you see, punctual to my time. Did you get my telegrams?'

'Oh yes, John dear. Come in; Miss Wilcox will be so glad to see you.'

John did as he was bidden, and was soon comfortably ensconced in the best armchair of the little upstairs drawing-room, and was taking a good look at Myra; so we will do the same.

It certainly was the identical little creature that formerly dwelt at Cwmnant, a trifle thinner perhaps, but those pretty dimples had not gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were as bright as ever, and her complexion had certainly grown more delicate; her teeth were still as white as pearls, but how altered she looked in a close-fitting white cambric dress, fashionably made, a pretty little turquoise ring on her finger, and her hair carefully arranged and plaited, setting off her well-shaped head. With John Mountjoy she evidently passed the critical test satisfactorily. How could it be otherwise when she was beaming with joy, and that bright little countenance was lit up with excitement at his coming?

'We were so disappointed when your telegram told us that Rachel had won the Cup, and that The Monk was only second. My riding-master, Mr. Philips, told me when I showed him the list of horses entered that you had most to fear from Harlequin.'

'I am afraid, Myra, he knows little about it; but come, tell me how you have been getting on? How do the music and dancing lessons progress? And are you equal to a canter in the Row, do you think?'

'What Row, John?'

'Why, Rotten Row, Myra, in Hyde Park. How stupid of Miss Wilcox not to have taken you there to see the people riding. It is where all the ladies in London go to ride and' (show themselves off, he was going to say, but he stopped short, as he thought Myra would not like it any the better for that, and added) 'talk.'

'Do you know, John, I feel so dreadfully shy when Miss Wilcox takes me to London—the people do stare so.'

At that moment a middle-aged little woman, of a rather pleasant prim appearance, walked into the room. Mr. Mountjoy rose to greet her with a bow, which she returned. A very old friend in the family was Miss Wilcox, an excellent person. She had been a governess to some of the Mountjoy girls, and had known John from his boyhood. It had been no easy matter for him to persuade her to undertake the care and instruction of Myra Reece. She had serious doubts at first about the propriety of encouraging him in this curious determination to make a lady of a poor little Welsh girl, but John had eventually succeeded in winning her over to his aid by his arguments and entreaties, assuring her how much his

future happiness depended on Myra's being brought up as his own sisters had been, and under one in whom he would have the greatest confidence and she would soon learn to look up to and love almost as a mother. He painted such a pathetic picture of the lonely girl in her mountain home, almost starved, deserted, and miserable, looking to him for protection, which he had promised her, perhaps rashly, a few months before, that Miss Wilcox had, unwillingly at first, agreed to take charge of her, at all events on trial, for a short time.

'I have promised Myra, Miss Wilcox, that she shall have a ride in the Row to-morrow; perhaps you will kindly so arrange it with Mr. Philips, and I will come to see how she gets on.'

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## KANGAROO HUNT AT GOURNAMA.

N——D, NEW SOUTH WALES.  
*July 6th, 1878.*

I WILL attempt to give you an account of a kangaroo hunt at Gournama, near here, which took place on May 22nd and the four following days, but am afraid that my descriptive powers are not equal to the occasion.

I had almost made up my mind not to go, and was soliloquising on the gravel-walk here in front of the house (the A.'s being all in Sydney) dreaming of home and building castles in the air, when I was aroused from my lethargy by hearing a stentorian voice exclaim, 'Anybody at home?' I immediately recognised my old friend B——, who had just returned from a trip to Old England (whose grandfather owns the G. R. Valley and three other stations, together with 130,000 sheep, 20,000 cattle, and 50,000 acres of freehold land), and his friend Mr. S——, who is manager of the G. R. Valley station.

After a hearty shake of the hand, 'We are off to Gournama to-morrow,' says he, 'so you had better get your blankets rolled up, tent packed, and don't forget a "pint pot."' 'Oh, I'm not going,' I said. 'Oh, ain't you,' said he, 'we will soon see about that' (he being a great fellow for humbugging), and it ended in a wrestling match in which I came off second best, he being a great big fellow and late captain of the boats at Eton.

After a deal of persuasion I agreed to go with them; so, after tea and a yarn, we camped for the night and dreamt of, or imagined ourselves slaying kangaroos.

Next morning we started about ten o'clock, B—— and S—— going by Inverell Station to Bannockburn for the night, whilst I went by the town to get my horse shod, and promised to join them that night at Bannockburn. On the road we passed through Inverell Station, the property of C. Brothers, which consists of

35,000 acres freehold, and about the same of Crown lands, and carries 30,000 sheep; 'tis splendid grazing and agricultural land, consisting of black soil and chocolate ridges and downs; it joins Byron and Bannockburn Stations, through which we also passed, the property of the late Doctor F—— and Mr. A—— of N——, and which we considered two of the finest fattening properties in New South Wales, comprising 35,000 acres freehold, and about 10,000 acres of Crown lands, and carrying 30,000 sheep; the latter are for sale by auction in September next, owing to the death of Dr. F——, a fine old gentleman, in whom I have lost a dear friend.

I did not leave Inverell for Bannockburn (fourteen miles) until late, and got a smash in going through the lanes by my horse putting his foot into a hole and coming down, but without doing me any injury. I had another horse to lead, and found it rather difficult work in the dark, but managed to reach Bannockburn about 8.30 P.M., where I found the other two, who thought I had given them the slip—'colonial slang.'

Next morning we started for Gournama (thirty miles), called at Reedy Creek for lunch, which station belongs to J. J. R. G., who also owns two large stations in New Zealand, and has property in the main street in Melbourne bringing in a rental of over 5000*l.* per annum. The house at Reedy Creek cost (I hear) 6000*l.*; there is a billiard-room and everything complete, except water, of which there is a scarcity; the outbuildings are perfection, and must have cost a lot of money. He has a stud herd of pure Hereford cattle, and possesses in Lady O. (imported from England) the finest cow in Australia; she is, in fact, a grand wonder, and, if fat, would go fully 1800 lbs.; her measurement is very great, in fact, he has often offered to show her against any Hereford cow in Australia for 1000*l.*, and well he might, for such a beast I never saw. He has several other grand cows, also bulls, and two splendid heifers out of Lady O. He says he has 4000 cattle on Reedy Creek. Well, we stayed here for lunch, our host being hospitality itself, and then went on to Gournama (passing Grazin), and reached our destination about 8 P.M. Sunday evening.

B—— lost his coat on the road, and had a fourteen mile ride back for it, much to our merriment and to his disgust.

On arrival we found ourselves to be the pioneers of the Nimrods expected for the hunting, to commence the following Tuesday, and were glad to find it so as it gave us time to look about us, get our blankets chosen, pack-saddles and saddle-straps, the latter always being considered public property.

Next morning we helped our hostess to get things ready, ornament the wool-shed for the ball on the Friday eve, and made ourselves generally useful.

About 3 P.M. the visitors began to arrive in earnest; swells on horseback followed by their several contingents; swells in buggies

bringing their fair ones; a 'Big-River' squatter with a dashing four-in-hand; *he* and *she* selections in great variety; bushmen of every conceivable type, jackaroos, loafers and their grandmothers; and by the time the bell rang for supper there was an array of tents and tarpaulings on the picturesque little eminence on which stands the homestead, reminding one of scenes I have witnessed at the diggings.

After supper, of course, they must have a dance—'only a little 'one'—where such a lot of pretty girls were gathered together it was impossible for the evening to pass without dancing. A scowl came over the features of our gallant and hospitable host as he saw his wife's piano seized by burley bushmen and carried off to the wool-shed.

'Not later than eleven o'clock, boys, mind,' says he, 'or I shall 'never have you up by four in the morning,' was all he said though, and those two or three hours appeared to pass joyfully. I for one did not dance, but had to sing a song or two to my own accompaniment on the piano, which I got through after several breakdowns.

B——, S——, M—— and myself slept in the office, a room about seven feet square, and it was far from comfortable, I can assure you, as B—— would have more than his share, and kept laughing (he has a voice like an elephant) and humbugging till all hours, so I determined that next night I would shift for myself.

We were awakened long before daylight by the cracking of stock-whips, which sounded like rifle-shots, and thought for a moment the Russians had arrived.

'What the d——! is that? Thunder, surely,' mutters one of us (I think it was B——), as from without a distant rumbling, rapidly coming nearer and increasing in volume and power, breaks upon the cold morning air (and by Jove it was just cold). 'Thunder be 'd——d,' cries a stockman who had just rushed up to awaken us; 'it's only the horses coming to the yard!' And sure enough it is; on they come galloping towards the yard, colours of every description, the earth trembling as if from an earthquake, and the whole camp turning out more or less adamite to look at the mob, and wonder how each man was to pick out his own.

However, 'saddle up!' passed up from mouth to mouth, whilst the distant hills and vales took up the echo until it passed away into space. By the time breakfast is ready most have got their horses, and twenty minutes' time sees a gallant company streaming across the paddock all eager for the fray.

'Tis a glorious morning, though *very, very* cold; Sol just tips the horizon, and red cheeks and blue noses are conspicuous amongst the assembled field; we miss the red coats so discernible in an English hunting field, but the man in the hat is there, 'in this style 10s. 6d.,' also the March hare, who appears to like himself immensely, and even 'King Drought,' in all his dreariness, seems powerless to check the spirits of anybody.

As we file through the gate, our host takes the tally and bids us

'bide a wee' for stragglers, and when all are through, one hundred and fifteen are the number counted for the first day to do battle against the varmint. At a glance one sees that the nags are in good tackle, our fair hostess (just as attractive in the saddle as in the drawing-room or in the lists of love) is mounted on a splendid Arab charger, and looks the picture of life and happiness. Others of the fair sex are equally well mounted, and an old chesnut hunter struts proudly up and down, evidently conscious of the weight and length of golden hair he carries.

'All sorts and every sort was there,  
The dark brown steed on the left was there,  
On the right was the dappled grey,  
And between the pair on a chesnut mare  
The Duffer who writes this lay.'

And now the word 'Forward!' is passed, and cantering along I come up with one of the station hands, from whom I learn the *modus operandi*. The first drive is to be conducted on the slow-and-steady principle: we are to be stationed about fifty yards apart (ladies retaining an escort, though, unfortunately, I was not one of the lucky ones), and are supposed to march straight ahead in line, driving the enemy in front of us to the wings of the yard, each of which (the wings) are half a mile long and six and a-half feet high, the yard itself being seven and a-half feet high, and capable of holding 100,000 kangaroos.

Presently, 'Here we are!' says my stout friend, and up gallops Captain M——.

'You stop here, H——; you there, B——,' and so on.

We are soon in our places and lie on the grass waiting for the signal to advance and wondering what the result will be. We have some time to wait, as the line extends over three miles, and skirmishers are being posted at their respective stations and distances.

At last the signal is given. Far away across the valley from yon ridge beyond, reaches us the first faint 'Coll!' echoed and passed along from one to another by a hundred voices.

Silently and stealthily we stalk along through the forest shades, and as I glance down the line of horsemen and grasp the 'Waddy' I am told I must carry, I fancy myself a Bashi-Bazouk, or a Cossack of the Don, or some other similar scoundrel about to attack an enemy's village.

'Keep the line, gents—keep the line!' cries our gallant captain as he dashes past towards the left wing; the enemy beginning to appear in all directions. On they come—this way, that way, and the other way, bounding, jumping and scared; some break the line, others wheel about and go off in the direction of the yard right into the arms of death. 'Beware nor approach the treacherous gloom, 'for yonder phantom only flies to lure thee to thy doom!' Men get excited, ladies also. 'Whoa! whoop! steady there—stop 'them!' is heard on every side.

We climb a densely-timbered strong hill, which appears to be quite a stronghold of the enemy, as they sit in scores by every bush and tree. There are red, slate, and grey coloured kangaroos in countless myriads, while here and there is an old black man Wallaroo from six to seven feet high, standing grimly and defiantly facing us, as if to ask what we want. A cracking of whips loud and constant as the Turkish rifles at Plevna, a yell of voices and rush of horses tell him what's the matter, and off he goes bounding down the strong hill-side. Ahead, and as far as the eye can see on either side, over stony hills and across Myall Flats, gaining in numbers as they go, sweep the vast marsupial legions. It's a wonderful sight and worth going a long way to see.

And now, as we approach the yard, the scene becomes almost indescribable. Hundreds of little 'Joeys' have long since been flung from their mothers' pouches; those mothers rush frantically in front of us, cannoning against and crippling each other in all directions, whilst numbers stand up licking their paws and dancing a war dance. But scores of old warriors, when they see the trap, turn and come charging back amongst the horsemen.

'Close up on the left—forward on the right!' and on we sweep into position to try and check the rush that is being made to escape. The shouting is now a continued din; hundreds break through; hundreds are killed in the lane, and several charge man and horse, man and kangaroo generally coming to grief.

We are now in the lane to the yard all riding close together, kangaroos ahead, some going into the yard, some running the gauntlet of the whole line; so we charge down the lane, driving everything before us to the yard, trampling down kangaroos and bustling against each other until, on reaching the yard, we hang up our horses and, armed with Waddies, prepare for the death-struggle and hand-to-hand combats.

And now comes the closing scene of the drama. No sooner are the gates closed, than scores of men, both old and young, leap in amongst the captive prey, grasping their Waddies, clubs or poles, or anything they can lay their hands on.

Just as I get into the yard and am singling out a warrior to engage, my attention is riveted by the spectacle of a combat between a huge old red forester and his would-be slayer, an individual of apparently Irish extraction and of small stature. Dodging the weapon of his foe, the 'old man' seizes him round the neck with his paws and swinging him to and fro like an infant, scornfully dashes him backwards and bounds off to meet his fate elsewhere, leaving our hero with a considerable rent in his coat and trousers. Turning round, I found myself kissing mother earth, having been sent sprawling by another 'old man' in his attempt to escape.

On gathering myself together I find myself with a severely sprained ankle, so pause and reflect a bit; the result of which reflection is, I throw away my club and returning to the old chesnut mare, resume my seat on her back with much dignity, deciding that

this part of the performance is cruel and barbarous and fit only for butchers. But it is wonderful to see how some men like it. See the swell new chum, how he lays about him; and the sober-visaged squatter from the Big River, how transformed he seems from his usual state of imperturbability, as, with coat divested, bared arms and sweating brow, he stands amongst the dead and dying, flooring the enemy to his flocks and herds. 'High on a heap of slain; from 'spur to plume, red as the rising sun with marsupial gore.'

But not unto you, O squatter, or swell, is it given to administer the *coup de grace* to some of the old warrior long-tails, for more than one runs the gauntlet of all the clubs, and, with one brilliant spring, clears the yard without a touch—a desperate bound, seven feet six inches in height. Bravo, old man! Who doesn't wish thee (after witnessing such a gallant leap for thy life) a long and merry one amongst thy native hills? I do, for one. I am no squatter, and have no grass to lose.

And now for lunch. So we all defile to the tents, which are pitched at the rear of the yard, and do justice to the liberal fare which awaits us there. After resting an hour, we start off for fresh pastures for another run, something similar to the one described. The first day we killed about 1000 head; at night there was dancing in the wool-shed, after which fireworks and supper.

The behaviour on the whole was good, though of course amongst such a number collected there were sure to be two or three whose motto was 'We've drunk down the sun, boys, let's drink down the 'moon.' The hunting lasted five days, and the grand total bagged, 5700 kangaroos, which, with 8500 last January, and 4000 last May, makes the total of 18,200 for the twelve months; and yet the cry is 'still they come!' The numbers yarded this time were but a drop in the ocean to what we saw; and as a kangaroo eats more than a sheep, and always picks out the best grass, you can imagine what damage they must do.

On the second night of the hunt I had a nasty fall down the wool-press, in attempting to escape from my pursuers, who again wanted me to sing to my own accompaniment for their amusement. The injury was worse than I thought at the time, and for a week I had to be carried about; and though it is now six weeks since it happened, I am still far from well.

The party broke up on the Saturday evening, after drinking the healths of our gallant host and his charming little wife—who, by-the-by, I yesterday heard died, after a short illness, from cold caught at the hunt, ending in inflammation of the lungs. I am quite shocked to think of it. She was so full of life and happiness just a few weeks ago, and now grim Death has seized his prey. It is a very true saying, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' and who can tell what 'a day 'may bring forth?'

The drought still continues, and we are having a very cold winter with harder frosts than have been experienced for many years. Grass is very scarce, and prospects are not at all bright, in fact, some

will not be able to weather the winter through ; and I expect there will be another bad lambing season and great loss of stock.

The Australian cricketers appear to be holding their own pretty well in Old England, but out here everybody plays cricket, ladies included, and the season is such that we can play almost the whole year round.

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## CRICKET.

It is much to be regretted that August, which has hitherto borne the highest character, should have thought fit to damage its reputation this year. By common consent it has been, and justly, regarded as the month of the season for enjoyment, but this time its behaviour has been churlish in the extreme, and county cricket has been a material sufferer by its irregularities. That its frowns have been impartially distributed is shown by the same mournful record of uncompleted matches all over the country, and, in fact, it is long since the summer campaign was closed under such disagreeable surroundings. The commencement of the month was in some measure a forecast of what was in store for cricketers, as the very first day, though on the whole propitious, was at times blustering, and anything but in keeping with our usual experiences of August. The Canterbury week suffered very perceptibly from the effects of a bad opening, and the gathering which was once productive of some of the best cricket to be witnessed during the whole season dragged its slow length along until it came to a premature end, perishing from sheer inanition. That those on whose shoulders devolved the management of this historic meeting had to act under great disadvantages will generally be conceded, but it was evident that a great effort was required to compensate for the loss occasioned by the retirement of Lord Harris, to whose untiring zeal for some years past is chiefly due the apparent absence of any sign of the decline which many have fancied had already begun to show itself in connection with the Canterbury week. The idea of the authorities in giving to the first fixture something of a local colouring is laudable enough, and were Kent able to count on a team capable of making a good fight with a representative eleven of England there would be little impropriety in the existing arrangements. It is difficult to write in depreciation of the praiseworthy ambition of the Kentish management to measure the strength of the county with England, and no one would criticise severely the action of the Canterbury executive were there any system or judgment in their decisions. Some years ago the first match of the week used to be one of the great events of the cricket season, but now it has lost much of the public interest that erstwhile attached to it, and honestly it would be no easy matter to convince the general body of cricketers that those in whom are vested the arrangements on the St. Lawrence Ground are not themselves mainly to blame for it. Some few innocent persons may be, and are, no doubt, im-



posed on by the grandiose titles given to the matches, but as a rule cricket-goers are fairly good judges of the players as well as the play, and the policy of those in office in introducing into the elevens men who have no other claim than that of a reputation long outlived is at the best a questionable one. The great increase in the amount of good matches of late years makes it the more imperative that the game should be played thoroughly and in the genuine spirit of cricket, and the sooner the trustees of the Canterbury meeting recognise the fact the better will be their chances of offering an effectual resistance to the decline which seems to be setting in. It may be that local affairs had momentarily a pernicious effect on the cricket, and that the present disenfranchisement of the city had temporarily cast a cloud over all the amusements; but it would be better for the management to recognise the fact that the character of the meeting has suffered materially by the lack of interest in some of the more recent fixtures, and that nothing but an energetic effort will restore the prestige it has lost this year. Kent was singularly out of luck in the collection of its players from the very first, and it is open to question whether, when it was found that several of the most prominent representatives of the county would be unable to take part in the opening matches, it would not have been politic to substitute a more attractive fixture. As it was, with Lord Harris and Mr. Cunliffe out of the country, Mr. Frank Penn indisposed, and Mr. R. S. Jones engaged in one of those insipid matches which it is now the fashion for some amateurs to affect, to the detriment of first-class cricket, Kent was a mere shadow of its former self. On the other hand, the England eleven contained more than one player without any pretensions to a place in such a team; but in their case the field for selection was so much wider, and, further, the bowling at their disposal was of so much higher calibre than that of their opponents, that the shortcomings in other departments were not so marked. It was another misfortune for the county that perhaps their most reliable batsman, Mr. W. H. Patterson, who earned undying fame by his great performance in the Inter-University Match, should have been incapacitated soon after the commencement of the game; but perhaps it was really a greater matter of surprise when the defective condition of the wicket is considered, that more of those who were engaged had not to follow his lead in retiring hurt. Whether it was from an injudicious excess of rolling, or whether a long succession of dry weather had interfered with the preparation of the ground matters not, the fact remains that throughout it wore very badly, and it was perhaps quite as much to the disinclination of some of the players to continue to face bowling that was at times positively dangerous under the existing circumstances, that the meeting came to an abrupt termination. In the first match the Thirteen of Kent were altogether unable to make a fight with the England Eleven, which was anything but the best that could be found, and Morley's bowling was just suited to the ground, so much so that his eleven wickets were got for an average of exactly 8 runs. But for the accuracy of George Hearne,

who was the only bowler able to boast anything like a creditable analysis on the Kentish side, the aggregate of England would have been larger than it was (224), but it was quite sufficient to give the mixed eleven an easy victory with ten wickets to spare, and George Hearne (19 and 28) was the only one of the Kentish thirteen equal to the task of getting double figures on each occasion. The twelve who opposed Kent in the second match were by courtesy entitled the Gentlemen of England, but as only four of them were found against the Players either at Lord's or the Oval this year, some other designation might very properly have been given to the team which contained at least five players without a claim of any kind to first-class honours. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been quite a sufficiency of batting on the Gentlemen's side with the two brothers Lyttelton, Messrs. Hornby, A. J. Webbe, I. D. Walker, A. G. Steel, and Vernon, to render a good account of itself against the by no means formidable bowling of Kent; but on this occasion the wicket was even worse than in the previous match, and Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who is now not very much to be feared when the ground is true, bumped in a manner calculated to unnerve the most resolute batsman. Were evidence wanting of the difficult nature of the ground, it could readily be furnished by the small scores made on the England side, and no one, we should fancy, would be bold enough to assert that under the best circumstances the bowling of Mr. Foord-Kelcey, George Hearne, and Wootton would be sufficiently effective to dismiss a twelve, comprising seven batsmen like those previously named, for such totals as 92 and 130. In the first innings Mr. Foord-Kelcey and George Hearne were unchanged, and it is a long time since the former could claim such a favourable analysis, his eleven wickets just exceeding an average of 10 runs by a fraction. Considering that Kent, in addition to Mr. Frank Penn, in the second match also lost Messrs. W. H. Patterson and A. Penn, its victory by nine wickets was a creditable one; and perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the game was the appearance of Mr. Mackinnon in the new *rôle* of a fast run-getter, as he was 39 not out when the winning hit was made, with two wickets down for 80.

That several of the more prominent players should have grown a little tired of Canterbury cricket as it was this year was hardly to be wondered at, considering the absence of any great interest in the fixtures, as well as the unfavourable condition of the wickets, but it was hardly the correct thing to leave the authorities in the lurch as some of them did, and no doubt the experience of this last gathering will lead to the arrangement of a match or matches which will prevent the week coming to such an unexpected collapse. The third engagement was apparently such a hastily arranged affair that criticism would be hardly justifiable, but it is worthy of note that the organisers themselves were a little doubtful as to the title to give to the scratch team collected to oppose I Zingari. It could hardly have been described as Gentlemen of Kent, as neither Messrs

Robertson nor Vernon have, as far as we know, any association with the county, and to publish a team containing the names of Messrs. Webber-Smith, Knight, Blaxland, and Malden, whoever they may be, as the Gentlemen of England, was absurd. That the Canterbury week of 1881 was a failure will be admitted even by those most interested in its success, and the committee, in whose hands is placed the management of Kentish cricket, will have to act resolutely to prevent its decadence. To restore the meeting to the position it once occupied, it will be necessary to secure, not only interesting matches, but also the best men, without any partiality or favour, in fact to select the players on their individual merits as cricketers rather than, as is apparently the case in some instances, because they are in some way identified with a fashionable club, or on account of some local connection.

Surrey, with its newly constituted eleven, opened the month well with a victory over Sussex at the Oval. Mr. A. P. Lucas was an absentee from the Surrey team, but Sussex admittedly was represented by its best eleven, and on paper it was certainly the strongest that had done battle for the County during the year. How they were got out on an excellent wicket for such an aggregate as 95 they would perhaps themselves find it difficult to explain, but Surrey had the best of the game at every point, and at the finish they had a majority of eight wickets. Mr. Bettesworth played an excellent second innings of 53, not out, for Sussex, but with this exception the batting of the eleven was singularly tame. No one but Mr. Bettesworth played the bowling of Barratt with any confidence, and it is not often that that slow bowler is able to boast an average of less than 8 runs for his wickets. On this occasion he took fourteen wickets at a cost of 103 runs, but for this, at least in the second innings, he was very much indebted to the effective wicket keeping of Mr. Carmichael, who was instrumental in the downfall of six of the ten wickets, stumping three and catching two, besides having one run out. On the same days Derbyshire was making something of a fight with Yorkshire at Derby, though towards the finish the usual collapse of the Derbyshire team occurred, and spoiled what at one time seemed likely to be a fairly contested game. Derbyshire began creditably enough with a score of 174, more particularly as Peate was in his very best form with the ball, but their batting was very uneven, and as many as 109 out of 170 got from the bat were contributed by two of the team, Mr. R. P. Smith (41), and Mr. L. C. Docker (68), the latter of whom, by his subsequent performances, proved that his display on this occasion was nothing like a fluke. At the end of an innings the Yorkshiremen were only 12 runs ahead, a result for which they were chiefly indebted to a determined stand by Emmett (76), and Hall (40), but in their second venture Derbyshire made a very poor exhibition against the slow bowling of Peate and Bates, particularly of the latter, and they were all dismissed for 80. Fortunately for them William Mycroft, who is rarely unsuccessful with the ball at Derby, was well on the spot, to the tune of nine

wickets for 87 runs, as there was no one else capable of doing much with the Yorkshire batsmen, and but for him the victory achieved by Yorkshire, which by the way, owing to an injury, lost the valuable services of Ulyett, would have been much more pronounced than seven wickets. It was very unfortunate for Yorkshire that they should have had to oppose Lancashire at Manchester at the end of the previous week, with two of their very best men, Ulyett and Hill, both incapacitated. That their presence would have altered the result of the game can hardly be urged in the face of the defeat suffered on the occasion of the first meeting of the counties at Sheffield, but it is quite certain that their absence was a very great blow to the chances of their county. The Yorkshire batsmen have never been able to do very much with the bowling of Mr. A. G. Steel, and it was mainly to the fine all-round cricket shown by the Cantab that the Yorkshire eleven had to ascribe their second defeat. At one time it seemed almost a certainty that Lancashire were going to win in an innings, but a very useful stand at the close of Yorkshire's second innings by Emmett (75), and Peate (not out 28), the latter of whom came out rather unexpectedly as a successful bat, at least saved the County from the discredit of a single innings defeat. The first three batsmen on the Lancashire side, to wit, Mr. Hornby (69), Mr. A. G. Steel (57), and Mr. Barlow (26), were accountable for 152 out of 207 from the bat, and it was in every way Mr. Steel's match, considering that his bowling was credited with thirteen of the twenty Yorkshire wickets. Messrs. Hornby and Steel, both of whom are at their ease with slow bowling, punished Bates and Peate in a way to which they are not usually accustomed, and the Yorkshiremen would have fared as badly with the ball as they had with the bat but for the timely intervention of Emmett, whose six wickets were obtained at an average of just over 10 runs.

The second submission of the professionals who had combined against the committee of the Nottinghamshire Club was fortunately made in time for one of the seven (Flowers) to play against Gloucestershire at Clifton, at the close of the Canterbury week. The small score made by the Gloucestershire eleven against Lancashire at Manchester was something of a surprise to those who remember the long scores usually associated with the name of the western shire, but no one could have foreseen the easy overthrow that was in store for its representatives, and it was certainly odd that the first defeat ever suffered on the Clifton College ground by Gloucestershire at the hands of a county team, should have come from the despised eleven, which at one time, it was freely stated, Mr. W. G. Grace hardly considered good enough for his men to meet. Considering that Shaw, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Scotton, Morley and Selby, were still absent from the Nottinghamshire team, it was a fair performance for them to reach a total of 163, and even then it would no doubt have been generally voted that they had not got enough to give them much of a chance against such a strong batting side as that of

Gloucestershire. That the home county, too, had quite its full strength makes the performance of its opponents the more remarkable, and even now it is a little difficult to comprehend how Mr. Grace's team could have been dismissed twice in a match for an aggregate of only 179 runs. It was strange that Flowers should signalise his appearance in the Nottingham eleven by a long way the best piece of bowling that has ever been recorded to him, but his feat in getting rid of Gloucestershire for a total of 63 remains as one of the most noteworthy events in a season by no means lacking in curiosities, and his analysis of 86 balls for 23 runs and eight wickets was extraordinary. The dismissal of the Gloucestershire eleven for 63 might, in the absence of confirmatory evidence, have been regarded as one of the eccentricities so common to cricket, but in their second venture Gloucestershire were only slightly more successful, and their collapse a second time for a total of less than 120, showed that their form was not so unreliable as it had at first seemed to be on paper.

The match for James Lillywhite's benefit at Brighton will be well remembered, particularly among Sussex cricketers, when most of the chief incidents of the season fast drawing to a close have long been forgotten. The claims of James Lillywhite to a benefit will hardly be questioned, even by the few who for reasons known only to themselves object to this system of recognising good service in professional players, and it would be very difficult to call to mind any cricketer who could make the same boast that he had played for his county for twenty years without missing one match. The selection of a third fixture between Gentlemen and Players was so far a wise one in that it gave a fair excuse for an increase in the usual price for admission, but the teams were naturally by no means representative, and the eleven which did duty for the Gentlemen was only a poor one, about as weak in bowling as it could possibly have been. Peate, Pilling, Lockwood, and Midwinter in the places of Charlwood, A. Payne, Shrewsbury, and Morley would have greatly strengthened the Players; but, on the other hand, there were several of the Gentlemen who might well have been replaced, and with Messrs. W. G. Grace, Frank Penn, A. P. Lucas, W. W. Read, C. F. Leslie, and A. H. Evans away the side was anything but a formidable one. The non-appearance of Mr. A. G. Steel at the commencement of the game led to dismal forebodings in Mr. Hornby's mind that he would be left without one bowler who could fairly be at the present time called first-class. There was certainly good ground for apprehension with Messrs. Appleby and Bettsworth as the chief bowlers in the eleven, and nothing besides Messrs. M. P. Lucas and H. Whitfeld, third or fourth changes of Sussex, to follow; but fortunately Mr. Appleby has always had a happy knack of coming off against the Players, and several of the best wickets were down by luncheon time, when Mr. Steel appeared on the scene. As it was, when he did go on, Mr. Steel was by no means so successful as usual, for his two wickets cost

54 runs, and it was mainly owing to Mr. Appleby, who got six wickets, that the Players were dismissed for 204, a smaller total than might reasonably have been expected of them against such bowling. Of this aggregate, Barlow (54, not out) and Bates (50) contributed more than one-half by cricket as dissimilar as can be imagined, and good batsman as the former is, it was rather a relief to the spectators when the innings was over, and he was able to take his bat out after a stay of quite three hours and a half at the wickets. At one time it seemed as if Bates and Morley were going to get rid of their opponents very cheaply, but Mr. Hornby, who had placed himself seventh on the list in case of accidents, hit away as freely as is his wont to the tune of 69, and when the last man, Mr. Appleby, fell to a very fine catch by Emmett, it was found that the Gentlemen had scored precisely the same number as the Players (204). How the Professionals were dismissed, when they went in a second time, for such a small total as 112 will be always difficult of explanation, especially to those who were on the ground and saw how easily the ball played after the rain; but Mr. Steel never perhaps bowled better, and Selby, who showed very good cricket for his forty-six, was the only one of the eleven who met him with any confidence. It was voted a very easy thing for the Gentlemen when they were left with only 113 to win, and they certainly began in a manner suggestive of anything but good fortune to the Players. Messrs. Pearson and Steel, the first batsmen, were not separated until 55 of the number had been secured; but just when the game seemed to be fairly in the hands of the Gentlemen, Alfred Shaw put himself on to bowl, and it was entirely his unerring delivery that enabled the Players to win the most remarkable match of the season. At one time he got five wickets at a cost of only 9 runs, and better cricket than was shown by the Professionals all round has not been seen for a long time. Mr. Hornby again kept himself in reserve, but he hardly played his own game when he did come in, and by that time the Players were all thoroughly on their mettle. Five runs were wanting to win when Mr. Appleby, again the last on the list, went in, and there was a scene of great excitement when after a flukey hit for three he returned a ball very hard to Shaw, and a grandly-contested match throughout had been decided in favour of the Players by only one run. Morley, Barnes, and Barlow were all unsuccessful with the ball, and the victory was solely due to the exceptionally fine bowling of Alfred Shaw, who was credited with 105 balls for 19 runs and six wickets.

Surrey, encouraged by its three successive victories over Notts, Kent, and Sussex, had next to oppose Yorkshire and Lancashire, and here the eleven found their brief run of triumphs rudely checked. They did fairly well to reach a total of 224 against the bowling of Bates, Peate, and Emmett, though of the 208 from the bat as many as 114 were contributed by two batsmen, Morris Read (62) and Mr. Roller, whose 50 was as good a display of free hitting as one could wish to see. At luncheon-time on the third day the

Yorkshire innings was still uncompleted, but the ground drying from the heavy rain of the second day altogether ruined the chances of the home eleven; and Emmett did a remarkable performance, taking eight wickets at a cost of only 22 runs, and enabling Yorkshire to pull through with nine wickets to spare twenty minutes before time. The match with Lancashire in the following week was even more extraordinary, and on a hard and true wicket no one would have believed that the two elevens would have each completed an innings by twenty minutes past three o'clock on the first day. Mr. Parfitt, a new fast bowler, enabled Surrey to get their opponents out for 78, the smallest total they have made in a county match this year; but Lancashire even outdid this, and Crossland, another bowler of great pace, whose delivery very often is painfully suggestive of a throw, got rid of the Surrey batsmen one after the other, till at last he was credited with seven wickets for 14 runs, the total only reaching 36. A long stand by Barlow (96) and Robinson (50) in the second innings made the victory of Lancashire thoroughly assured, and in the end they had a majority of 216 runs, the state of the wicket at the close again destroying any small hopes that Surrey might have possessed. Gloucestershire did a wonderful performance at the close of the match with Somersetshire at Cheltenham, when they succeeded in securing 102 runs wanted to win in fifty minutes, but with this exception, and subsequently of the matches between Yorkshire and Middlesex at Bradford, Sussex and Derbyshire at Brighton, and Kent and Derbyshire at Brighton, not one of the other county fixtures set for decision but was utterly ruined by the weather. Sussex was able to obtain a much-needed victory over Derbyshire by nine wickets, mainly through the good batting of Mr. Ellis (103) and Charlwood (74); but the Derbyshire eleven at the present time is not formidable at any point of the game. Mr. L. C. Docker, a young batsman who has by steady practice, from a mere hitter developed into a thoroughly good batsman, played two sound innings of 52 and 80, and at the end of the same week enhanced his reputation further by even a bigger score of 107 at Maidstone, mainly contributing to the victory of five wickets gained by Derbyshire on that occasion. Yorkshire gained a very creditable victory over Middlesex at Huddersfield by 15 runs, when the game seemed to be all in favour of the Southerners; but the tour of the Middlesex eleven was not by any means an enjoyable one, and the three other matches at Clifton, Nottingham, and Manchester were all spoiled by the rain. At Clifton and Nottingham the games were drawn very evenly, but Lancashire had all the best of the draw at Manchester; and Gloucestershire, both at Cheltenham against Yorkshire, and against Lancashire at Clifton, had all the worst of the outlook when the play ceased. The weather robbed Surrey of a certain victory over Sussex at Brighton, as at the end of the third day Sussex were still wanting 71 to win with two wickets to fall, and with only Lillywhite, H. Phillips, and Payne left, the result could hardly be in doubt.

The annual Public School match between Rugby and Marlborough was notable for the many changes that took place, as sometimes one and then the other had the advantage. Kempson showed the best form with the bat on the Rugby side, whilst Turner and Steel seemed to be the most promising of the Marlborough eleven. During the progress of the match some doubly-cunning old Marlburian, fancying that the evening light might be bad, counselled the Marlborough captain to propose to leave off at half-past six, half an hour earlier than the time fixed by the regulations of the ground. The Rugby captain very judiciously assented to this proposal, and the permission of the Committee of the M.C.C. was obtained. When stumps were drawn two Marlborough batsmen were well in, having completely mastered the bowling, and in all probability would have made the match safe had they played up to the usual hour. As it was they went out quickly the following morning, and Rugby, thanks to the vigorous, if not very scientific hitting of Cave and Cohen, won by two wickets.

The little Westminster boys were no match for the fine fresh-looking Charterhouse lads, and were beaten decisively in one innings. For the victors, Wright made a fine innings of 72, and will very likely be heard of at Cambridge next season, as, in addition to his batting, he keeps wicket very creditably. Streatfield, and others on the same side, hit to the off in a style that might well be imitated by the players of some schools which rank high in the cricket scale.

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## YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Yacht Racing Association's scale, or rather its non-acceptance, seems to have had a depressing influence on the meeting of the Royal Squadron, as the sport at Cowes was certainly not equal to that of many previous years; and, although the presence of innumerable royalties, who nowadays are affecting matters aquatic considerably, rendered the reunion a fashionable one, few were unable to exclude from the innermost recesses of their heart a certain feeling that the gathering was a trifle tame in the matter of sport. The Prince of Wales has indeed taken to the pursuit of yachting with genuine enthusiasm, and sailed his own *Una* boat in a Corinthian Match of the Portsmouth Victoria Club, which has been making rapid strides since its establishment, a matter of comparatively recent date.

The Cowes programme commenced with the match for Her Majesty's Cup, but being confined as usual to members of the R.Y.S., the entries were scarcely worthy of the event. Schooners were in force; *Egeria*, a certain starter for this annual prize, *Aline*, the Prince of Wales's recent purchase, *Enchantress*, the big American, and *Waterwitch*, but the last did not start. Of other rigs the show was beggarly, the yawl *Etona* and *Dolphin* (outter) being the sole representatives; so with *Miranda*, *Latona*, *Florinda*, *Samona*, not to mention other formidable antagonists, out of the way, Mr. Mulholland had a good chance of the *Egeria* winning her sixth Queen's Cup. They were started in a dead calm, but matters improved a little towards midday, and *Egeria* showing the way to *Enchantress* and *Dolphin*, sailed home an easy



winner. Cutters and yawls were to form the attraction on the next day, but as of the two yawls entered, *Arethusa* and *Gudrun*, neither started, and the only cutters engaged were *May* and *Samœna*, no great excitement was anticipated. With a nice whole sail wind from S.W., *Samœna* showed a good sample of her best points, and the forty had no chance whatever. The next day was another benefit for *Samœna*, though in very different weather, as starting in a calm she finished half an hour before midnight in a fog. *Enchantress*, *Egeria*, and a fifty-ton yawl, the *Opal*, were her only opponents, and both the schooners gave up, though the yawl held on well into the night on the chance of something turning up. Altogether, considering the squadron's prestige, the value of the prizes, and the importance attaching to the assemblage of yachts and yachtsmen at Cowes, the events were decidedly disappointing.

Ryde was very full for the Royal Victoria Regatta, which being held under Y.R.A. regulations ought to have been patronised by the supporters of that institution. From one cause and another, however, matters commenced rather tamely, the first match for all rigs over 100 tons being contested solely by the two crack yawls *Latona* and *Florinda*, the entries of *Miranda* and *Samœna* coming too late. With a fine westerly breeze *Latona* led throughout, but breaking off the bowsprit end nearly lost her the race, as besides wasting some time she had to shift her jib for a smaller one. The match continued an exciting one to the end, when *Latona* was found to have won by about three-quarters of a minute. The next class did not fill, *Gudrun* being the only entry, and Mr. Leask declined to sail over for the prize, while 'under seventy' was but poorly represented by the *Raven*, *Dolphin*, and *Psyche*, which finished in this order. The first, though nowadays out of date as a racer, was a smart boat of her time, while the others have no pretensions of the kind. Matters improved vastly the next day when a big field were entered, though more than half declined to start, *Latona*, *Florinda*, *Miranda*, and the Duke of Rutland's big schooner *Shark*, being the only ones to hoist their racing colours. *Shark* soon fell astern, but the other schooner, *Miranda*, led for a distance and eventually lost by something under a minute, having an allowance of over twelve minutes from *Latona*, which thus won another very close match. This season's crack forties furnished the *pièce de résistance* for the third day's sport, *Annasona*, *May*, and *Sleuthhound* starting in a strong breeze. The last carried more sail than the others, but they were all together, *Annasona* doing perhaps best, when *Sleuthhound's* bobstay went, which settled her chance, and the others made a good match of it, until *Annasona's* bowsprit snapped off short, which left *May* to finish under a couple of reefs, and secure an inglorious victory.

For the conclusion of the Royal Victoria's programme, the match round the island for the Marquis of Exeter's prize, open to all rigs, schooners and yawls were well represented, the former having the giants *Boadicea* and *Enchantress*, and the latter *Latona*, *Florinda*, and *Druid*. *Samœna* was the solitary cutter engaged, and she was soon out of the race, *Boadicea* running into her and splitting her mainsail. *Latona* led *Florinda*, but losing the use of her spinnaker could not get home far enough ahead to give the necessary time allowance, and *Enchantress*, which went splendidly, and, alone of the fleet, carried whole sails throughout the day, lost the Commodore's prize for the same reason, though she passed the flag just ahead of the others. Protests were hoisted by *Samœna* and *Boadicea*, but the general opinion seemed to be strongly in the cutter's favour, and this was confirmed by the verdict of the

Yacht Racing Association Council, to whom the question was referred by the Royal Victoria authorities. Altogether the regatta was a most successful one.

The Royal Southern Club offered prizes for all rigs over forty tons, and had each style represented, Latona, Miranda, and Samœna being the entries, but the last two were the only starters, the yawl wanting some alterations to her canvas. An unfortunate accident, attended with very serious results to a couple of well-known yachtsmen, spoilt the enjoyment of the day's sport quite at the outset. Mr. Sloane Stanley's cruising steamer Star of the West was anchored as committee boat, having on board, amongst other members of the executive, Messrs. Hammersley and Willan. Miranda and Samœna were close on the committee vessel, the former trying to cut in between, but there being just not room enough, Miranda ran against the main-boom of the committee vessel, and the boom breaking knocked the two gentlemen overboard. Both were seriously injured, two of Mr. Hammersley's ribs and Mr. Willan's arm being broken. The council of the Y.R.A., to whom the question of blameworthiness was referred, decided that the charge against Miranda was 'not made out;' but, whoever be in fault, exhibitions of smartness which border so nearly on recklessness are to be deprecated. As in many other cases, if it comes off trumps it is admired, but a casualty is the natural signal for calling in question the judgment, capacity, and general powers of the offender. Miranda continued her course, but Samœna waited to ascertain the results of the *contretemps*, afterwards sailing over and protesting, though, as already stated, to no purpose.

Considering the yearly increasing extent of rival attractions, the Royal Albert Club were fairly fortunate, a capital entry being secured for the Albert Cup, to wit, Latona, Florinda, Samœna, and the three crack forties, Sleuthhound, Annasona, and May. Casualties commenced early, for, as with the wind astern the half-dozen were manœuvring for a good start, Annasona rammed Sleuthhound with her bowsprit, which naturally went snap, and she had to give up then and there. The Hound was a good deal damaged and had some of her copper torn off, but she managed to keep going and to good purpose, as she eventually won from all the big ships. Latona finished first with Samœna and Florinda close together next, while the two remaining forties, which had been making a fine race all day, came next, Sleuthhound slipping May near the finish, and getting in within her time of the lot—a very creditable performance. Amongst the twenties, Freda scored another win. The next day the three forties met again; Annasona commenced badly, as she crossed the line too soon and had to 'bout ship to qualify; but on this occasion a bad beginning made a good ending, for after sailing astern of Sleuthhound a long way, she got the lead and won handsomely, while Freda proved herself the best of the twenties.

The Royal Portsmouth Corinthian had a fine breeze for their day's sport, which resulted in a great surprise, the forties being again marvellously to the fore, and Annasona this time getting home within her time of the great south-country crack Samœna, which, according to the judgment of many experts, carried too much canvas. Anyhow, she did not forge ahead in the style expected of her, and eventually had to rest content with second honours.

Reports of a good deal of gas and tall talk amongst professional rowers in America come from across the Atlantic, culminating in Trickett's friends offering to match him to row for 2000*l*. There is no doubt some loophole in the conditions, as, were Trickett's money forthcoming, lots of men in the

States would jump at the chance of accommodating the Australian. Meanwhile a regatta takes place this month on Hanlan's own water at Toronto, where the champion, Ross, Trickett, Gandaur (who recently beat Trickett), Hosmer and others are entered to scull. Hanlan, Trickett, and Gandaur are to form part of one four, and Ross, Kennedy, and Davis, of another, Ross having, it seems, severed all connection with Hanlan, or probably *vice versa*.

The biggest event of the past month here was a match between Thomas and Largan, both being entitled to notice, though for very different reasons. The former, who is now about thirty-five, is a public performer in rowing and sculling matches of fully ten years' standing, and as an oarsman formed part of more than one good crew. His single-handed achievements have also been numerous; indeed, at one time he was looked upon as the coming south-countryman, and now, putting aside the performance under notice, which is unaccountably bad, it is difficult to lay one's hand on any one entitled to rank before him. On the occasion of the match the weather was utterly unsuitable for a test of oaranship, as a strong wind blowing down-stream churned up a perfect sea, and when the men went to stations it seemed quite a chance whether one or both would not be swamped before completing the course. As it turned out neither shipped any great quantity of water, though for this escape they were greatly indebted to luck. Thomas, when stripped, looked more like a cattle-show candidate nurtured on oil-cake, or some equally fattening substitute, than a man properly prepared for a trial of athletic skill, and his weight, which was some pounds more than on previous occasions, proved him to be anything but adequately prepared for the task in store, the difficulty of which he had doubtless vastly overrated. Largan, on the other hand, appeared fine enough for a running match, perhaps, if anything rather on the light side, though being some ten years junior to his antagonist, he had not accumulated so much superfluous flesh, and a due amount of practice served to bring him down to reasonable measurement. Of the actual struggle but little need be said. Thomas, who before now has distinguished himself in rough water, seemed utterly incapable of any dash at the start, and Largan jumped away with a lead, soon drawing out half-a-dozen lengths while Thomas was thinking about it. How much the youngster led by at different points of the race depended principally on his own will; anyhow, he showed the way from start to finish, Thomas never flattering his blindest supporters with a notion of going ahead. Blackman, who will have met Thomas before these lines are published, as they row on the 29th of August for 200l. a-side, seemed surprised at the result, which should make Blackman's contract a profitable one; but, as Thomas has presumably been getting fit in the meantime, he must strip a vastly improved man.

What with the forthcoming Chinnery prizes and the first race for the new *Sportsman* Challenge Cup, professionals have small excuse for idleness, and it will be their own fault if the new blood of the Thames does not make a good show in the races for the former splendid donations, which are to be rowed for on the 9th, 10th, and 12th instant. Amongst the northerners, the name of John Hawdon of Delaval, who a few years back was thought to be the coming man *par excellence*, reads as a formidable one, but he has been out of the racing world for some time, so it remains to be seen whether he returns a giant refreshed, or troubled with the slows, as often happens when men abandon practice and come back to it after an interval. The same remarks apply pretty closely to R. W. Boyd, who, after a long spell of idleness, as far as rowing is concerned, has now been hard at work getting fit to

dispute possession of the new challenge cup, the first races for which are fixed for the 24th and 26th instant on the Tyne. Should the erst doughty Northumbrian recover anything like his old form, as displayed against Sadler, Elliott, Higgins, and other formidable rivals, it is difficult to see what English oarsman can have a chance of beating him; but, as already stated, all depends on what sort of a sculler Boyd *redivivus* turns out. When Hanlan's advent turned British notions topsy-turvy, and general attention was directed to the perfection of mechanism attained by the Canadian champion, clearly demonstrating the advantages to be gained by minute observation of niceties in height of work, length of slide, and other details, Boyd was fixed upon as amongst high-class public performers the one most likely to do full justice to the manifold innovations, and should he show himself equal to his friends' expectations, the destination of *Sportsman Cup* No. 2 can be a matter of little doubt.

The Cornell oarsmen, who formed the subject of so much irrational abuse of the Henley authorities, are either the inferiorest, or by far the most unlucky of athletes. Having given sundry exhibitions of inefficiency at Henley and Putney, where it must be remembered their opponents were first-class or thereabouts, they entered for a race at Vienna. Here they took the lead, and at a mile were some four lengths ahead, when stroke stopped and fainted, leaving the natives to row over alone. With charming *naïveté* an American correspondent, in alluding to their movements, suggested that they would probably compete at some regattas on the Continent (of Europe) 'with the hope of paying their expenses.' This, according to our antiquated notions, is a new view of the purpose of amateur athletes entering at regattas, and the tone of the communication goes far to confirm the idea of a strong necessity existing for examining closely the qualifications of Transatlantic, and indeed of all unknown candidates.

Amateur regattas have this year been tolerably successful. The Metropolitan was referred to last month, and of the others, Kingston, Molesey, and Barnes had each a goodly quota of supporters. The local club achieved but little at Surbiton, which, though no doubt disheartening to themselves, is strong testimony to their public spirit in working to get up the regatta.

Barnes was as usual unlucky as to weather, and the old working officials having resigned their duties to less skilled hands, matters did not go on as smoothly as could be wished, some of the arrangements leaving much to be desired. The approaches to the Maria Wood state-barge were almost unnegotiable by ladies for a great part of the day, and the uneven position of the starting-boats was very noticeable. Thames again won the Challenge Four, and Kyre and Hastie were unopposed for the Pairs. Grove of the London added to his many sculling prizes, and a promising sculler of the Twickenham Club took the Juniors.

The Layton Pairs, which have produced so many good races in bygone years, this time resulted rather unsatisfactorily, as of four entries one scratched, and one of the starters spoiled their chance by breaking the rudder-gear when at the post. From one cause and another, the principal being lack of skill, the steering was curiously bad. Ousey and Bergh had probably the best chance, but, losing their rudder, gave Payne and Hurrell the race. A handsome prize was given by the captain, Mr. B. Horton, for Senior Sculls, which proved another benefit for Grove, Farrell and Powers being second and third as at Barnes. The London Club and its captain may congratulate themselves on a very successful season, as though they have not yet managed to get together a really crack four such as they sent up for

about ten years in succession to hold the Stewards' Cup at Henley, their representative eight was a grand one; their fours won in every company but what watermen call 'best-and-best,' and Grove as a sculler has shown himself himself ahead of every one but the actual champion Jefferson Lowndes, of Oxford and Derby.

### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—The end of the Season—Racing South and North—  
On Shore and Moorland.

As we sit mentally arranging the Van wares which the occurrences of the past month have brought to hand, we think painfully on the impossibility of saying anything new about that ten days or fortnight at Brighton during the race time, when the Queen of Watering Places gives herself over unto a reprobate mind, when cakes and ale abound, and ginger is extremely hot i' the mouth. The theme formerly was an inviting one to our pen. The riot and revelry of that period when we tried to obliterate a bad Goodwood in the clink of the wine cup and the rattle of the ball, when lovely Thais sat beside us, and everything on the surface appeared so bright and pleasant, had a certain fascination for us that, alas, we no longer feel. The glamour round the scene has departed. The wine does not seem quite the same vintage, the ball does not spin with the dash of yore, and Thais has grown decidedly old. The King's Road, once an improper Elysium, is now hot, windy, and vulgar; the pier seems to have gathered on its boards half the rascality of London, the roughs are masters of the situation, and what ladies and gentlemen there are in the place play a very secondary rôle.

We remember saying last year that there was no change in Brighton life at race times, and that what happened on past anniversaries happens again in the present. We are not quite sure, however, that this is true. There is a change in Brighton, and one not for the better. It never pretended to be a very virtuous place at the period we speak of; it tolerated a good many of the pleasant vices of the world, it opened its doors to lovely Thais and her sisters, it shut its eyes to the existence of hells. The guardians of public morality were always ready, for a small consideration, to point out Atkino's and Jack Coney's to the inquiring stranger, and everything was made pleasant for the somewhat motley population within its gates. But we had no rows. Beyond an occasional fight at Mutton's, about 1 A.M., between two ladies of high fashion, generally the result of over indulgence in curaçoa, there was nothing to shock the most fastidious. But now the rough has taken possession of Brighton. A blackguardism as rampant as anything we are acquainted with in our considerable racing experience prevails in the King's Road, crowds the pier and racecourse, and makes itself unpleasantly felt at the railway station. These are not the practices of the so-called 'swell mob.' There was nothing 'swell' about the ruffians who robbed the innocent and confiding under their very eyes, and made raids on passengers' luggage at the station, and caused the leading thoroughfares to resemble Whitechapel on a Saturday afternoon, and were such lets and hindrances to the perfect enjoyment of the Queen of Watering Places. If she be a queen—and we are not going to question her title—she must rule her subjects better. It is a difficult question, doubtless. About one hour and a half from London, and railway fares at a minimum, it is impossible to prevent an invasion of the rough element, but we think the authorities could prevent an irruption of thieves if

they were so minded. The town will have to look to it. The scenes at Brighton during the race week this year tended to drive away the respectable element, and, unless they are checked, will, we feel sure, exercise a prejudicial effect on the place in the future. Of course we are aware we must put up with a good deal that is not pleasant during race times. We are not fastidious, but own to a prejudice against thieves and scoundrels of the class we have mentioned.

For the rest Brighton was Brighton, with its usual high and low comedy company, and pretty much the usual cast. There were ladies from Belgravia and Mayfair, and ladies from other postal districts farther south and north. There was the usual mixture, too, of flat and sharp, and, if all stories were true, some of the sharps were found where least expected, and flats were discovered where certainly no flat ought to be. If there is one class of the community cleverer than another, it is surely the class that tends so much to our amusement by rolling the ball and helping us to call the main. But yet we hear that veterans at this game were done on the first night they opened their hospitable halls, and to the tune of some hundreds. The doer, for it was the achievement of one master mind, must have been a wondrous clever man. We can only compare him to that whilom clever subaltern, now a distinguished general, who at Malta, some few years ago, sold a regimental coatee to three separate members of the Jewish persuasion, and *got the money*. How he did it was never known, but he appointed an hour on which they were to call and receive the spoil, when he presented the trio with the coatee. Two of them blasphemed and tore their hair, but the third, struck with admiration of a genius superior to his own, advanced towards the gallant officer and bowed before him to the ground. It is also said that in the confusion he walked off with the coatee, but that is not part of the story.

We were struck, among other things at Brighton, by an increase in the number of its restaurants. The latest addition, 'La Maison Blanche,' in West Street, is very well done, a happy mixture of a French and German restaurant, where the *cuisine* and the *carte* are well attended to. Of both we can speak highly. There is a garden at the rear of the restaurant, which has been utilised as a resort for lounge and refreshment by day and night, and very much in the Continental fashion. There is evidently a very able head of affairs at 'Le Maison Blanche,' and it ought to succeed.

But the racing,—what of the racing? Well, we should say it was, on the whole, good. Not exactly good for backers, for the losses at Goodwood were, as a rule, not repaired. It was good sport, though, sometimes contradictory, sometimes true. Mr. Darling had drawn out a good programme as times go, and the Race Committee had backed it up with liberality. Mr. Stocker, their courteous hon. sec., had done *his* spiriting, too, and made many improvements in the Grand Stand and its enclosure. The farther end of the latter had been laid out as a flower garden, a sort of retiring place in the intervals of racing, where backers and layers might refresh themselves in comparative peace and comfort. A new Stewards' box had been erected, but that, from the nature of the space allotted to it, was not a very great improvement on the old one. Brighton racecourse is *per se*, and we are not quite sure that the running thereon can always be looked upon as correct. The hill is a trial at which some horses fail, and the ascent out of the dip proves a teaser to others. Goodwood had finished up so badly, we had so bemoaned ourselves over Carlyle in the Molecamb, over Moccoco in the Chichester, and over Retreat, Post Obit, and Incendiary in the Chesterfield Cup, that we did look forward to Brighton making amends. But it did not.

Again the majority of us adhered to that bad horse Blackthorn, who certainly had every chance given him in the Stakes, and who must now, we think, be dismissed to the limbo of failures. Tom Cannon landed a moderate stake at a nice price on the winner, who is a good-looking horse, but, as it seemed, hardly one fitted for a boy. Little Martin, however, rode him very well, being always in front, and having, as it turned out, little to do but to sit still and allow the horse to win. Only comparatively few people backed him, however, for his owner was not at all sanguine, and, we believe, thought that Blackthorn would beat him. The defeat of Whitechapel must have been all wrong, as wrong as the folly of those plungers who laid 7 to 2, and in some cases 4 to 1 on him. We maintain these odds are paper odds, so to speak, only suited to bookmakers, made and created by them. The man who lays 400 to 100 never, when he loses, ought to be commiserated with, but rather condemned. The bookmakers were in high glee at the end of the first day. Generally speaking, a bad Goodwood for backers means a good Brighton, and *vice versa*. Last year they won at Goodwood, and had a fearful Brighton, but now it seemed as if Ossa were to be heaped on Pelion, and the ill luck continue unto the end. Curiously enough, the settling on Bank Holiday, which everyone expected to be bad, turned out quite the reverse. Bookmakers went up to town on Monday morning with rather gloomy forebodings. They had big sums to receive, but would they receive them? There had been considerable plunging, and some members of that school have a plan of postponing settlement until after Lewes, when, if unfavourable then, we have known it postponed to the Greek Kalends, or the Craven Meeting, or some equally remote period. But everybody, or nearly everybody, stumped up, and the absentees only made the good settling the more marked. The plungers were there to a man. One young baronet, 11,000*l.* out on the Goodwood fatal Friday, paid every farthing in hard cash, and there were other notable instances. There was a sound of revelry by night when the bookmakers returned from town.

Peter's fiasco at Brighton might have been expected after his Goodwood exhibitions. And yet he ran better at Brighton, bar his one vagary at the start, than he did the week previously. He settled to his work in the Cup, and, if he had not allowed Exeter to get such a start, he might have won. It struck us, however, that he showed he was not a stayer. With his grand speed he might have overhauled Exeter if the stamina had been there. Mr. 'Charley' Blanton was much exercised what to do with the Cup when he got it. The prize consisted of a centre-piece and two candelabra; so he solved the difficulty by keeping the centre ornament himself and giving the candelabra to two of his 'pals.' Perhaps it was as well that Exeter was struck out of the Goodwood Cup. The possession of such a trophy as the cornucopia might have made his life a burden to the worthy trainer. There was a curious oversight on the part of so-called clever people, the fact that Medicus was allowed almost to run loose in the Plate, for which Calabressa was made such a favourite, solely, we presume, on the strength of her second to Comely in the Althorp. Medicus, on the other hand, had never been beaten, and had had some fair horses behind him on every occasion he had run. But here no one backed him but his owner, and he not for very much, we believe. He was giving 5 lbs. to Calabressa certainly, but that he was well able to do; and though it was said the mare did not get very well off, and that she ought to have won, we expect Medicus to beat her again if they meet. The Stewards' Cup was another disappointment added to the one or two the Russley stable met with here and at Goodwood. As that dreadful Johany on Victor Emanuel pushed his way to the front at the latter meeting,

and snatched the victory from Incendiary in the last stride, so did Meteora miss the prize at Brighton. There was a weight of money on her, or at least such weight as Brighton backers could furnish, but the fates were adverse. Rowston was another who ought to have won somehow, though why he was made favourite it would be difficult to explain. Mr. Morgan had not much money on him, and fully expected to get six or seven to one about his horse, but to his disgust his commission only averaged 5 to 2. The horse ran exceptionally bad, we thought, and never seemed to make an effort.

Altogether there was contradictory running at Brighton, and backers wound up on the last day with the Goodwood balance not only not reduced but added to. How often, we wonder, do backers win in the Sussex fortnight? One very popular character we met on the Chichester platform on the last day of the Ducal meeting, as he was getting into the Victoria special, with the calm, collected air habitual to him, his toilet as immaculate as if he had only just come from a stroll in the Row, and had not been battling with the ring for the last two or three hours—his pale lavender gloves unstained, his natty boots apparently fresh from the varnisher. *He* had won. How he had done it we had not time to inquire. The train whirled him away from our admiring gaze, and the last we saw was a pale face scanning with an air of satisfaction a silver-clasped betting-book. 'John' had won, we believe a solitary instance in the record of Goodwood.

And if at Brighton fortune was unfavourable, what shall we say of Lewes? Lewes is a very favourite meeting of ours, and we like the grassy slopes we climb to the course; the old-world town that lies beneath; the charming view of the swelling uplands as they roll away inland and seawards; and, above all, we like to see the winner of the De Warrenne draw out at the distance and challenge the leader—at least we like to see it if we are on the winner of the De Warrenne, which we don't think many of us were this year. Mocclo had disappointed his owner, and disappointed the public so often that they were not disposed to heed him much on this occasion. He had been an unlucky horse, and as racing men are not above the taint of superstition, that went for a great deal. However, he won, and we hope the Duke had amends made to him for the Stewards' Cup disappointment. Geheimmiss, as we had fully expected, squandered her field in the Astley Stakes; and we fear, having regard to his worthy owner, that Marden is not what we were inclined to think he was in the July. He came into the Derby quotations on the strength of that performance, and now we think he will go out of them. To be sure Geheimmiss is A 1; an undoubted stayer, and we believe some few pounds beyond anything we have yet seen, Bruce not perhaps excepted. Marden, too, did not show well on the second day in the Priory Stakes, when they laid odds on him and he was beaten by Carlyle, not without a game struggle though. Mr. Clark's fiat was only a head, but still the reported trial of Lord Cadogan's colt before Goodwood was proved to be correct, and his running in the Molecomb Stakes all wrong. Out of that running, as is well known, arose a complaint from Tom Cannon against Archer for foul riding. The Stewards heard it on the spot, and we have reason to know that they severely reprimanded both Archer and Wood. That Cannon had strong reason for what he did, we think the subsequent running of Carlyle at Lewes proved; and we are only expressing the opinion of all who entertain an admiration for Archer's undoubted talents, when we say that we trust that the warning he has received will be taken to heart. He should try and remember that he has had a most brilliant career—one perfectly exceptional in his profession. That he has been a little spoiled is



more than probable. He has been flattered and caressed. The British public have made him a hero, and have bowed down before him. He has followers who are called after his name. The horse he rides is a favourite, apart from any pretensions of his own. The street *gamin* knows the name of Archer; the rustic population follow him on a racecourse, wherever he appears. That his head may be a little turned by all this adulation is more than probable. That he has thought, with the public at his back he could do no wrong, is more probable still. He has found himself, however, face to face with such majesty as exists in racing law, and he has also found that that law must not be trifled with. We sincerely trust he will learn the lesson which the Stewards' reprimand ought to have taught him. There is so much to admire and like in Archer—his high courage, his zeal for his employers, his straightforward character,—that we regret any act of his should cause us to forget those high qualities. We trust we have heard the last of his name in connection with "reprimands."

It was remarkable how the ill-luck of backers followed them to the end of the fortnight, and the last day at Lewes found them still with a balance against them. Star and Garter had not run well at Brighton, but he was to make amends at Lewes in the Town Plate over the T.Y.C., but he cut a poor figure, never coming to the front, and Capuchin and Lady of Lyons made a pretty finish of it, the former challenging at the distance, and getting the best of the final struggle. We have before referred to the display made by Carlyle at Goodwood, so totally unexpected after his trial; and that something was wrong there was evident in the Priory Stakes at Lewes. In this race odds were laid on Marden, whose party, we fear, have formed a rather too high estimation of his powers. Lord Cadogan got a good price about his colt, for the confidence of Marden's owner and trainer made the fielders extend their offers against him and Lady Emily. It was a grand race, the three we have mentioned joining issue at the distance, and Cannon on Carlyle got the best of the final struggle, and won by a head from the other two, whom Mr. Clark was unable to separate. It is clear now that Carlyle ought to have won the previous week, and that his trial was right—all of which is very satisfactory to the parties concerned, and we congratulate Lord Cadogan on his having a smart two-year-old. For a beginner at the game, his Lordship has not done so badly. Mr. Arthur Coventry, *facile princeps* of amateurs, rode one of his fine races on Mokanna in the South-down Cup, and landed the not often seen colours of a keen sportsman, Lord Berkeley Paget, easily, waiting patiently, and not coming till the last moment. It is always a treat to see Mr. Coventry in the saddle, and his form should be an example and incentive to men just beginning to ride. There was a time when Mr. Coventry was a beginner also, and it is not so very long ago either. He has not only taught himself, but he has not been above learning, and that, we take it, is the secret of good riding.

The Lewes Handicap was in some sort a surprise. There had been a strong tip about Blue Danube, but on the course there were rumours that he had not been doing well, and that his owner did not fancy him; so when his number went up, though at first 5 to 2 was the best offer against him, he speedily declined to 4 to 1, and perhaps a point over might have been had. The Reeve taking his place in the market as first favourite. After Berzencze's running at Goodwood and Brighton, no one much fancied him for this handicap, until it was evident that there was a strong commission flung into the Ring, and all the longer prices being taken, 4 to 1 was the final offer against Count Festetic's horse. Stockmar was backed too at these odds; but Tom Cannon could not much fancy Cardos after her Brighton running.

We had been waiting for Berzencze for some time, we must own, after his good display in the Newmarket Handicap in the Craven. Then he beat Mistake, Lucetta, Rhidorroch, Schoolboy, Maskelyne, &c., in the commonest of canters, but what he was doing in the Chesterfield Cup and the Brighton Stakes we cannot say. Now he had Fordham on his back, and perhaps that made a difference, for he won as easily as he well could. He is a pretty good horse, we fancy, when fit and well, and other things agreeing. Mr. Mackintosh can have no cause to regret his purchase of Meldon, who has already turned out a useful horse, and in the Hamsey Welter, Mr. Arthur Coventry again made a fine race on him. The fiat was only a head from Maid of Orleans, but we fancy it was rather an easy head. The most interesting race was perhaps the match between Discount and Chevronel in the County Cup. We hardly knew which to fancy, but the clever people made Discount the favourite. He ran at 14 lbs. difference, Chevronel making play, and at the distance they closed. It looked going to be a very near thing at one time, but ultimately Discount got the best of it, and won easier than we had expected.

And so ended that Sussex fort. looked forward to by so many of us with such pleasurable expectations, the realisation of which has fallen far short of the estimate. We think, as far as we were personally concerned, we should have preferred a week to a fortnight. Somehow Brighton jarred on us, and we would have better liked the quiet and solitude of London to the revel of the King's Road. But tastes differ. To the majority of its visitors the place was a paradise of perpetual harmony, sham jewellery, high-heeled shoes, violet powder, Jack Coney, and the Great Vance—altogether a very blissful time. London, the day and night we spent there before going north, looked so dull and decorous that the contrast was startling. The Park was so quiet but so delightful; you could walk along Piccadilly without being jostled; you could go to the Promenade Concerts and even not find 'Arry; Mr. Bradlaugh had taken his erysipelas down to Worthing (poor Worthing! what *had* it done?), so there was really no disturbing element. 'The crisis' had not come on—that mountain sought to be made out of a molehill had not been created by the pens of many journalists,—so it was peaceful all. We felt we could have stopped in London with real pleasure. There were sufficient men to speak to, and women too; the waiters at the clubs were most attentive; you could get a stall at a theatre without any trouble; the ladies seemed to bow to you with an *empressement* lacking in the season. We were able to dine without a struggle; to go to the play—but hold! what play shall we go to? Why it is the *première* of 'Youth' at Drury Lane! 'Youth' shall be served.

Encouraged, we presume, by the success of 'The World,' Mr. Augustus Harris has, in conjunction with Mr. Paul Merritt, essayed a new venture of the sensational and domestic order which, literally and truly, 'regardless of 'expense,' has been placed on the boards of Drury Lane. To foretell what will and what will not be successful in plays of this description is very hazardous. No one, not perhaps even Mr. Harris, could have foreseen that 'The World' would have taken with the town in the manner it did; and though the general verdict on the first performance of 'Youth' was that it was about as weak a production as ever was placed upon the stage, yet the mechanical and scenic effects are so very cleverly done and, as we have above intimated, with so lavish an outlay that the piece will probably run for some months, or at least hold its own till pantomime appears. The story of 'Youth' is one that has been told over and over again in the days when transpontine melodrama held firmer sway than it does now. The innocent

young man, the scheming adventuress, the transparent villain, the heavy father and the comic Irishman, how have they not fretted their hour on many boards? At Drury Lane they are but milk-and-water specimens we must say. The young man as depicted by Mr. Harris does not interest us a bit, and if it was not that the adventuress was Miss Litton she would not interest us either. Mr. Harry Jackson's comic Irishman we got heartily tired of before the piece was half over, and the only amusing character was the beneficed clergyman played by Mr. John Ryder. We had never, to the best of our recollection, seen this veteran and excellent actor in a comic part before; and we consider that, apart from the scenery, he is the mainstay of the piece. The Rev. Mr. Darlington, rector of some place the name of which we have forgotten, is about, in reality, the most awful old humbug we have ever met, and the fun consists in the wonderful idea the authors have of an English clergyman; for the reverend rector is not meant by them to be a scoundrel. They have evidently taken some pains with the character, and no doubt thought when they had got Mr. Ryder to play it in a long frock-coat and a chimney-pot hat (though country clergymen do not walk about their parishes in that head-gear) that they had done something really true to nature. But as the rector on the first night evoked the only hearty and genuine laugh in the play, we must not be too hard upon them. He is lecturing his son on his folly in linking himself with an adventuress, and avows that, in his own young days, when he found a woman he had seduced was likely to prove troublesome to him, he immediately got rid of her. This speech, delivered by Mr. Ryder with great gravity and in his most impressive manner, was received with a shout of laughter from every part of the house, very much disconcerting the actors, but it was impossible to help it. After that the jokes of the comic Irishman—of whom, by the way, there was a great deal too much—fell flat. The other characters call for little remark. Mr. W. H. Vernon played the villain of the piece, a brother-officer of the hero's, but why he was a villain we really cannot say. Mrs. Billington, as the hero's mother, and Miss Louise Willes as the lady whom the Rev. Ryder had got rid of in his salad days, acted with spirit, but there was really very little for them to do. Mr. Harris made the hero rather priggish, and was much incommoded by his uniform; and there were two convicts well played by Messrs. Nicholls and Estcourt.

The different 'sets' were very effective, three of them, the 'Interior of a 'Convict Prison,' the 'Embarkation of Troops for India,' and the attack on 'Hawk's Point' especially so. The latter is supposed by the authors to be in Afghanistan, but we think they must have had 'Rorke's Drift' in their heads, only found a difficulty at the last moment as regarded the naked Zulus. The embarkation of the troops is very well managed; the drill, &c. is perfect, and all the minutæ have been attended to. So too in the attack on 'Hawk's Point' the *mêlée* is well ordered. The set on which Mr. Harris seems to rely for its attractiveness, Henry Darlington's rooms in London, is very gorgeous, but at the same time very absurd. His 'rooms' must have been a mansion in Belgrave Square, at the least. That 'Youth' will draw as a spectacle there is little doubt; that it is worthless as a play is not doubtful at all.

And now we strike into those northward paths so familiar to us, and probably by this time to our readers. They know all about that stretch of Yorkshire seaboard from Coburn Nab to the mouth of the Tees, with its bold red sandstone cliffs, its yellow sands, its many meandering becks,—

'Keeping sweet time to the air they sing'

They have heard of the Cleveland hills and Rosebery Topping; they know the Zetland and the woods of Upleatham; they ought to be able to scent

the ancient and fish-like smell that comes from Staithes. We are not sure but that the Teesdale black country is familiar to them, and that picturesque Middlesbrough and romantic Stockton are household words. They may even have heard of the Mandale Bottoms—but perhaps we had better draw the line there. Sufficient that they have been with us on many a pilgrimage to the shrines we have mentioned, and we will, if it so please them, lure them there again.

The wind blows keen from the north-west, and the rollers of the German Ocean break with an angry roar on the Saltburn sands. But the little race-course at Redcar looks very lively with a goodly throng of visitors, and the ground is in capital order. There are not many horses arrived, which is singular, and it does not seem to us that the northern stables support the meeting as they ought to do. To be sure the prizes, with one exception, are not very big; but the authorities do the best they can. They cannot at present afford to give more, but as the meeting grows so will the money. We were glad to see the south-country stables better represented than they were last year, and both Wadlow and Matthew Dawson send horses. Why do not other trainers follow their example? Why do the entries for the Great Foal Stakes dwindle down to such modest dimensions as a field of seven runners? Above all, and this is the material question much affecting at the time our pocket, temper, and digestion,—why on earth did they make Lucy Glitters the favourite for it? We found the N. E. R. train from York full of Lucy Glitters. We picked up people *en route* who talked Lucy Glitters till we almost came to believe in her ourselves. We encountered a celebrated northern jockey who took away our breath by informing us, that if Lucy Glitters won the Foal Stakes easily, which she was certain to do, she would be favourite for the Leger. Lucy Glitters! It was quite a new revelation. That a mare we had always looked upon as a very moderate animal should be the forthcoming Leger winner was something quite inexplicable, and we retired to rest in our comfortable quarters at the Zetland, at Saltburn, pondering on the words of the northern jockey.

And here we must say, at the risk of tiring our readers by harping upon an old string, that we were glad to see Saltburn this year under livelier auspices than on the last. The town was full, the Zetland doing good business. It was not gay—Heaven forbid it ever should be—but there was sufficient life in it to amuse, sufficient beauty to admire. There were really members of the 'dangerous classes' at Saltburn this year; there were actually young women at the Zetland. For the last two years the dangerous classes had been but very sparsely represented, and we hailed their presence now as a sign of better things. The *table d'hôte* certainly had a larger proportion of virginity in caps than virginity without, but that one expects at quiet places. The caps were old ladies, and that was a comfort; and if the conversation at the dinner-table was not very edifying, it did not offend. Pleasant was it after dinner to sit on the terrace and see the capless division walk up and down, a rather distracting procession of back hair, white skirts, and exceedingly neat black stockings. Pleasant, too, to hear the ripple of happy laughter, and when the band (for the Zetland has a band this year, if you please) strikes up a popular valse, to see a tripping of dainty feet and ankles to its strains. Yes, certainly white dresses and black stockings,—but really this has nothing to do with Redcar races, which we believe is the subject of our discourse. We must hark back to Lucy Glitters.

There was perhaps some reason why her name was in everybody's mouth, for she had the maiden allowance, which reduced her impost to 7 st. 13 lbs., and if she could not win now, she could never do it. She was receiving

weight from everything in the race—Lizzie Long was giving her 17 lbs., Privateer, 21 lbs.—and the only one backed beside her was Nesscliff, that W. Macdonald had come north to ride. The favourite looked very well, certainly, though she is not much more than a handsome pony after all, and she looked well in the race for three-quarters of a mile; but there Nesscliff drew up alongside her, and in a few strides farther had her in trouble. She did not seem able to struggle, and Lord Bradford's horse won very easily, Privateer running very well indeed under his weight, but Osborne eased him when he found he could not win. So much for Lucy Glitters, who is about a six-furlongs lady, we fancy, and will never win in very good company. The next day, when she only met Lizzie Long, who was dead amiss, in the Kirkleatham Biennial, she managed to beat her, though she ran decidedly shifty and Fagan had to keep her going to the end. Jessie Agnes showed us what she could do if in the humour when she beat her stable companion Monkcastle—who, by the way, carried the money—in a high-weight handicap, and the following day, in the Tradesmen's Handicap, when Chaloner asked her to go she stopped like a shot. We are afraid Mr. Vyner's Camballo will not do much. They are good-looking, those we have seen; there was one out of Silverland, that Mr. G. J. Thompson rode in the Wilton Plate, that looked like galloping, but she was beaten cleverly by Bawbee. Two such good sportsmen as Lord Zetland and Mr. James Lowther seem unable to get good horses. Hardrada will only run when he likes, Griselda is not a boy's horse, and Syringa is, we fear, not worth her corn. Amalfi is better class than these, but still there seems nothing capable of worthily carrying 'the spots,' as they were carried of old. We wish Mr. Lowther, too, could get something better than the good-looking Foreshore, who is well bred enough too, or that plater Bar Sinister, who is too bad for anything. But perhaps the good time will come. Some of the horses in the north are astonishingly bad. There was a mare called Jessica that won a race at Redcar, who I'Anson had sold last year for 22 gs., and he was glad to get her out of his stable at that price. Old Mars won the Tradesmen's Handicap when he was not wanted, which is a way these old rogues have; and altogether backers had a very bad time by Redcar sands.

The quiet of our seaside retreat was sadly imperilled on the eve of Stockton. There was an invasion of horseyne—big bookmakers, great jockeys, and a minor fry of followers of the noble game. We got alarmed for the morals of Saltburn. The big bookmakers took the chief suite of rooms, and the great jockey, with a becoming modesty, sheltered himself under that friendly wing. The curiosity of the Zetland got aroused. The *table d'hôte* wanted to see Archer. Old ladies and gentlemen who had never heard his name were anxious to learn the slightest particulars as to his career, and an inventive genius might have drawn the bow of imagination to any length. Jockeys are strange cattle to the outer world. Its idea of a popular light-weight now would be very funny if we could get at it. Nearly as funny as Messrs. Meritt and Harris's idea of a clergyman (*vide* 'Youth' *passim*), though perhaps nothing could beat that. Lord Beaconsfield, who knew everything, was fond of sometimes disguising his knowledge in whimsical and far-fetched *boutades*, and his description of jockeys as 'those mysterious characters who in their influence over their superiors, and their total want of sympathy with their species, are our only match for the Oriental eunuch,' is one of these. At the same time, we who are behind the scenes, can recognise the grains of truth amidst this witty *persiflage*. But the Zetland evidently knew nothing about this. By diligent searching we discovered that its notions of 'those mysterious characters' was so far

removed from the reality that we thought of asking Archer to show himself on the terrace for an hour after breakfast, when perhaps the tall, slim figure, and the quiet, composed face might have considerably impressed them. But on consideration we felt we had better leave the Zetland in its happy ignorance. Why seek to disturb a delusion almost blissful? The surroundings too were not meet for such knowledge. There would have been an angry roar from Coburn Nab to Huntcliff; Skelton beck would have 'babbled o'er its pebbles' in a more petulant tone; grim old Runswick would have frowned a terrible frown at such an intrusion on their calm and virtuous solitudes. To them the vulgarity of Redcar fully explains the fact of its races. Of the Mandale Bottoms, we need scarcely say, they are in contemptuous ignorance.

But we cannot afford to ignore these delights of Stockton and Middlesbrough roughs, the resort too of much that is genuinely sporting through Yorkshire's wide domain. And though we own to no liking for the place—'tis our misfortune, not our fault—we are bound to say that a much better meeting than the one just passed away has not been held there for some few years. Mr. Craggs, who works with great zeal for his own particular child, must, we feel sure, have been much gratified by the result in every way, the way of money and the way of sport. The attendance was great. Though on the first day Mr. Craggs had tried Stockton very high by demanding a shilling at the gate—there was a goodly crowd; on the second day when the turnstiles clicked to sixpences there was of course a much goodlier. Plenty, too, of all the well-known northern racing men, from the 'Lord of 'Ashe,' as his predecessor used to be called in the sporting papers, to many a country gentleman of old historic name. There were Lowthers, Lambtons, Vyners, Surtees, Vanes, Cooksons, Beaumonts, Thompsons, Williamsons, Yeamens, &c., &c.—the long line might stretch on for more lines than we can afford space. But at all events the north was well represented, the south but sparingly, though Mr. Hungerford had brought up Advance and a couple of platers. Lord and Lady Castelreagh had come north, too, though perhaps we can hardly reckon them as southerners, and a certain 'Peter' who is always looked for at these northern gatherings, where he is a welcome guest, and where he assures us he generally has a good time. Mr. Lowther exercises a noble hospitality, and feeds the county side generally, and the coaches of Lord Zetland and Mr. James Cookson are harbours of refuge. The racing, as we have said, was good, and, what was more extraordinary, it was favourable to backers during the three days, a state of things unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Every favourite won the first day, beginning with Advance in the Trial Stakes, though his owner was a little afraid the distance was hardly far enough for him. But he came out at the distance, and soon had everything beaten, and won in a canter. We should say Downpour was as smart a daughter of Strathconan as there is in training. She carried a 7 lbs. penalty in the Cleveland Stakes and was giving Foreshore and others that weight, but she pulled over her field all the way, and directly Archer gave her her head she came and beat Miner by two lengths at a difference of two pounds easily. She is a sweet mare, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Dudley Milner, whose state of health is such as to cause his family and friends some anxiety, will be able to enjoy seeing her win many races in the future. Inez de Castro was the next favourite on the list, and she won the High Weight Handicap, though she had a tussle for it with Griselda, who with a man on her back ran much better than she did at Redcar with a boy. However, the latter could not quite get on terms with her, and Lord Durham's mare won by a head. The Stockton Handicap

looked such a good thing for Hagioscope that we were surprised bookmakers offered the odds of 3 to 1 against him. They fielded, however, strongly for Novice, but she was not the dangerous one, the only horse who gave any trouble to Hagioscope being Lawminster; but, however, the former bore him down at last, and Woodburn, who rode him with great judgment and nerve, got him three parts of a length in front of Lawminster at the chair. That Lucy Glitters could lead such animals as Oxlip and Black Mount in the Zetland Biennial was to be expected, but yet one speculator made a big back for Oxlip. However, Lucy Glitters was equal to *that* occasion and beat Oxlip, in whom the worthy C.C. has an interest, in a canter. Mr. Beaumont had a useful selling plater in Capri, and Cambusdoon beat Hardrada in the Harry Fowler Plate, the two being about equal favourites, Lord Zetland's uncertain horse having perhaps the call.

Wednesday, the sixpenny day, more than surpassed Mr. Cragg's expectations, and the flow of Stockton humanity to the course went on without intermission for some hours. We presume the hardy sons of toil have more money to spend than they had, and the shadow 'hard times' has ceased to brood over the neighbourhood. We are glad to think it. A few years back, when the admission was a question of pence, there were not nearly so many people on the Mandale Bottoms. The unprecedented success of backers still continued, though as it was in most instances a case of 5 to 4 against, when it was not 7 to 4 on, they did not win so very much money. If there had been more bold warriors from the south present, relatives of that young man whose

'Father allows him three hundred a year,  
And he'll lay you a thousand to ten,'

we should have then trembled for the ring. The usual cheerful countenance of a Howett would have clouded, as he listened to the burden of the Saltburn sad sea waves, the stalwart frame of a Falshaw would have been bowed, the giant form of a Groves would have been crushed. But we were comparatively mild punters at Stockton, and we don't think anybody laid 4 to 1 on Downpour for the Lambton Plate, though no doubt it was all those odds on Mr. Milner's beautiful filly. Seven to four on Hagioscope for the Northern St. Leger might have been done, though some of us quaked for a moment or two, when Archer on the Azalea colt challenged Mr. R. Vyner's horses at the distance. We had no fear about the horse, but would Griffiths be equal to the occasion, and keep a head on his shoulders? Griffiths *was* equal to the occasion, we are glad to say, and calling on Hagioscope the latter shot out and won by a length. We are not casting the slightest slur on Griffiths's riding—only the best of the young northern jockeys might be excused for feeling a little nervous with Archer at their girths. The latter rode a roarer, Lady Stuart, in the Harewood Stakes, but they took 6 to 5 about her freely, while Bates's stable backed Nectar, who had run forward in the Trial Stakes on Tuesday. Archer, however, nursed his mare for one run, and won easily at the finish. Silver Bell must be smarter than we thought, though no doubt her defeat of Purple and Scarlet in the First Spring goes for something, for she gave Amalfi 11 lbs. in the Harewood Stakes and beat him easily, Downpour making a very pretty race with the winner. Some people thought the grey ought to have won, and that Fagan waited a little too long with her, but we are afraid she is not a stayer. Siward had nothing to beat in his race, and Hardrada gave the fielders a small turn in the Garbutt Welter, for which Oxlip, ridden by Archer, was a great favourite. Mr. G. J. Thompson was on Hardrada,

and Oxlip appeared to have the race in hand when between the distance and the chair the former challenged, and Hardrada taking it into his head to run straight, Lord Zetland's colours were landed by a head after a brilliant finish. Mr. Thompson was warmly congratulated on his good riding. Neither head nor hand have forgotten their cunning.

The winding-up day on Thursday does not call for much remark, except for the singular circumstance that Archer did not win a race. The Middlesborough Handicap proved the good thing for Lawminster that his forward running on the first day indicated. Mr. Lowther actually won a race with Foreshore—the Elton Juvenile; may he win another in another place soon; and Snowdon on a very bad plater, High Heels, beat Archer on Siward, at which there was chuckling and rejoicing among the Northern boys, young and old. Puck showed his old form and fire had departed, for he could barely raise a gallop in the Open Hunters; and Strathblane found the weight too much for him in the Stewards' Cup. To be called upon to give 48 lbs. to a three-year-old with some pretensions to gallop, was a test that, good horse as he is, he could not do.

And now we leave, with many a pang of regret, our peaceful Northern retreat bathed in warmth and sunshine, and find ourselves travelling down to York in company with many weather-beaten and heather-stained sportsmen who have been, apparently with wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts, up in Glen Farintosh or Glen Cuddlum waging war against the grouse, but who have been unable to resist the temptation of waging another warfare on Knavesmire against the bookmakers. Unhappy men! They had much better have stopped in Glen Cuddlum; and if we had been accompanied as were some whom we met at Thirsk Junction, we certainly should have done so. However, 'man never is, but always to be,' &c.; so there we are all at York Station, that great rendezvous for people going north and south, and where we meet many friends and acquaintances whom we last saw at Goodwood, or on the shady side of Pall Mall. York Station, the excellent hotel adjacent, and the York Club, all form in the month of August a little world, a small replica of the bigger one we have left behind in the parish of St. James's. The station is a lounge, and there is a running fire of 'Well, 'old fellow,' and great greeting between Jims and Charleys, also Jemimas. More pretty women on York platform than any other station can show; pretty women, too, with the glow of health on their faces, a trifle sunburnt, but all the handsomer for it. The kiss of the sun never spoils pretty women, let them be sure of that, it only makes their cheeks more resemble the peach,

'The side that's next the sun,'

as Suckling sang; and they knew what pretty women were in his day too, or they are much belied.

But we must not linger at the station; it was not for this that we quitted Glen Farintosh and Glen Cuddlum, purple moorlands and yellow sands. Hon. Jims and Hon. Jemimas put aside their spooning—if they have been doing any—and go in for real business here. Jim's first question is: 'What 'will win the Ebor?' and it is not 6 to 4, but that Jemima has a private tip of her own which she has not told yet to her lord and master. Do we know anything good? Is Mother Shipton really safe business, and is Brown Bess 'all right?'—that latter term meaning an infinity of things. There is a hungry expression in the faces both of Jim and Jemima. Neither of them (poor and pretty souls) have had a bet since Goodwood, and their appetites are keen. They mean mischief. Alas, alas!



The porch of the Club does not contain so many familiar faces as we have been accustomed to see at York August, but there is Lord Falmouth, faithful to his white hat ; Mr. Rudston Read, bearing his years bravely ; the Master of the Bramham Moor, looking as he has looked for the last ten years—the man of whom York was not worthy—with (we sincerely hope) the dawn of North Lincolnshire honours upon him ; Sir George Chetwynd, with hope, in the shape of a Cape jasmine buttonhole, blooming eternal in the human breast ; Lord Vivian, with that piercing glance which seems to penetrate futurity ; the Marquis Telon, with the bland smile that would disarm a member of the dynamite persuasion ; and Lord Winchelsea, with his ever-burning cigar. Others there are, young and rising geniuses of the plunging order, who may yet perhaps make a name at Albert Gate, if not in the world. But we miss some *habitués*. Sir George of Newburgh and Sir George of Kirklees are not there ; we miss also Mr. Savile, and we fear we shall have to miss him ; and we do not see Prince Soltykoff. There are a number of young men, it is true, but they hardly make up for that far older generation. There is a difference in York August as in other things.

York, York, for my monie,  
Of all the cities that ever I see,  
For merry pastime and companie.

Yes, that is all very well, ancient chronicler, whoever you were, but you see there was no York August in your day. There might have been the original Mother Shipton, by the way, if that somewhat apocryphal personage ever had a real existence, but she must have been a harmless old woman in comparison with her namesake who wrought such confusion in the ranks of brave men and a few fair women the other day on Knavesmire. We know with the old chronicler we have quoted that there is 'merry 'pastime' in York in various corners of the old city, as there was in his day, but there are reverses to the picture, and such a time as we all had of it at the meeting lately past takes all the pastime out of us. What between the bad weather and the bad luck, we had an awful time, and fond as we are of York, our love was sorely tried. The sport was good, on the whole fairly interesting, but as we began we ended, and bookmakers left the old city as they did Goodwood and Brighton, with colours flying. Probably the ground had much to do with it ; much to do with the way Nectar defeated Zanoni, after a dead heat, in the Zetland Stakes, though we think little Bowman's riding of Nectar had much to do with it. He knew where and when to come did this young man on both occasions, and was quite deserving of the *bon mot* attributed to a noble Lord, that Bowman was a good Archer. Whether Mr. Jardine and his stable profited much by Nectar we can hardly say. They backed her at Stockton, where she disappointed them, and they probably allowed her to run loose now. In the same way we all of us, the stable included, overlooked Scaramouch's good form at Manchester and elsewhere, and any outside price might have been had about him, Street Arab and Glen Ronald carrying the money. Archer was on Glen Ronald, but he did not persevere with him beyond the distance, where he was fairly beaten, and Scaramouch with the feet of Street Arab all the way, won very easily at last. The ground, too—if it was the ground—enabled Bar Sinister to win a race, very much, we should imagine, to Mr. Lowther and Enoch's astonishment, and very glad must the former have been to get rid of him for 130 guineas. We wish his new owner joy of him. There were actually people who believed in Bal Gal being able to beat Thebais in the Yorkshire Oaks. The former had had a gallop, we were told, on the previous Saturday,

and had left Lennexlove standing still, or something of the sort. That she might, or might not have done, but she could not make Thebais gallop, for Mr. Crawford's mare won in a canter.

What a great Ebor day we had in all ways. The rain fell persistently, so did our luck. As some old music-hall *brochure* had it,

The betting went up and the people came down,

until they reached a sort of bottomless pit of Knavesmire mud, bad fortune and wrong running. We tried to cut jokes about Mother Shipton, her prophecies, and the year 1881, but they were of a melancholy character, and not very much to the point. Why odds were laid on Gaydene for the Biennial we could not quite make out, and we understood it less when Amalfi beat her cleverly. Lady Ann, Lady Ann, well-named daughter of Cremorne, what put it into your shapely but wicked head to show the field your pretty heels in the Rous Stakes? On Brighton Pier, now, we have known you show your heels with much effect,—but this is wandering, for which we shall perhaps be taken to task. Why did we listen to the fiends in human shape who begged us to back Sideral for the Ebor? We knew him to be a bad horse, actually knew it, and yet we were carried away by men we considered wiser than ourselves. But there is one comfort, nobody can lose any more money by this wretched plater; at least, we should think not, but who can tell the limit to the folly of fools? Mother Shipton was proclaimed by many 'good judges' (who perhaps had never set eyes on the mare) to be 'a rat of a pony,' 'too small to go through the mud,' and to lay under divers other disabilities, the result being that her light weight serving her, she skimmed over the ground like a bird, and only Hagioscope, whom other 'good judges,' except the *Field* prophet, declared to be out of it through his penalty, troubled her. We have been impressed with Hagioscope's improved form this year, and feel convinced that if the ground had been good firm going he would have won. For Brown Bess's bad performance we were hardly prepared, and can only explain it on the theory that she did not like the heavy ground. There is a more uncharitable theory, which we will refrain from mentioning. Sufficient to say that she was never in it, that Mycenæ made a bold bid at the bend, and, if a Fordham had been on him, might have won. Dreamland ran respectably, but can't stay, and Roulette, Capet Sauce, Triumvir and Co., ran as they were expected to do. There were long faces when Dutch Oven was beaten in the Prince of Wales's Stakes by Nellie, a filly well-bred enough for anything, but supposed by her stable to be very moderate when she won the Exeter Stakes in the July meeting, and scarcely backed for a shilling now. We suppose we must ascribe it all to the ground, on which, by-the-way, Advance, in the next event, the Londesborough Cup, slipped and lost his place and the race in consequence.

Thursday witnessed additional horrors. Not only was Knavesmire in pools of water, and the rain descending harder than ever, but as if all this was not enough we had a Leger 'scare,' to make things pleasanter. It was the voice of Mr. 'Charley' Hood that sounded the first alarm, about half an hour before the race for the Great Yorkshire, when an offer from his lips of '3 to 1 on the field' roused us all, especially the backers of Iroquois, from a slight lethargy, bred of the weather, that was creeping over us. What did it mean? The pleasant and affable Charlie went on with his little game; '3 to 1 against Iroquois, 4 to 1, 400 to 100 against Iroquois;' but there he was checked by Mr. 'Bob' Lee, who shot him for that sum, and staid for a time the further downfall of the Derby winner. The explanation of it all

was that Iroquois was coughing—at all events he had been absent from the exercise-ground that morning—a fact of course sufficient to account for the onslaught on him at such a critical period of a Leger winner's preparation. He recovered a little before the end of the racing, when 5 to 2 was the best offer; but since then, and at the time we write, his price is 7 to 2. So there was sensation enough on the last day, though the Great Yorkshire hardly furnished one. We cannot call Cameliard's defeat by Ishmael very unexpected, nor do we attach much importance to it; we cannot think that Ishmael has a 10 to 1 chance for the Leger, and Cameliard is not in the race. We always thought the latter a moderate horse from the day he with difficulty defeated Golden Plover at Newmarket Craven, and we see no reason on his subsequent performances to alter our opinion. That Ishmael has improved since Scobell beat him at Epsom may be fairly granted, and so very moderate are our three-year-olds, he may as likely as not get a place at Doncaster. Looked upon as a speedy six-furlongs horse, he has developed unexpected stamina, and a horse who can stay in what may be in all probability heavy ground, deserves of course a certain amount of respect. We had half expected his good-looking stable companion Privateer would have proved the better of the two, but he was tried and found wanting. Exeter is not a stayer in good company, but he can stay well enough to beat Madame du Barry, the mare who found a difficulty in getting rid of Nottingham in the Goodwood Cup. And yet so strong was l'Anson's stable and the feeling in favour of her that they laid odds of 11 to 10 on, and Exeter galloped her to a stand-still. With the defeat of Best and Bierut, about whom they took even money, by Griselda, in the race called, with grim irony, a 'Consolation Scramble,' the misfortunes of York terminated; and we were glad to shake off its mud, and, if we could, its memories.

We were interested while in York by a visit—which we wish had not been so hurried—paid to Mr. Sampson's Fine Arts Gallery, to see a rather rare collection of old and new books and magazines treating of nearly every branch of sport and pastime in this country; hunting, angling, shooting, coaching, and of course racing. Mr. Sampson has laid himself out to collect old books of this description, together with rare portraits and old sporting prints, and the library is worth a visit. There will be found what is now rare, sets of the Old Sporting Magazine from 1817 to '70, sets of 'Baily,' of which Mr. Sampson is a great collector; fine copies of the Duke of Newcastle's 'General System of Horsemanship,' now scarce; and, amongst other curious works that we have not space to enumerate, was a set of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' from 1770 to 1787, with hundreds of curious illustrations, portraits of all the well-known men and women of the day, and anecdotes of them as well. This is one of the most singular literary productions of the last century, exhibiting the manners, gossip, and scandal of the age. 'The Town and Country Magazine' was what would be called now a 'Society' periodical, only its tone, also its illustrations, were a good deal stronger than what we read and see in this degenerate age. You may pass away an hour at Mr. Sampson's very agreeably.

Amid retirements and rumours of retirements in the breeding world, it seems pretty certain that there are always plenty of enthusiasts ready to take up with a pursuit through which many others have burnt their fingers; and as each September recurs, the old lot are seen to come up smiling as of yore, though plenty of them will be found to asseverate that 'breeding for the turf' don't pay, and that this is the last lot of yearlings they intend offering to an unappreciative public. Business in the sale ring has made tremendous strides since the days of the 'Dustbin,' and many of the old school are found to

lament the ugly rush made upon preserves once deemed exclusively the property of northern breeders. Now they come from all quarters to take advantage of perhaps the best market in England for blood stock of all descriptions; and not only from the Midlands, but from the south, yea and the far west, do they take train to Doncaster, filling Messrs. Tattersall's hands to overflowing, and necessitating a double ring on two mornings out of the four devoted to the hammer. The only lot of any note we shall miss this year will be those formerly hailing from Highfield; but poor William I'Anson had for several years before his death deputed the sale business to young Tom Dawson, preferring to read his average from the telegraph tissue in his quiet Malton home. At present we hear of no one to take his place on the forenoon of the Cup day, which Mr. Taylor Sharpe looks like having all to himself; but in the game of breeding, as in all others, it is the old story of 'one down and another come on,' and so 'twill be to the chapter's end. With the Cobham sale looming close at hand, we shall probably find fewer brood mares in the catalogues than usual; but to many with yearlings on hand it is a last chance of getting rid of them, so that those who look forward to a return of the quiet old jig-jog times at Doncaster must wait over-long for the 'object of their fond desire.'

The Doncaster Tuesday would hardly be itself without the portly presence of Mr. Richard Wright of Richmond, at Mr. Tattersall's right hand, and eight yearlings will be the contribution of High Gingerfield to this year's catalogue. All will be found to possess some sort of racing promise, and will be sent up in that healthy condition which their breeder knows as well as any of the craft how to produce; and the lot will be pronounced quite up to the average of former years, though Mr. Wright does not go in for fashion so strongly as many of his brethren. Perhaps the crack of the team will be pronounced a brother in blood to Falmouth, who did so well as a two-year-old, and subsequently found a new owner in Mr. F. Gretton at a remarkably stiff figure, which he has done very little to recoup as yet. Glenlyon, the sire of Falmouth having been sold to the Yankees, his former owner, desirous of repeating the experiment with Dewdrop, has had recourse to Monarch of the Glen, now or lately serving in Ireland, and own brother to the illustrious exile. The result of this cross is a chestnut colt, which we may describe as good all over, and he is uncommonly well matched by a bay colt by Blue Gown from Corcyra (by King Tom out of Cerintha by Newminster), very strongly built, and with the thighs and quarters of 'papa,' in whose conformation these were strong points. The rest we have no space to particularise, but they can be trusted to speak for themselves, and Mr. Wright's average is generally a satisfactory one.

For some years past the sale of the Woodlands Hall string has formed an interesting portion of Tuesday's proceedings; but on the present occasion Mr. Van Haansbergen would seem to hold a stronger hand than ever, and will send up half a score, chiefly of course by Macgregor and Claremont, of the last-named of which we hear, that he is getting stock very like himself, and with capital legs and feet, while in Candahar he has made a hit sufficient to guarantee the ability of his youngsters to race 'a little bit.' Though Macgregor has begotten no important winner yet, in a quiet sort of way he contrives to make a most respectable show every season in the list of winning stallions, and as little fish are proverbially sweet, his yearlings never fail to command attention of those who keep horses to race and not to look at. Lady of Coverdale's filly he is surely responsible for, and there is no doubt concerning the daughter of Cicely Hacket, a fine, lengthy filly, as good to follow as her sire, and full of good running blood. Brother to Dougal, but

a far bigger and better animal all round than Prince Soltykoff's useful plater, should not want a piper to play him into the ring, so well does his presence proclaim him; and there is another colt by Mac, from Anxiety (dam of Berserker) which, albeit a late foal, and not over handsome, will pay excellently well for keeping, his shoulders being especially well laid and lengthy. From Maggie (the dam of Activity and other winners galore) Mr. Van Haansbergen shows a clipping Claremont filly, with a cut of her dam about her not belying her name; and the same sire is creditably represented by a filly from Malapropos, a very corky roan colt out of Vishnu (dam of a whole host of celebrities), and another of the same sex from Romance, a St. Albans mare, none of whose progeny have yet been trained. The others comprise a slashing filly by Thuringian Prince out of Religieuse, and a Mr. Winkle colt from Tyro, very well connected, and showing a lot of quality and plenty of symmetry and substance withal. The first morning's catalogues will be made up with some miscellaneous lots, of which we have no particulars to hand at the time of writing; but we shall probably see out something of Mr. Anthony Harrison's, and a few yearlings from the neighbourhood of 'cannie Newcastle,' where breeders seem mainly to rely upon the sires stationed at Woodlands, the northernmost establishment of its kind in England, we believe.

Mr. Henry Waring follows his last year's precedent of sending to Doncaster those of his yearling team prevented, by whatever causes, from joining their companions at Cobham in June, and as there must always be backward ones in every collection, it is by no means bad policy to allow such to 'stand over' until later in the season. The grey-ticked chestnut filly by King of the Forest out of Suzette by Mortemer is built as strong as a castle on capital limbs, and has much of her maternal grandsire about her; and of the three Cymbal fillies commend us especially to Ursula's (herself one of the flyers of her day), a thick-set, square, precocious-looking demoiselle, though perhaps with hardly so much scope about her as the daughter of Violent. Our Mary Ann's contribution is a Voltigeur all over, with plenty of good racing points about her, and though ill-luck has dogged the stud career of Bill Day's sensational Chester Cup victress, the turning in the lane must come ere long, for we cannot believe in such exceptionally running blood failing to reassert itself in due course. The colts from Beenham comprise a very well-turned and level colt by Kisber from Lucca by Parmesan, his pedigree a regular Mentmore one, and as his sire's stock seems to be advancing in popularity, this youngster should not hang fire; albeit he is rather cast into the shade by a particularly racing-like colt by Cymbal from Jeannie Deans by Scottish Chief, a very elastic mover, and full of life and go in the paddock, and withdrawn from sale at Cobham owing to a very slight accident, but he has not failed signally to 'improve the time' since that day. A half-brother to Strathblane, by King of the Forest from Moss Rose has a good deal of Kingston character about him, and should have no difficulty in finding a new owner; and the latter remark will apply to the first foal of Byfleet by Blair Athol, claiming Plebeian for his sire, and a particularly sturdy, well-made yearling, standing very square and true upon legs plentifully furnished with bone and muscle, and good both to follow and to meet.

It is cheering to find such an old-established and successful nursery of thoroughbreds as Croft so well represented, and the mantle of Winteringham the elder seems to have descended upon his son, under whose management the place amply sustains its credit and reputation. The crack sires of the north are responsible for the half-score yearlings hailing from Croft, and

Coltness, who stood here for a season or two before his 'translation' to Middle Park, shows a brace of bay colts, one the produce of Dumbarnie, by Cramond out of Red Light (a regular I'Anson pedigree), and the other out of Gentle Zitella, an own sister to Glendale. The pair by Macgregor, both browns, their dams Sister to Sir George and Elf Knot (dam of Essayez) are of the compact, active, hardy kind, characteristic of their sire's get, and the latter especially, though not one of the slashing sort, promises well for the early juvenile events of next year. Yet another 'couple' are by Camballo, from Sarcasm and Lady Annie, the former looking especially like business as he strides along; and then we are confronted by the Salvators, both fillies, including a chesnut sister to Soter (who has won a lot of races in the north this season), and a bay out of Lady Frances (a daughter of the dam of Soter) promising to pay her way early in 1882, and a comely *demoiselle* she is, with a lot of go and dash in her composition. Nella, a grand young Adventurer mare, visited Salvator and Mr. Winkle, but the offspring manifestly inclines to her last love, inheriting all his finished compactness; while for the swell of the team commend us to Utopia's Beauclerc colt, really a marvel of strength, symmetry, and quality, and one that will speak trumpet-tongued for himself when he comes up to face Mr. Tattersall in the ring, where there will be no occasion for any 'dwelling' on this very eligible lot.

Hitherto, as it seems to us, Speculum has done all his best things for the stranger mares who have been on his visiting list at Moorlands; but this year, at any rate, Mr. Thompson cannot complain of the nakedness of the land in his own country, as those will be ready enough to admit who look round the half-dozen sired by the neat and wiry son of Vedette. A brown brother to the veteran Telescope (still in the flesh and in form) has length, size, and power enough for anything, with well-laid shoulders, good back, and capital understandings; and the sister Thormanby mares, Produce and Progress, are responsible, the former for a very sweet chesnut colt, good all round, and a fine mover, and the latter for a bay brother to Advance, with those grand lengthy quarters to which, in our opinion, the Speculums owe so much of their racing ability, and this point is especially noticeable in the conformation of their sire. There is certain to arise competition close and keen for this grand youngster, and another almost as promising, if not quite so fashionably connected, is by Spec. out of a Dundee mare, and the living image of his father, whose long easy action he seems to inherit. Miss Allsopp's Speculum colt is a trifle backward and unfurnished as yet, but has plenty to grow to, his bone being enormous, and his framework all that could be desired; and yet another colt by Speculum out of Best Gold only just misses his right to rank among the swells of the party from what is a congenital defect, and not a drawback in reality. The fillies, by Blue Gown out of Her Ladyship, and by Camballo from Jungfrau (Schiller's dam), are not on the same scale as the colts, but what there is of them both is the very essence of neatness and symmetry, and they are bound to pick up some nice little stakes for those who know how to place them properly. Without fear of contradiction we may assert that any breeder capable of pitting half-a-dozen colts against that number of Speculums in the Moorlands lot, is one of the exceptionally lucky sort, and, what is more, bidders may rely upon the sale being genuine business.

In the important matter of sexes dame Fortune has signally favoured Mr. Crowther Harrison, a very old *habitué* of Doncaster, who can reckon up five colts upon his fingers, all doing credit to the establishment from which they hail, and mostly the produce of mares already famous in turf annals. Old Bathilde seldom misses presenting her owner with something saleable

weight from everything in the race—Lizzie Long was giving her 17 lbs., Privateer, 21 lbs.—and the only one backed beside her was Nesscliff, that W. Macdonald had come north to ride. The favourite looked very well, certainly, though she is not much more than a handsome pony after all, and she looked well in the race for three-quarters of a mile; but there Nesscliff drew up alongside her, and in a few strides farther had her in trouble. She did not seem able to struggle, and Lord Bradford's horse won very easily, Privateer running very well indeed under his weight, but Osborne eased him when he found he could not win. So much for Lucy Glitters, who is about a six-furlongs lady, we fancy, and will never win in very good company. The next day, when she only met Lizzie Long, who was dead amiss, in the Kirkleatham Biennial, she managed to beat her, though she ran decidedly shifty and Fagan had to keep her going to the end. Jessie Agnes showed us what she could do in the humour when she beat her stable companion Monkcastle—who, by the way, carried the money—in a high-weight handicap, and the following day, in the Tradesmen's Handicap, when Chaloner asked her to go she stopped like a shot. We are afraid Mr. Vyner's Camballo will not do much. They are good-looking, those we have seen; there was one out of Silverland, that Mr. G. J. Thompson rode in the Wilton Plate, that looked like galloping, but she was beaten cleverly by Bawbee. Two such good sportsmen as Lord Zetland and Mr. James Lowther seem unable to get good horses. Hardrada will only run when he likes, Griselda is not a boy's horse, and Syringa is, we fear, not worth her corn. Amalfi is better class than these, but still there seems nothing capable of worthily carrying 'the spots,' as they were carried of old. We wish Mr. Lowther, too, could get something better than the good-looking Foreshore, who is well bred enough too, or that plater Bar Sinister, who is too bad for anything. But perhaps the good time will come. Some of the horses in the north are astonishingly bad. There was a mare called Jessica that won a race at Redcar, who I'Anson had sold last year for 22 gs., and he was glad to get her out of his stable at that price. Old Mars won the Tradesmen's Handicap when he was not wanted, which is a way these old rogues have; and altogether backers had a very bad time by Redcar sands.

The quiet of our seaside retreat was sadly imperilled on the eve of Stockton. There was an invasion of horseyness—big bookmakers, great jockeys, and a minor fry of followers of the noble game. We got alarmed for the morals of Saltburn. The big bookmakers took the chief suite of rooms, and the great jockey, with a becoming modesty, sheltered himself under that friendly wing. The curiosity of the Zetland got aroused. The *table d'hôte* wanted to see Archer. Old ladies and gentlemen who had never heard his name were anxious to learn the slightest particulars as to his career, and an inventive genius might have drawn the bow of imagination to any length. Jockeys are strange cattle to the outer world. Its idea of a popular light-weight now would be very funny if we could get at it. Nearly as funny as Messrs. Meritt and Harris's idea of a clergyman (*vide* 'Youth' *passim*), though perhaps nothing could beat that. Lord Beaconsfield, who knew everything, was fond of sometimes disguising his knowledge in whimsical and far-fetched *boutades*, and his description of jockeys as 'those mysterious characters who in their influence over their superiors, and their total want of sympathy with their species, are our only match for the Oriental eunuch,' is one of these. At the same time, we who are behind the scenes, can recognise the grains of truth amidst this witty *persiflage*. But the Zetland evidently knew nothing about this. By diligent searching we discovered that its notions of 'those mysterious characters' was so far

removed from the reality that we thought of asking Archer to show himself on the terrace for an hour after breakfast, when perhaps the tall, slim figure, and the quiet, composed face might have considerably impressed them. But on consideration we felt we had better leave the Zetland in its happy ignorance. Why seek to disturb a delusion almost blissful? The surroundings too were not meet for such knowledge. There would have been an angry roar from Coburn Nab to Huntcliff; Skelton beck would have 'babbled o'er its pebbles' in a more petulant tone; grim old Runswick would have frowned a terrible frown at such an intrusion on their calm and virtuous solitudes. To them the vulgarity of Redcar fully explains the fact of its races. Of the Mandale Bottoms, we need scarcely say, they are in contemptuous ignorance.

But we cannot afford to ignore these delights of Stockton and Middlesbrough roughs, the resort too of much that is genuinely sporting through Yorkshire's wide domain. And though we own to no liking for the place—'tis our misfortune, not our fault—we are bound to say that a much better meeting than the one just passed away has not been held there for some few years. Mr. Craggs, who works with great zeal for his own particular child, must, we feel sure, have been much gratified by the result in every way, the way of money and the way of sport. The attendance was great. Though on the first day Mr. Craggs had tried Stockton very high by demanding a shilling at the gate—there was a goodly crowd; on the second day when the turnstiles clicked to sixpences there was of course a much goodlier. Plenty, too, of all the well-known northern racing men, from the 'Lord of 'Ashe,' as his predecessor used to be called in the sporting papers, to many a country gentleman of old historic name. There were Lowthers, Lambtons, Vyners, Surtees, Vanes, Cooksons, Beaumonts, Thompsons, Williamsons, Yeamens, &c., &c.—the long line might stretch on for more lines than we can afford space. But at all events the north was well represented, the south but sparingly, though Mr. Hungerford had brought up Advance and a couple of platers. Lord and Lady Castelreagh had come north, too, though perhaps we can hardly reckon them as southerners, and a certain 'Peter' who is always looked for at these northern gatherings, where he is a welcome guest, and where he assures us he generally has a good time. Mr. Lowther exercises a noble hospitality, and feeds the county side generally, and the coaches of Lord Zetland and Mr. James Cookson are harbours of refuge. The racing, as we have said, was good, and, what was more extraordinary, it was favourable to backers during the three days, a state of things unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Every favourite won the first day, beginning with Advance in the Trial Stakes, though his owner was a little afraid the distance was hardly far enough for him. But he came out at the distance, and soon had everything beaten, and won in a canter. We should say Downpour was as smart a daughter of Strathconan as there is in training. She carried a 7 lbs. penalty in the Cleveland Stakes and was giving Foreshore and others that weight, but she pulled over her field all the way, and directly Archer gave her her head she came and beat Miner by two lengths at a difference of two pounds easily. She is a sweet mare, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Dudley Milner, whose state of health is such as to cause his family and friends some anxiety, will be able to enjoy seeing her win many races in the future. Inez de Castro was the next favourite on the list, and she won the High Weight Handicap, though she had a tussle for it with Griselda, who with a man on her back ran much better than she did at Redcar with a boy. However, the latter could not quite get on terms with her, and Lord Durham's mare won by a head. The Stockton Handicap



looked such a good thing for Hagioscope that we were surprised bookmakers offered the odds of 3 to 1 against him. They fielded, however, strongly for Novice, but she was not the dangerous one, the only horse who gave any trouble to Hagioscope being Lawminster; but, however, the former bore him down at last, and Woodburn, who rode him with great judgment and nerve, got him three parts of a length in front of Lawminster at the chair. That Lucy Glitters could lead such animals as Oxlip and Black Mount in the Zetland Biennial was to be expected, but yet one speculator made a big back for Oxlip. However, Lucy Glitters was equal to *that* occasion and beat Oxlip, in whom the worthy C.C. has an interest, in a canter. Mr. Beaumont had a useful selling plater in Capri, and Cambusdoon beat Hardrada in the Harry Fowler Plate, the two being about equal favourites, Lord Zetland's uncertain horse having perhaps the call.

Wednesday, the sixpenny day, more than surpassed Mr. Cragg's expectations, and the flow of Stockton humanity to the course went on without intermission for some hours. We presume the hardy sons of toil have more money to spend than they had, and the shadow 'hard times' has ceased to brood over the neighbourhood. We are glad to think it. A few years back, when the admission was a question of pence, there were not nearly so many people on the Mandale Bottoms. The unprecedented success of backers still continued, though as it was in most instances a case of 5 to 4 against, when it was not 7 to 4 on, they did not win so very much money. If there had been more bold warriors from the south present, relatives of that young man whose

'Father allows him three hundred a year,  
And he'll lay you a thousand to ten,'

we should have then trembled for the ring. The usual cheerful countenance of a Howett would have clouded, as he listened to the burden of the Saltburn sad sea waves, the stalwart frame of a Falshaw would have been bowed, the giant form of a Groves would have been crushed. But we were comparatively mild punters at Stockton, and we don't think anybody laid 4 to 1 on Downpour for the Lambton Plate, though no doubt it was all those odds on Mr. Milner's beautiful filly. Seven to four on Hagioscope for the Northern St. Leger might have been done, though some of us quaked for a moment or two, when Archer on the Azalea colt challenged Mr. R. Vyner's horses at the distance. We had no fear about the horse, but would Griffiths be equal to the occasion, and keep a head on his shoulders? Griffiths *was* equal to the occasion, we are glad to say, and calling on Hagioscope the latter shot out and won by a length. We are not casting the slightest slur on Griffiths's riding—only the best of the young northern jockeys might be excused for feeling a little nervous with Archer at their girths. The latter rode a roarer, Lady Stuart, in the Harewood Stakes, but they took 6 to 5 about her freely, while Bates's stable backed Nectar, who had run forward in the Trial Stakes on Tuesday. Archer, however, nursed his mare for one run, and won easily at the finish. Silver Bell must be smarter than we thought, though no doubt her defeat of Purple and Scarlet in the First Spring goes for something, for she gave Amalfi 11 lbs. in the Harewood Stakes and beat him easily, Downpour making a very pretty race with the winner. Some people thought the grey ought to have won, and that Fagan waited a little too long with her, but we are afraid she is not a stayer. Siward had nothing to beat in his race, and Hardrada gave the fielders a small turn in the Garbutt Welter, for which Oxlip, ridden by Archer, was a great favourite. Mr. G. J. Thompson was on Hardrada,

and Oxlip appeared to have the race in hand when between the distance and the chair the former challenged, and Hardrada taking it into his head to run straight, Lord Zetland's colours were landed by a head after a brilliant finish. Mr. Thompson was warmly congratulated on his good riding. Neither head nor hand have forgotten their cunning.

The winding-up day on Thursday does not call for much remark, except for the singular circumstance that Archer did not win a race. The Middlesborough Handicap proved the good thing for Lawminster that his forward running on the first day indicated. Mr. Lowther actually won a race with Foreshore—the Elton Juvenile; may he win another in another place soon; and Snowdon on a very bad plater, High Heels, beat Archer on Siward, at which there was chuckling and rejoicing among the Northern boys, young and old. Puck showed his old form and fire had departed, for he could barely raise a gallop in the Open Hunters; and Strathblane found the weight too much for him in the Stewards' Cup. To be called upon to give 48 lbs. to a three-year-old with some pretensions to gallop, was a test that, good horse as he is, he could not do.

And now we leave, with many a pang of regret, our peaceful Northern retreat bathed in warmth and sunshine, and find ourselves travelling down to York in company with many weather-beaten and heather-stained sportsmen who have been, apparently with wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts, up in Glen Farintosh or Glen Cuddlum waging war against the grouse, but who have been unable to resist the temptation of waging another warfare on Knavesmire against the bookmakers. Unhappy men! They had much better have stopped in Glen Cuddlum; and if we had been accompanied as were some whom we met at Thirsk Junction, we certainly should have done so. However, 'man never is, but always to be,' &c.; so there we are all at York Station, that great rendezvous for people going north and south, and where we meet many friends and acquaintances whom we last saw at Goodwood, or on the shady side of Pall Mall. York Station, the excellent hotel adjacent, and the York Club, all form in the month of August a little world, a small replica of the bigger one we have left behind in the parish of St. James's. The station is a lounge, and there is a running fire of 'Well, 'old fellow,' and great greeting between Jims and Charleys, also Jemimas. More pretty women on York platform than any other station can show; pretty women, too, with the glow of health on their faces, a trifle sunburnt, but all the handsomer for it. The kiss of the sun never spoils pretty women, let them be sure of that, it only makes their cheeks more resemble the peach,

'The side that's next the sun,'

as Suckling sang; and they knew what pretty women were in his day too, or they are much belied.

But we must not linger at the station; it was not for this that we quitted Glen Farintosh and Glen Cuddlum, purple moorlands and yellow sands. Hon. Jims and Hon. Jemimas put aside their spooning—if they have been doing any—and go in for real business here. Jim's first question is: 'What will win the Ebor?' and it is not 6 to 4, but that Jemima has a private tip of her own which she has not told yet to her lord and master. Do we know anything good? Is Mother Shipton really safe business, and is Brown Bess 'all right?'—that latter term meaning an infinity of things. There is a hungry expression in the faces both of Jim and Jemima. Neither of them (poor and pretty souls) have had a bet since Goodwood, and their appetites are keen. They mean mischief. Alas, alas!

The porch of the Club does not contain so many familiar faces as we have been accustomed to see at York August, but there is Lord Falmouth, faithful to his white hat ; Mr. Rudston Read, bearing his years bravely ; the Master of the Bramham Moor, looking as he has looked for the last ten years—the man of whom York was not worthy—with (we sincerely hope) the dawn of North Lincolnshire honours upon him ; Sir George Chetwynd, with hope, in the shape of a Cape jasmine buttonhole, blooming eternal in the human breast ; Lord Vivian, with that piercing glance which seems to penetrate futurity ; the Marquis Telon, with the bland smile that would disarm a member of the dynamite persuasion ; and Lord Winchelsea, with his ever-burning cigar. Others there are, young and rising geniuses of the plunging order, who may yet perhaps make a name at Albert Gate, if not in the world. But we miss some *habitués*. Sir George of Newburgh and Sir George of Kirklees are not there ; we miss also Mr. Savile, and we fear we shall have to miss him ; and we do not see Prince Soltykoff. There are a number of young men, it is true, but they hardly make up for that far older generation. There is a difference in York August as in other things.

York, York, for my monie,  
Of all the cities that ever I see,  
For merry pastime and companie.

Yes, that is all very well, ancient chronicler, whoever you were, but you see there was no York August in your day. There might have been the original Mother Shipton, by the way, if that somewhat apocryphal personage ever had a real existence, but she must have been a harmless old woman in comparison with her namesake who wrought such confusion in the ranks of brave men and a few fair women the other day on Knavesmire. We know with the old chronicler we have quoted that there is 'merry 'pastime' in York in various corners of the old city, as there was in his day, but there are reverses to the picture, and such a time as we all had of it at the meeting lately past takes all the pastime out of us. What between the bad weather and the bad luck, we had an awful time, and fond as we are of York, our love was sorely tried. The sport was good, on the whole fairly interesting, but as we began we ended, and bookmakers left the old city as they did Goodwood and Brighton, with colours flying. Probably the ground had much to do with it ; much to do with the way Nectar defeated Zanoni, after a dead heat, in the Zetland Stakes, though we think little Bowman's riding of Nectar had much to do with it. He knew where and when to come did this young man on both occasions, and was quite deserving of the *bon mot* attributed to a noble Lord, that Bowman was a good Archer. Whether Mr. Jardine and his stable profited much by Nectar we can hardly say. They backed her at Stockton, where she disappointed them, and they probably allowed her to run loose now. In the same way we all of us, the stable included, overlooked Scaramouch's good form at Manchester and elsewhere, and any outside price might have been had about him, Street Arab and Glen Ronald carrying the money. Archer was on Glen Ronald, but he did not persevere with him beyond the distance, where he was fairly beaten, and Scaramouch with the feet of Street Arab all the way, won very easily at last. The ground, too—if it was the ground—enabled Bar Sinister to win a race, very much, we should imagine, to Mr. Lowther and Enoch's astonishment, and very glad must the former have been to get rid of him for 130 guineas. We wish his new owner joy of him. There were actually people who believed in Bal Gal being able to beat Thebais in the Yorkshire Oaks. The former had had a gallop, we were told, on the previous Saturday,

and had left Lennexlove standing still, or something of the sort. That she might, or might not have done, but she could not make Thebais gallop, for Mr. Crawford's mare won in a canter.

What a great Ebor day we had in all ways. The rain fell persistently, so did our luck. As some old music-hall *brochure* had it,

The betting went up and the people came down,

until they reached a sort of bottomless pit of Knavesmire mud, bad fortune and wrong running. We tried to cut jokes about Mother Shipton, her prophecies, and the year 1881, but they were of a melancholy character, and not very much to the point. Why odds were laid on Gaydene for the Biennial we could not quite make out, and we understood it less when Amalfi beat her cleverly. Lady Ann, Lady Ann, well-named daughter of Cremorne, what put it into your shapely but wicked head to show the field your pretty heels in the Rous Stakes? On Brighton Pier, now, we have known you show your heels with much effect,—but this is wandering, for which we shall perhaps be taken to task. Why did we listen to the fiends in human shape who begged us to back Sideral for the Ebor? We knew him to be a bad horse, actually knew it, and yet we were carried away by men we considered wiser than ourselves. But there is one comfort, nobody can lose any more money by this wretched plater; at least, we should think not, but who can tell the limit to the folly of fools? Mother Shipton was proclaimed by many 'good judges' (who perhaps had never set eyes on the mare) to be 'a rat of a pony,' 'too small to go through the mud,' and to lay under divers other disabilities, the result being that her light weight serving her, she skimmed over the ground like a bird, and only Hagioscope, whom other 'good judges,' except the *Field* prophet, declared to be out of it through his penalty, troubled her. We have been impressed with Hagioscope's improved form this year, and feel convinced that if the ground had been good firm going he would have won. For Brown Bess's bad performance we were hardly prepared, and can only explain it on the theory that she did not like the heavy ground. There is a more uncharitable theory, which we will refrain from mentioning. Sufficient to say that she was never in it, that Mycenæ made a bold bid at the bend, and, if a Fordham had been on him, might have won. Dreamland ran respectably, but can't stay, and Roulette, Caper Sauce, Triumvir and Co., ran as they were expected to do. There were long faces when Dutch Oven was beaten in the Prince of Wales's Stakes by Nellie, a filly well-bred enough for anything, but supposed by her stable to be very moderate when she won the Exeter Stakes in the July meeting, and scarcely backed for a shilling now. We suppose we must ascribe it all to the ground, on which, by-the-way, Advance, in the next event, the Londesborough Cup, slipped and lost his place and the race in consequence.

Thursday witnessed additional horrors. Not only was Knavesmire in pools of water, and the rain descending harder than ever, but as if all this was not enough we had a Leger 'scare,' to make things pleasanter. It was the voice of Mr. 'Charley' Hood that sounded the first alarm, about half an hour before the race for the Great Yorkshire, when an offer from his lips of '3 to 1 on the field' roused us all, especially the backers of Iroquois, from a slight lethargy, bred of the weather, that was creeping over us. What did it mean? The pleasant and affable Charlie went on with his little game; '3 to 1 against Iroquois, 4 to 1, 400 to 100 against Iroquois;' but there he was checked by Mr. 'Bob' Lee, who shot him for that sum, and staid for a time the further downfall of the Derby winner. The explanation of it all

was that Iroquois was coughing—at all events he had been absent from the exercise-ground that morning—a fact of course sufficient to account for the onslaught on him at such a critical period of a Leger winner's preparation. He recovered a little before the end of the racing, when 5 to 2 was the best offer; but since then, and at the time we write, his price is 7 to 2. So there was sensation enough on the last day, though the Great Yorkshire hardly furnished one. We cannot call Cameliard's defeat by Ishmael very unexpected, nor do we attach much importance to it; we cannot think that Ishmael has a 10 to 1 chance for the Leger, and Cameliard is not in the race. We always thought the latter a moderate horse from the day he with difficulty defeated Golden Plover at Newmarket Craven, and we see no reason on his subsequent performances to alter our opinion. That Ishmael has improved since Scobell beat him at Epsom may be fairly granted, and so very moderate are our three-year-olds, he may as likely as not get a place at Doncaster. Looked upon as a speedy six-furlongs horse, he has developed unexpected stamina, and a horse who can stay in what may be in all probability heavy ground, deserves of course a certain amount of respect. We had half expected his good-looking stable companion Privateer would have proved the better of the two, but he was tried and found wanting. Exeter is not a stayer in good company, but he can stay well enough to beat Madame du Barry, the mare who found a difficulty in getting rid of Nottingham in the Goodwood Cup. And yet so strong was P'Anson's stable and the feeling in favour of her that they laid odds of 11 to 10 on, and Exeter galloped her to a stand-still. With the defeat of Best and Bierut, about whom they took even money, by Griselda, in the race called, with grim irony, a 'Consolation Scramble,' the misfortunes of York terminated; and we were glad to shake off its mud, and, if we could, its memories.

We were interested while in York by a visit—which we wish had not been so hurried—paid to Mr. Sampson's Fine Arts Gallery, to see a rather rare collection of old and new books and magazines treating of nearly every branch of sport and pastime in this country; hunting, angling, shooting, coaching, and of course racing. Mr. Sampson has laid himself out to collect old books of this description, together with rare portraits and old sporting prints, and the library is worth a visit. There will be found what is now rare, sets of the Old Sporting Magazine from 1817 to '70, sets of 'Baily,' of which Mr. Sampson is a great collector; fine copies of the Duke of Newcastle's 'General System of Horsemanship,' now scarce; and, amongst other curious works that we have not space to enumerate, was a set of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' from 1770 to 1787, with hundreds of curious illustrations, portraits of all the well-known men and women of the day, and anecdotes of them as well. This is one of the most singular literary productions of the last century, exhibiting the manners, gossip, and scandal of the age. 'The Town and Country Magazine' was what would be called now a 'Society' periodical, only its tone, also its illustrations, were a good deal stronger than what we read and see in this degenerate age. You may pass away an hour at Mr. Sampson's very agreeably.

Amid retirements and rumours of retirements in the breeding world, it seems pretty certain that there are always plenty of enthusiasts ready to take up with a pursuit through which many others have burnt their fingers; and as each September recurs, the old lot are seen to come up smiling as of yore, though plenty of them will be found to asseverate that 'breeding for the turf' 'don't pay,' and that this is the last lot of yearlings they intend offering to an unappreciative public. Business in the sale ring has made tremendous strides since the days of the 'Dustbin,' and many of the old school are found to

lament the ugly rush made upon preserves once deemed exclusively the property of northern breeders. Now they come from all quarters to take advantage of perhaps the best market in England for blood stock of all descriptions; and not only from the Midlands, but from the south, yea and the far west, do they take train to Doncaster, filling Messrs. Tattersall's hands to overflowing, and necessitating a double ring on two mornings out of the four devoted to the hammer. The only lot of any note we shall miss this year will be those formerly hailing from Highfield; but poor William I'Anson had for several years before his death deputed the sale business to young Tom Dawson, preferring to read his average from the telegraph tissue in his quiet Malton home. At present we hear of no one to take his place on the forenoon of the Cup day, which Mr. Taylor Sharpe looks like having all to himself; but in the game of breeding, as in all others, it is the old story of 'one down and another come on,' and so 'twill be to the chapter's end. With the Cobham sale looming close at hand, we shall probably find fewer brood mares in the catalogues than usual; but to many with yearlings on hand it is a last chance of getting rid of them, so that those who look forward to a return of the quiet old jig-jog times at Doncaster must wait over-long for the 'object of their fond desire.'

The Doncaster Tuesday would hardly be itself without the portly presence of Mr. Richard Wright of Richmond, at Mr. Tattersall's right hand, and eight yearlings will be the contribution of High Gingerfield to this year's catalogue. All will be found to possess some sort of racing promise, and will be sent up in that healthy condition which their breeder knows as well as any of the craft how to produce; and the lot will be pronounced quite up to the average of former years, though Mr. Wright does not go in for fashion so strongly as many of his brethren. Perhaps the crack of the team will be pronounced a brother in blood to Falmouth, who did so well as a two-year-old, and subsequently found a new owner in Mr. F. Gretton at a remarkably stiff figure, which he has done very little to recoup as yet. Glenlyon, the sire of Falmouth having been sold to the Yankees, his former owner, desirous of repeating the experiment with Dewdrop, has had recourse to Monarch of the Glen, now or lately serving in Ireland, and own brother to the illustrious exile. The result of this cross is a chestnut colt, which we may describe as good all over, and he is uncommonly well matched by a bay colt by Blue Gown from Corcyra (by King Tom out of Cerintha by Newminster), very strongly built, and with the thighs and quarters of 'papa,' in whose conformation these were strong points. The rest we have no space to particularise, but they can be trusted to speak for themselves, and Mr. Wright's average is generally a satisfactory one.

For some years past the sale of the Woodlands Hall string has formed an interesting portion of Tuesday's proceedings; but on the present occasion Mr. Van Haansbergen would seem to hold a stronger hand than ever, and will send up half a score, chiefly of course by Macgregor and Claremont, of the last-named of which we hear, that he is getting stock very like himself, and with capital legs and feet, while in Candahar he has made a hit sufficient to guarantee the ability of his youngsters to race 'a little bit.' Though Macgregor has begotten no important winner yet, in a quiet sort of way he contrives to make a most respectable show every season in the list of winning stallions, and as little fish are proverbially sweet, his yearlings never fail to command attention of those who keep horses to race and not to look at. Lady of Coverdale's filly he is surely responsible for, and there is no doubt concerning the daughter of Cicely Hackett, a fine, lengthy filly, as good to follow as her sire, and full of good running blood. Brother to Dougal, but

